★ Sept. 16, 1944

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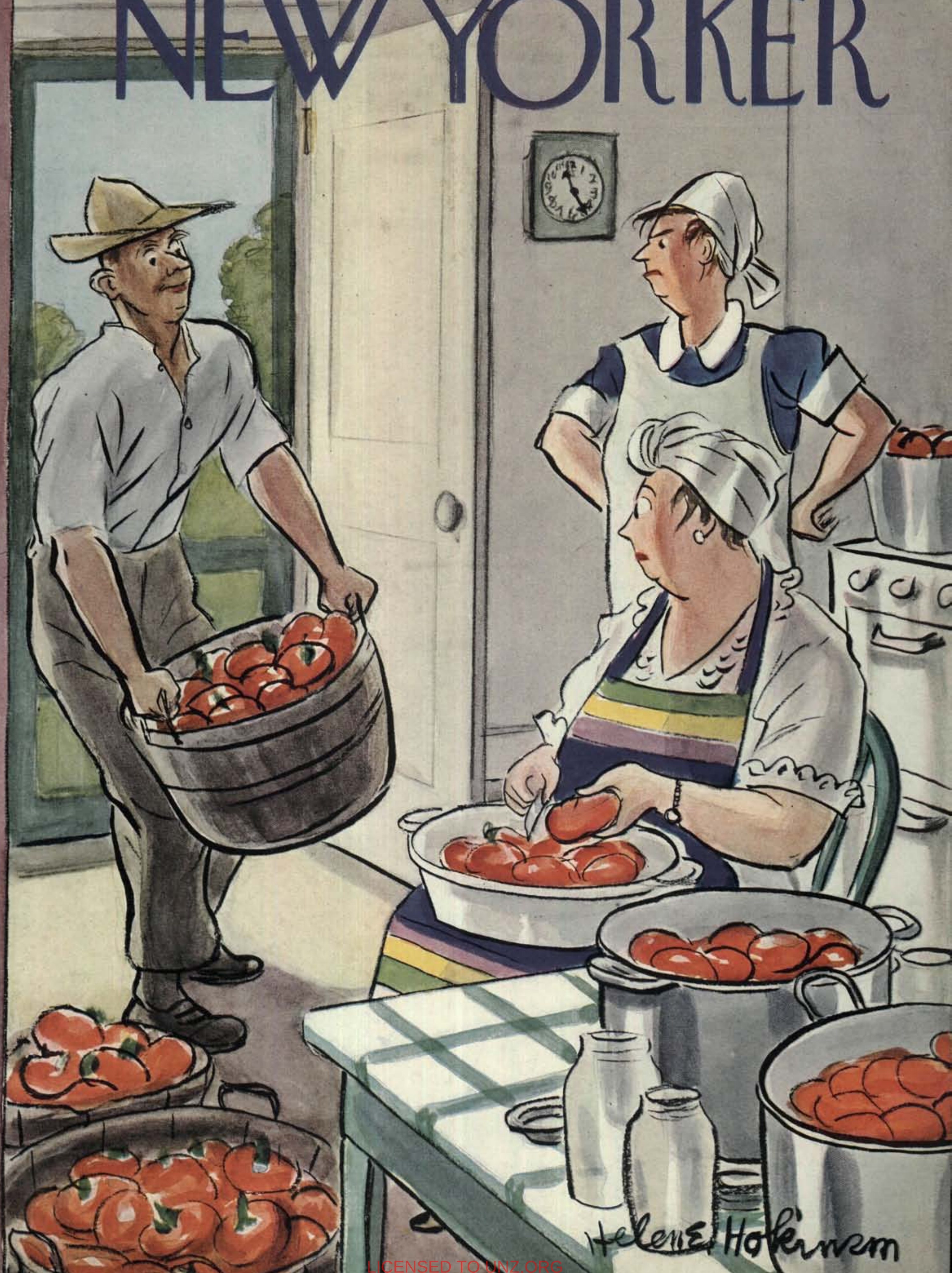
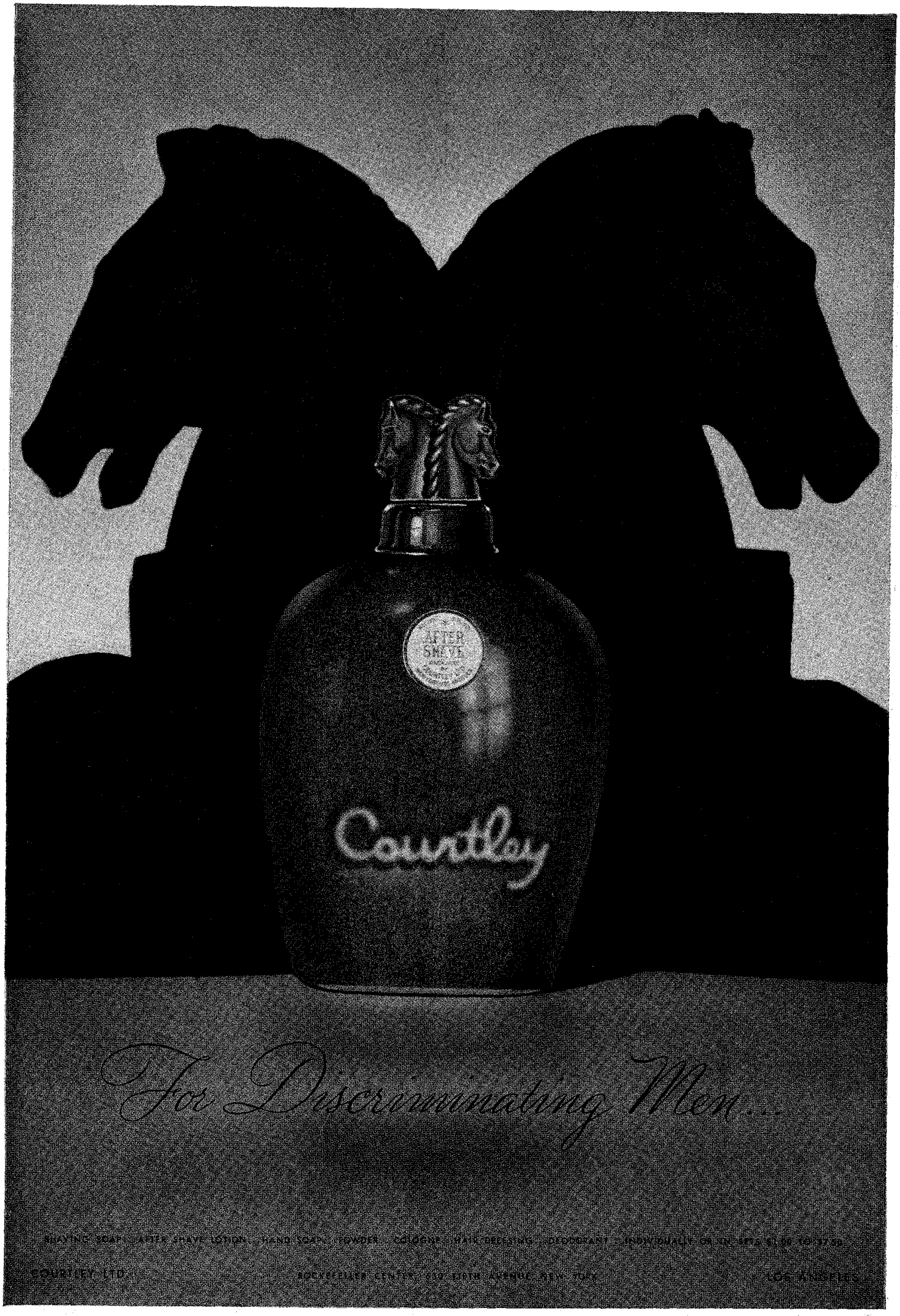
THE NEW YORKER


Helene E. Hokinson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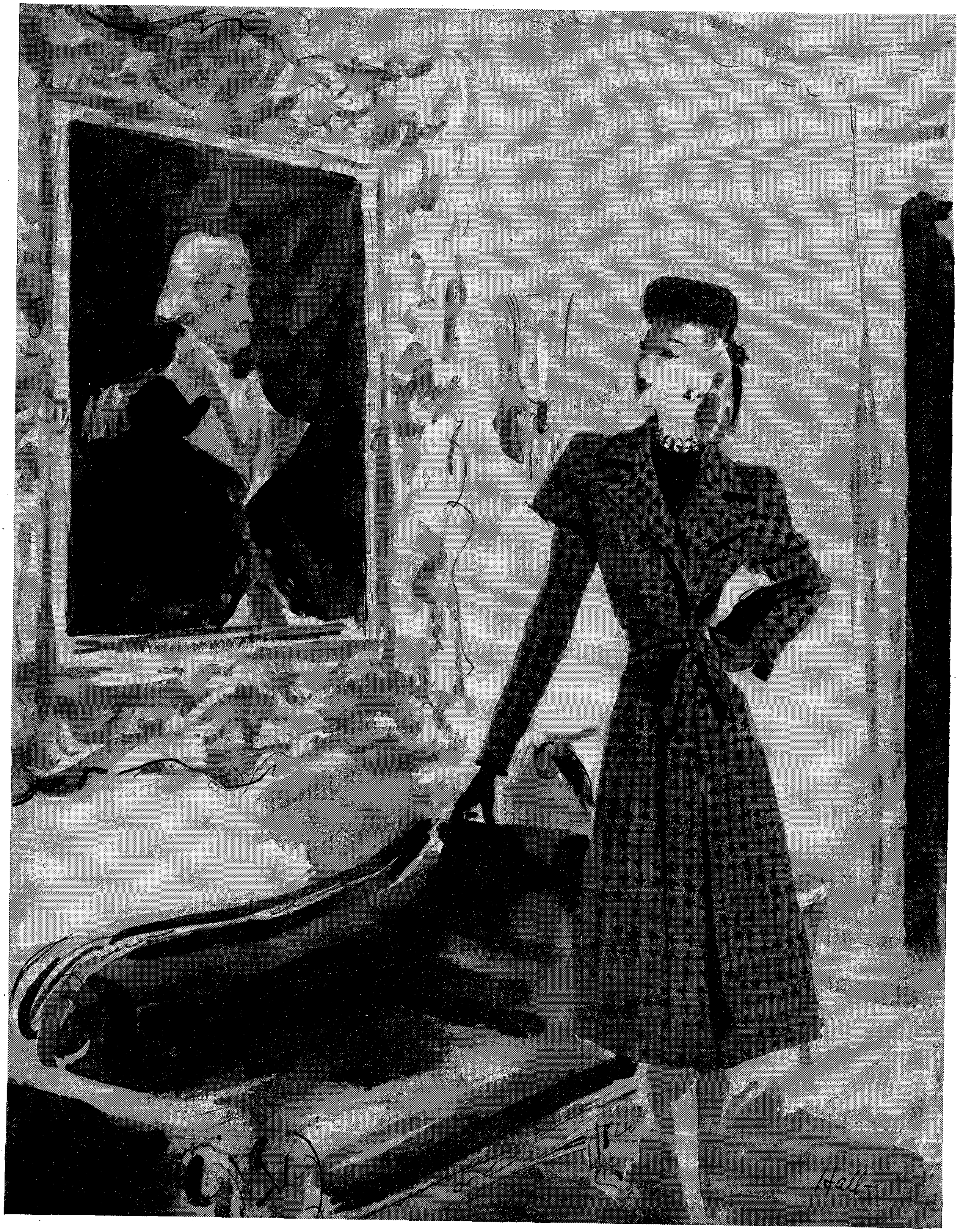
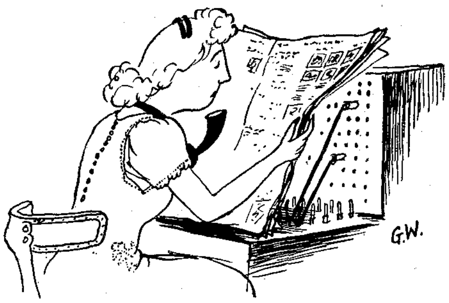


Monte-Sano's superb coat with the doublet shoulder — one of the sensations of the season. Here it is in deep-scarlet, with little star checks woven through it. 135.00. Lord & Taylor — New York and Manhasset

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama, now in its third year, about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys are involved in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms and Canada Lee are in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Catherine Was Great—Mae West's own version of Russian history. Miss West's new tendency to confuse herself with Duse rather spoils what might have been a funny show. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Chicken Every Sunday—About a landlady in Tucson and how she copes with her dreamy husband. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., Sept. 17, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

The Day Will Come—A rather inept and tiresome play about Hitler and the Wandering Jew which probably has only its sincerity of purpose to recommend it. With Harry Green and Brandon Peters. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Franz Werfel's play (as rewritten by S. N. Behrman) about two refugees from France. A really superb play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of melodrama. The cast includes Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Tues., Sept. 19, at 2:30, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a pleasant, competent cast, headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's stories, is in its fifth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman now play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Pick-up Girl—A rather glum sociological document explaining how little girls happen to take up with sailors. The action takes place in a courtroom, with William Harrigan in charge. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman looks back over the history of Fascism and adds a few thoughts about love. The cast, assembled by Herman Shumlin, includes Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Montgomery Clift. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—Mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. The play takes a while to get started but finally develops into something of a thriller. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy with a small, expert cast consisting of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Down to Miami—A comedy by Conrad Westervelt, with Robert Leonard, Elaine Ellis, and Charles Lang. Staged by Jack B. Daniels and produced by Edgar MacGregor. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A stunning and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another tour de force. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about some sailors and their girls. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark is very funny in an otherwise standard musical. Cole Porter wrote the music and the lyrics, and the cast also includes George Givot and Paul Haakon. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . Special Mats. for men and women in the services Tues. Afts. at 2:30, with tickets on sale at the C.D.V.O. Information Center, Park at 42.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue that comes to life, to the amazement of John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some wonderful ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—A handsome operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a nice job. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Star Time—Lou Holtz, Benny Fields, Tony and Sally DeMarco, and others in a vaudeville show produced by Paul Small. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

While the Sun Shines—A farce by Terence Rattigan, with Melville Cooper, Anne Burr, and Stanley Bell. Directed by George S. Kaufman and produced by Max Gordon. Opens Tues., Sept. 19. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—"The Snow Maiden," "Danses Concertantes," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Thurs. Eve., Sept. 14. . . . "Danses Concertantes," "Rodeo," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Scheherazade," Fri. Eve., Sept. 15. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Coppelia," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Sat. Aft., Sept. 16. . . . "Danses Concertantes," "Igrouchki," "Bluebird," and "The Red Poppy," Sat. Eve., Sept. 16. . . . "Serenade," "The Nutcracker," and "Rodeo," Sun. Aft., Sept. 17. . . . "Coppelia," "The Cuckolds' Fair," and "The Red Poppy," Sun. Eve., Sept. 17. . . . "Chopin Concerto," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Le Beau Danube," Mon. Eve., Sept. 18. . . . "Swan Lake," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Rodeo," Tues. Eve., Sept. 19. . . . "Danses Concertantes," "The Cuckolds' Fair," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Scheherazade," Wed. Eve., Sept. 20. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "The Red Poppy," Thurs.Eve., Sept. 21. . . . "Chopin Concerto," "Scheherazade," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Fri. Eve., Sept. 22. . . . "Swan Lake," "Rodeo," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Le Beau Danube," Sat. Aft., Sept. 23. . . . "Serenade," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "The Nutcracker," Sat. Eve., Sept. 23. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Roller Skating Show—"Skating Vanities," produced by Harold Steinman. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly at 8:30, through Sun., Sept. 17. Mat. Sun., Sept. 17, at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music, other entertainment, or both. Some of them are closed or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's mannerly orchestra plays in this pleasant, summery room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Burl Ives, Hazel Scott, and Ed Hall's orchestra; i.e., why ever go home?

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—The old, original, down-cellar stand, with solid jazz by Benny Morton's orchestra and solid folk songs by Josh White.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Life in a boiler factory, with a rambling show headed by Joe E. Lewis; Abe Lyman's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . The gaudy Copa Bar has the Adrian Rollini Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Peacock Alley, Vanity Fair, and Navy Day, all in one small room. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band play for the parade.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For a peaceful dinner and sedate romping afterward to the music of Eddie Davis and Michael Lo Scalzo.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Night life as you see it in the movies. Technicolor and all. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Dr. Giovanni, the eminent pickpocket, and Stanley Melba's orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Just the place for a romantic vacation, with Fred Miller's orchestra for dinner and supper dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The Café Lounge, large and dressy, is enlivened by Irwin Fielding's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The young folk at home. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. Stan Keller's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Nat

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XX, No. 31, September 16, 1944. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1944, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

CLASS of '48
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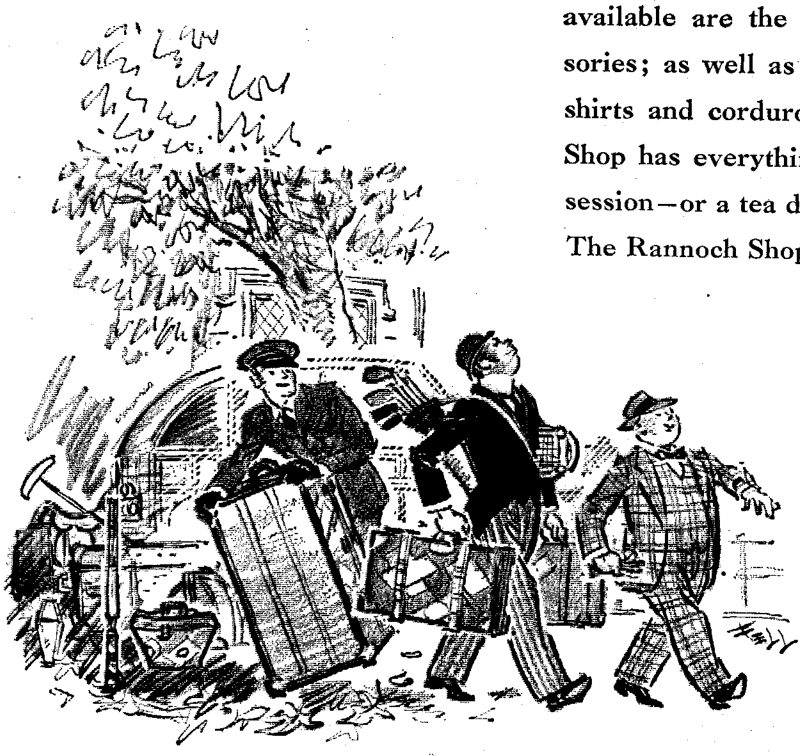
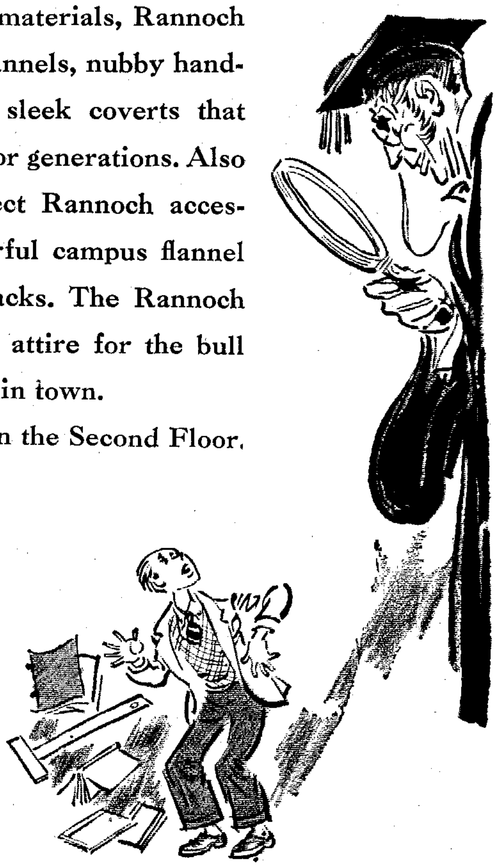




Saks Fifth Avenue

ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK 22

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.

Brandwynne's orchestra plays for dinner and supper on the great big Starlight Roof; after the theatre, there's a trio of acrobats (don't look at *us*) as well as Mischa Borr's orchestra. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—At LE RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Imogene Coca and Irwin Corey operating with both humor and malice aforethought; Cedric Wallace's trio is around to help out. . . . BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): merry lampooning by George and Gene Bernard and merry music by the Herman Chittison Trio and Stuart Ross. Richard Dyer-Bennet, the eminent balladier, is not especially merry, but he does very well. . . . SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy and her ditties about the horrors of life in the big city. . . . 1-2-3 CLUB, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Ted Hunter provides a piano obbligato to the young people's subdued table talk.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Dwight Fiske (at the supper hour), looking pleased at his naughtiness, and a show full of tasty show girls; Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): little and luxurious; Dick Wilson's orchestra plays jauntily for dancing after 10 P.M. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): little and lighthearted; George Morris's orchestra plays for dancing after 11 P.M. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian entertainment, from dagger dances to Red Army songs; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . ASTOR ROOF, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): José Morand's rumba band, spelled by Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra plays for dancing after 10:15 P.M. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Woody Herman's orchestra. . . . EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band.

Summer note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the BOSSERT, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its view of the harbor and its open-air deck, has supper dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves. after 9 P.M.

●

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, and Muggsy Spanier scorching the midnight air. . . . PIED PIPER, 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): Max Kaminsky's nimble band, and fine piano playing by James P. Johnson and Willie the Lion Smith. . . . ONYX, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): nobby jazz by Stuff Smith's trio and Hot Lips Page's quintet. . . . HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's full-blown clarinet and Adele Girard's hot harp, with trumpet embellishments by Bobby Hackett. . . . THREE DEUCES, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): promising work by two newcomers, Charlie Shavers' band and Slam Stewart's trio; Eddie Heywood's orchestra needs no introduction. . . . DOWNBEAT, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Billie Holiday and her desultory songs alternate with Red Norvo's band, which will be replaced by Coleman Hawkins' on Mon., Sept. 18. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' trio thumping away; dancing. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): the Leonard Ware Trio makes this one of the town's best cellars; dancing.

AL FRESCO—At the TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Pk. W. at 67: a night in the country with city trimmings, such as Dick Kuhn's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . CENTRAL PARK ZOO: the cafeteria there is crowded weekends but pleasant for a midweek breakfast or an afternoon beer.

ART

AMERICAN—At the CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57: paintings by Stephen Csoka, Louis Bosa, Gerard Hordyk, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 23. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: paintings by the gallery's group, including Waldo Peirce and Betty Parsons. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . MILCH, 108 W. 57: Stephen Etnier, Leon Kroll, Maurice Sterne, Francis Speight, and others. Thurs. and Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sat., Sept. 16. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57: oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Oct. 14. . . . PUMA, 108 W. 57: paintings by Fernando Puma, Janet Sobel, and others. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 730 5 Ave., at 57: paintings by Louis Bouché, Vaughn Flannery, Gifford Beal, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 15. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 5 Ave., at 55: an early and a recent work by each of forty artists, including Thomas Hart Benton, John Steuart Curry, and James Chapin. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

GEORGE BIDDLE—Paintings of the war in Sicily, Africa, and Italy: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 29.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred of the twenty-eight thousand prints made by the Mexican, Posada. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

EUROPEAN—Old and modern artists, including Cranach, van Goyen, Derain, and Vlaminck: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 1 P.M. and 2 to 4 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

FRENCH—At the ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57: Gauguin, Pissarro, Manet, Corot, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64: landscapes, most of them Impressionist. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—All the Museum's old masters back from their hideaway in Whitemarsh, Pa.; also, Greek paintings from the eighth century B.C. through the fourth-century A.D., and (through Sept. 30) a large loan show of Russian ikons. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—An anniversary exhibition of the development of modern art in painting, sculpture, architecture, and industrial art (through Oct. 15), and photography, the theatre, and motion pictures (through Sun., Sept. 17); also, prints by Stanley William Hayter and members of his studio workshop (through Oct. 8). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by thirty-six artists, many exhibiting here for the first time. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 14.

KARL PRIEBE—Recent paintings: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 7.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 16-17, at 2:30 P.M. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Chicago, Wed. through Fri., Sept. 20-22, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Sat., Sept. 23, at 2:30 P.M. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 19-21, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Sat., Sept. 23, at 8:45 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Tami Mauriello vs. Joe Baksi, heavyweights, 12 rounds, Fri., Sept. 22. (*Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.*)

GOLF—Long Island G. A. Senior Championship, Pomonok C. C., Flushing, Tues., Sept. 19.

RACING—Daily at Aqueduct at 1:15 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 16. (Cowdin Stakes and Beldame Handicap, Sept. 16.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Thurs. and Fri. between 11:30 A.M. and 1:20 P.M., and Sat. between 11:01 A.M. and 1:25 P.M. . . . Belmont Park, weekdays at 1:15 P.M.; starting Mon., Sept. 18. (Fall Highweight Handicap, Sept. 18; Jerome Handicap, Sept. 19; Matron Stakes and Manhattan Handicap, Sept. 23.)

TROTTING—Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, at 8:40 P.M.; through Sept. 30. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.)

YACHTING—Championship regatta on the Sound: Indian Harbor Y. C., Sun., Sept. 17, at 2 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WAR EXHIBITIONS—At the INTERNATIONAL BLDG., 5 Ave. at 51: a full-size replica of a German robot bomb, shipped here from England, along with photomurals of the destruction these weapons have caused. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 26. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: *an exhibition of photographs, charts, and dioramas* dealing with the organization and accomplishments of the Polish Underground; also, the development of our Navy from 1776 on, graphically presented by means of four hundred models, including every type of vessel now in service. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Dec. 15. . . . CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . AMERICAN RELIEF FOR FRANCE, 457 Madison, at 51: a photographic exhibit of Free French activities on the Allied fronts, as well as scenes of the French Underground. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 29.

DOG SHOW—The New York City Committee for National Dog Week sponsoring a show which will include a parade of fifty or more champions, an obedience demonstration, and the presentation of citations to several dog war veterans: Rockefeller Plaza, Wed., Sept. 20, at 2:30 P.M.

CITY PLANNING—New York City's postwar plans for new health centres, parks, schools, airports, etc., demonstrated by a large exhibition of scale models, *maps, and architects' plans*: 500 Park, at 59. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; and Wed., Fri., and Sat., 12 noon to 9 P.M.

MINEOLA FAIR—*The annual exhibit of livestock and* produce raised by the amateur and professional farmers of Long Island, plus square-dance festivals, rodeos, and other country-fair doings: Fair Grounds, Mineola, daily through Sat., Sept. 16, from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.

AMERICANA—A collection of John Rogers sculpture, including such groups as "The School Examination," "Football," and "The Favored Scholar": New York Historical Society, Central Pk. W. at 77. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M., through Sept. 30.

AUCTION—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—European and Oriental ivories, French and English furniture, and tapestries and Oriental rugs, owned by Mrs. Harold C. Bishop, the late Claire L. Schmelzel, and others: Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 21-23, at 2 P.M.

NOTE—Beginning Fri., Sept. 15, the Post Office will accept Christmas packages for service men overseas. To assure delivery by Christmas, gifts for men in all branches of the service must be mailed by Oct. 15. Parcels must not exceed fifteen inches in length and thirty-six inches in length and girth combined; the weight is limited to five pounds.

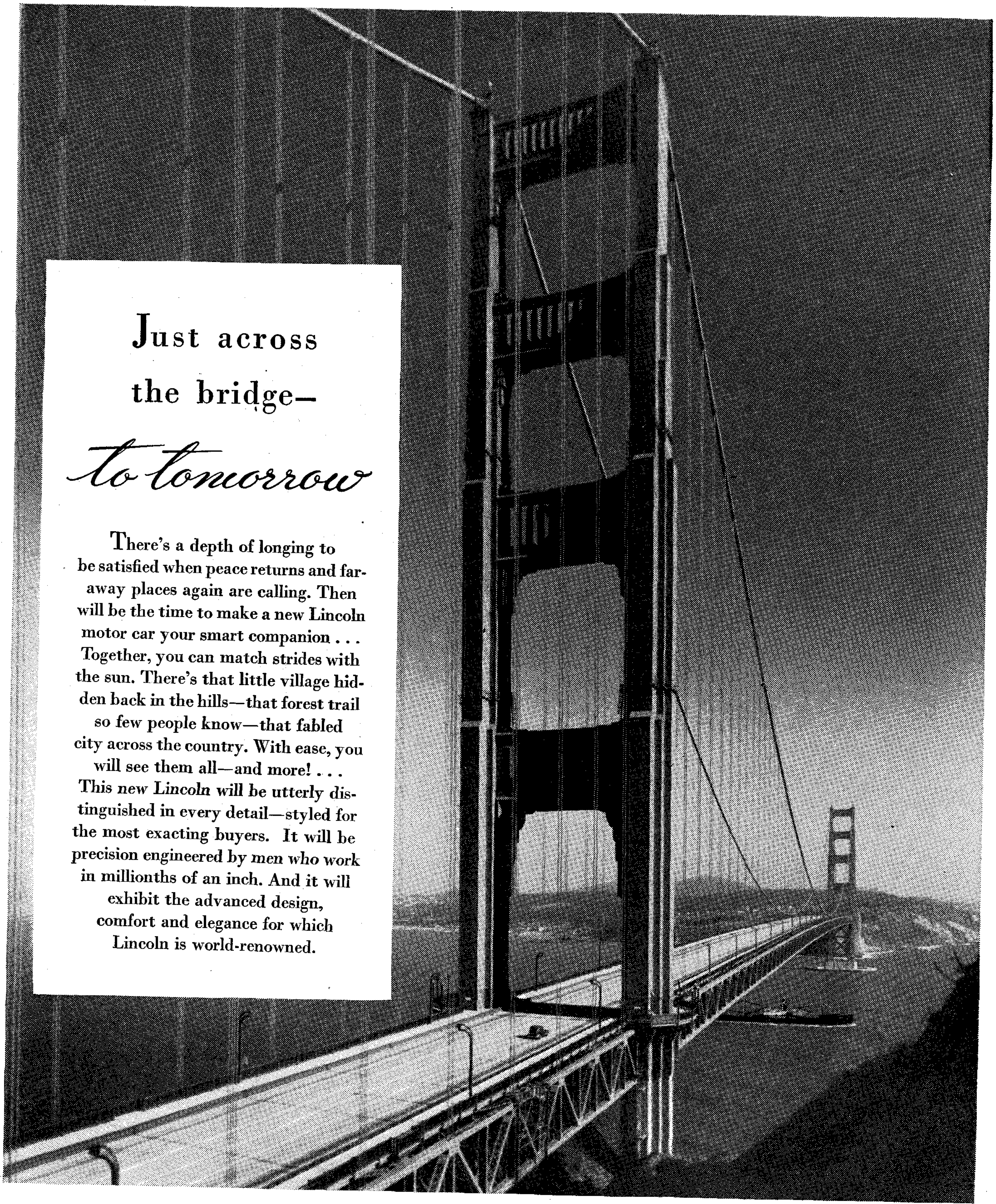
ON THE AIR

CAMPAIGN SPEECHES—Governor Dewey: Mon., Sept. 18, at 10:30 P.M., WABC; Tues., Sept. 19, at 10:30 P.M., WEAF; Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 21-22, at 11 P.M., WEAF. . . . President Roosevelt: Sat., Sept. 23, at 9:30 P.M., WABC, WEAF.

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Vladimir Golschmann conducting; soloist, Erica Morini, Sun., Sept. 17, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., Sept. 16 and 23, at 1:30 P.M., WJZ.

SPORTS—Racing: Beldame Handicap, Sat., Sept. 16; Manhattan Handicap, Sat., Sept. 23; at 4:30 P.M., WOR. . . . Boxing: Tami Mauriello vs. Joe Baksi, Fri., Sept. 22, at 10 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—George Hicks (from Europe), Sun. at 1:15 P.M., and Tues. and Thurs. at 10:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon., Tues., and Wed. at 10:15 P.M., WOR. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15



Just across the bridge—

to tomorrow

There's a depth of longing to be satisfied when peace returns and far-away places again are calling. Then will be the time to make a new Lincoln motor car your smart companion . . . Together, you can match strides with the sun. There's that little village hidden back in the hills—that forest trail so few people know—that fabled city across the country. With ease, you will see them all—and more! . . . This new Lincoln will be utterly distinguished in every detail—styled for the most exacting buyers. It will be precision engineered by men who work in millionths of an inch. And it will exhibit the advanced design, comfort and elegance for which Lincoln is world-renowned.

Golden Gate Bridge across San Francisco Bay

Nothing could be finer **LINCOLN**

A PRODUCT OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.

P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

Arsenic and Old Lace—Faithful adaptation of the comic stage success of a few years ago, with Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, and Raymond Massey, in addition to some of the tested troupers who played it on Broadway. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

Christmas Holiday—The consequences of a girl's marriage to a charming but degenerate aristocrat. Deanna Durbin and Gene Kelly hold up well under heavier drama than they're accustomed to. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 17-19. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 19-21.)

Double Indemnity—James Cain's melodrama of murder for insurance, not too much softened in the filming. With Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

The Eve of St. Mark—A fine picture about a soldier at home and at war, quite possibly better than the play it was adapted from. Anne Baxter, William Eythe, and Vincent Price. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs., Sept. 14. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Sept. 16. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; through Mon., Sept. 18. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 15-18. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 16-18. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 20-21.)

The Impatient Years—Nice light report on the woes of a war bride. Jean Arthur, Lee Bowman, and Charles Coburn. (Criterion, B'way at 44; tentative, starting Wed., Sept. 20.)

Going My Way—Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald as two rather different types of Catholic clergymen, both wrestling with financial and other problems in a New York parish. The cast also includes Risë Stevens and Jane Heather. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. through Thurs., Sept. 18-21.)

Kismet—Another Hollywood excursion to Bagdad, with Marlene Dietrich and Ronald Colman being picturesque in Technicolor. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

The Mask of Dimitrios—An Eric Ambler novel about underworld doings in Europe, slower on the screen than they were on paper but still with traces of excitement. Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, Zachary Scott, and Faye Emerson. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., Sept. 20-23.)

Mr. Skeffington—A Bette Davis vehicle, and notable mainly as such. It's about a man who loves his wife in spite of the trouble she gives him, which is plenty. Claude Rains is the man. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Sept. 15. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Mon., Sept. 18. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., Sept. 20. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sat., Sept. 23. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., Sept. 17-18.)

Once Upon a Time—Cary Grant, Janet Blair, and James Gleason in some whimsy about a dancing caterpillar. It's funny but not so funny as you might think. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; through Fri., Sept. 15. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Sept. 16. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 17-19. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Fri., Sept. 19-22.)

Since You Went Away—Claudette Colbert, Monty Woolley, Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, and other stars take turns protecting the wartime home with tears by Selznick in their eyes. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

Two Girls and a Sailor—A long variety show starring, luckily, Jimmy Durante. Room has also been made for Gracie Allen, José Iturbi, a couple of orchestras, and a rather troublesome plot. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Mon., Sept. 18.)

Up in Arms—Danny Kaye in the Army, with a faint plot also involving Dana Andrews, Dinah Shore, and Constance Dowling. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 19-21.)

Wilson—Darryl Zanuck's life of Wilson, running more to length than depth but cataloguing the phrases and characters of the time with neat showmanship. Alexander Knox is the President. In Technicolor. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

Wing and a Prayer—Good straightforward documentation of life aboard an aircraft carrier in the Pacific. The all-male cast is headed by Don Ameche and Charles Bickford. (Globe, B'way at 46; and Gotham, B'way at 47.)

REVIVALS

Bachelor Mother (1939)—Ginger Rogers as a misunderstood shopgirl. With David Niven. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Sept. 15-16.)

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—Problems arising from insanity in the family. John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 17-19.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—With Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Sept. 15.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., Sept. 14.)

The Constant Nymph (1943)—The latest version of the old reliable story. Joan Fontaine, Charles Boyer, and Alexis Smith. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 19-20.)

Dead End (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Sept. 17-18.)

A Farewell to Arms (1932)—Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper in the Hemingway story. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., Sept. 14.)

I Married a Witch (1942)—About a man who married a witch. Veronica Lake and Fredric March. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 19-20.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—The first and best-known of the all-star episode films with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Sept. 16.)

In Which We Serve (1942)—Noel Coward's picture about a British destroyer. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Sept. 14.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' tricky treatment of the Tarkington novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Sept. 14.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—Ben Hecht's drollery of Manhattan life. Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., Sept. 15. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Fri. and Sat., Sept. 15-16. . . . Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Sept. 17-18.)

Pépé le Moko (1941)—The French version of life in the Kasbah. With Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 15-18.)

Roberta (1935)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire singing and dancing. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Sept. 22.)

Sous les Toits de Paris (1930)—Early René Clair film. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Sept. 14.)

Topper Takes a Trip (1939)—The second "Topper." Constance Bennett, Roland Young, and Billie Burke. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 17-19.)

Winterset (1936)—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 17-19.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M., on the following schedule: **THROUGH SUN., SEPT. 17:** "People to People" and "Valley of the Tennessee," documentary films produced by the Office of War Information for distribution in liberated countries. . . . **FROM MON., SEPT. 18:** "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (1903), and "Tol'able David" (1921), with Richard Barthelmess.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

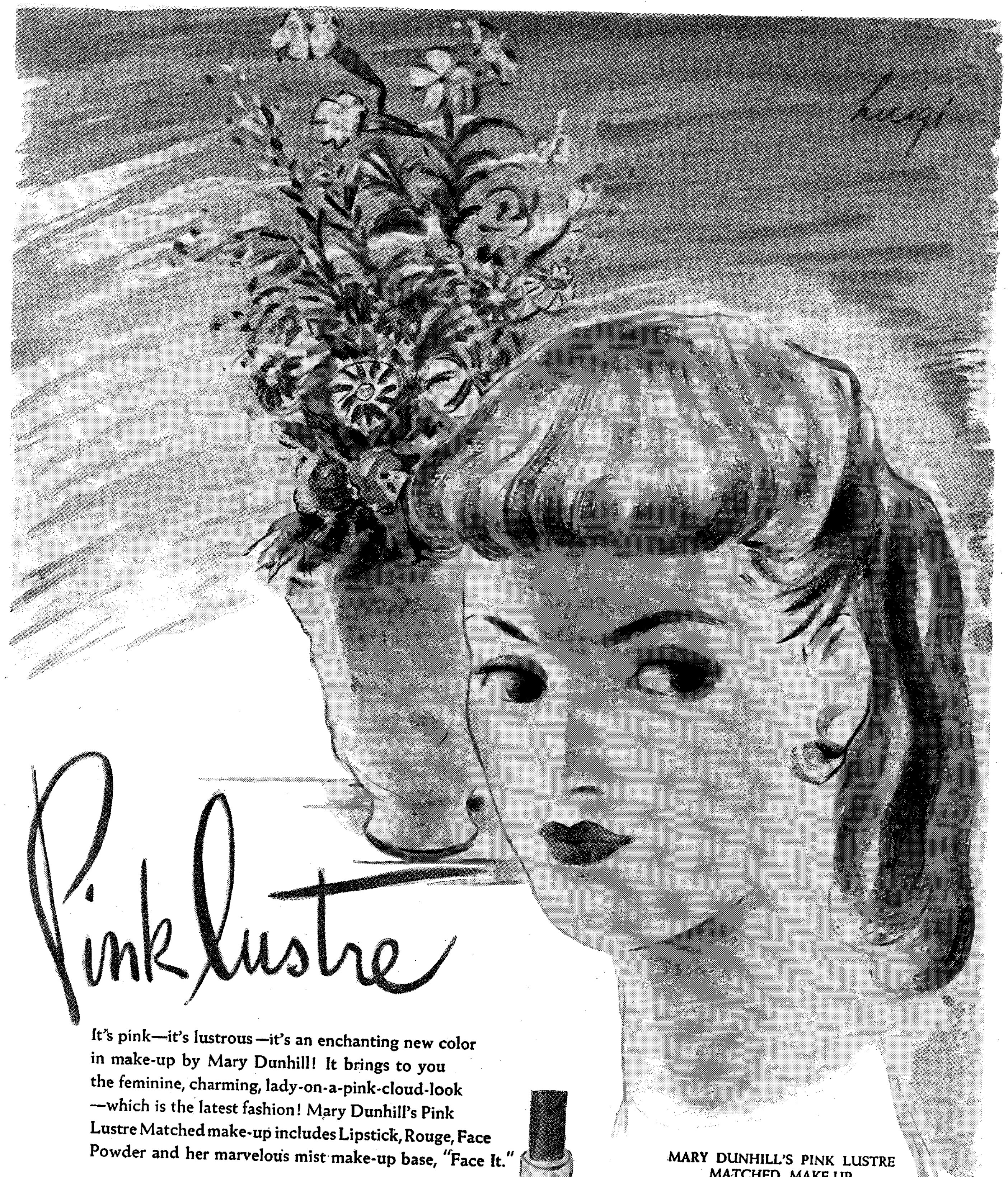
Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE,** 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300): women to work three hours a week in Department of Health clinics assisting in vision tests, etc.; men and women who, after taking a short training course, can work five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores. . . . **RED CROSS,** 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day making surgical dressings and filling kits for service men to take overseas; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES,** 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487): women to spend several hours a week, during the day, in A.W.V.S. workshops making layettes and children's clothes for Army, Navy, and foreign relief; women to put in about three hours a week preparing and serving refreshments in war-plant cafeterias. . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND,** 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to work about six hours a week, day or evening, as orderlies in hospital wards; women to work in hospitals at least six daytime hours a week as clerical and library aides and (especially on weekends) as ward aides.

Note—The War Manpower Commission needs men and women for the U. S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the early fall. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U. S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

Salvage—Wastepaper (very important right now) and tin cans of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The Red Cross is greatly in need of Type O blood, to be flown overseas in whole-blood form. Volunteers who are Type O, as well as all other donors, whose blood is needed for plasma, are urged to call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), has issued its annual appeal for pocket-size books, hard candy, cigarettes, toilet articles, and other items for overseas Christmas kits. . . . The Greek War Relief Association (CI 5-9100) is collecting practical clothing and blankets, in good condition, to send abroad. Contributions should be mailed or taken to the Association's warehouse, at 420 E. 54. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. Contributions should be taken to the American Legion Welfare Committee, 325 E. 38 (LE 2-0886). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps, and at the moment there is a particular demand for lamps, furniture, small games, playing cards, portable phonographs, and radios. Two organizations which will distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); and Bundles for America, 2 Park, at 33 (MU 5-1976). . . . The Red Cross Post and Hospital Committee, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455), is collecting broken cigarette lighters, which will be repaired and used by convalescent soldiers. . . . Musical instruments of all kinds, from ukuleles to pianos, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centres. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . American Relief for France, 457 Madison, at 51 (PL 3-4571), is collecting French books to send to the thousands of French service men in this country and in Canada. If you have any you wish to give, mail or take them to the organization's offices.



It's pink—it's lustrous—it's an enchanting new color in make-up by Mary Dunhill! It brings to you the feminine, charming, lady-on-a-pink-cloud-look—which is the latest fashion! Mary Dunhill's Pink Lustre Matched make-up includes Lipstick, Rouge, Face Powder and her marvelous mist make-up base, "Face It."

MARY DUNHILL'S PINK LUSTRE
MATCHED MAKE-UP

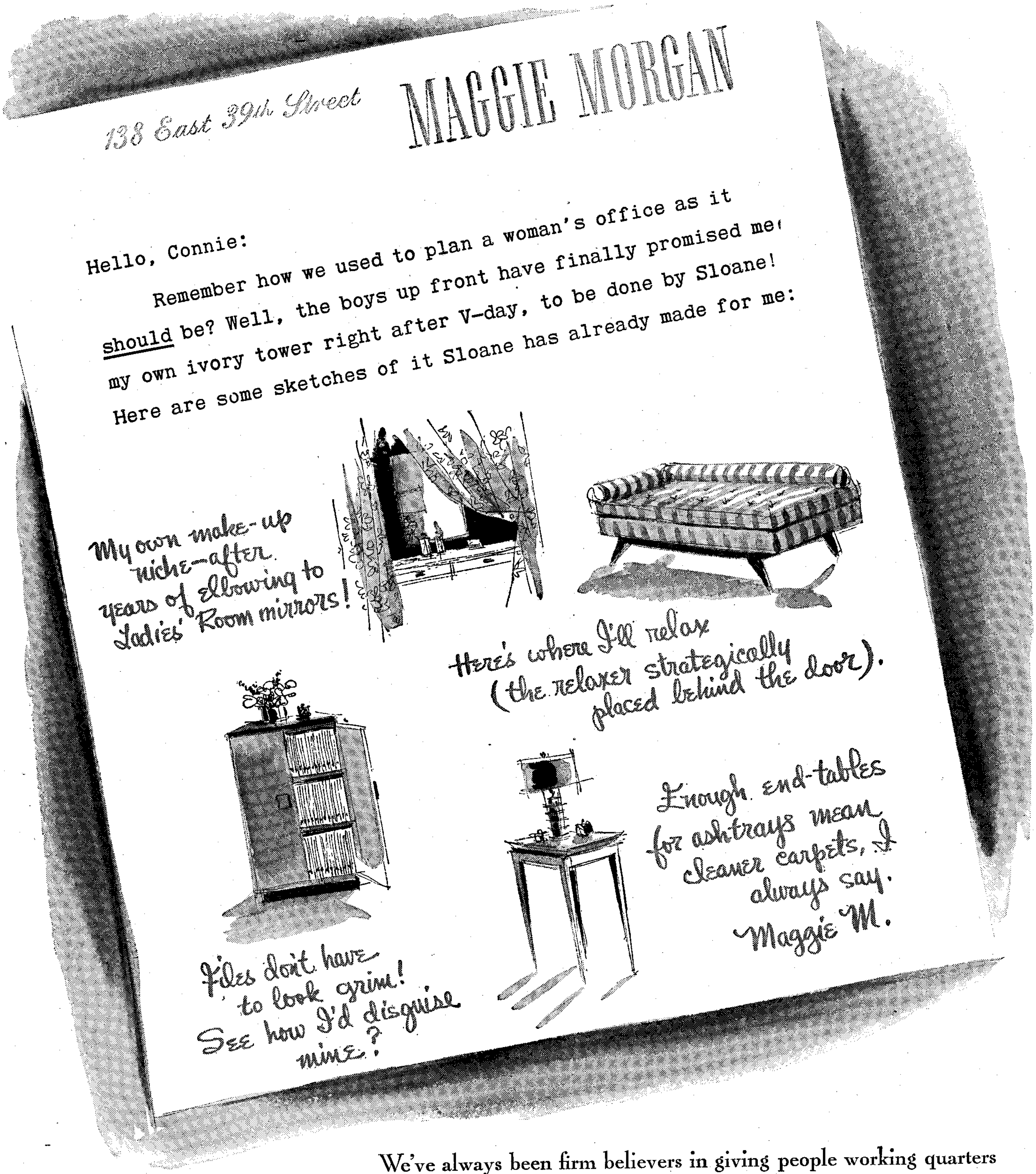
Pink Lustre Lipstick	$1.25
Pink Lustre Dry Rouge	$ .75
Pink Lustre Face Powder	$1.50
Pink Lustre Face It	$1.50

Each plus federal tax

Mary Dunhill
Fifth Avenue, New York

AT BETTER STORES FROM COAST TO COAST

FACE IT
Mary Dunhill
ROUGE



138 East 39th Street

MAGGIE MORGAN

Hello, Connie:

Remember how we used to plan a woman's office as it should be? Well, the boys up front have finally promised me my own ivory tower right after V-day, to be done by Sloane! Here are some sketches of it Sloane has already made for me:

My own make-up niche—after years of elbowing to Ladies' Room mirrors!

Here's where I'll relax (the relaxer strategically placed behind the door).

Files don't have to look grim! See how I'd disguise mine?

Enough end-tables for ashtrays mean cleaner carpets, I always say.
Maggie M.

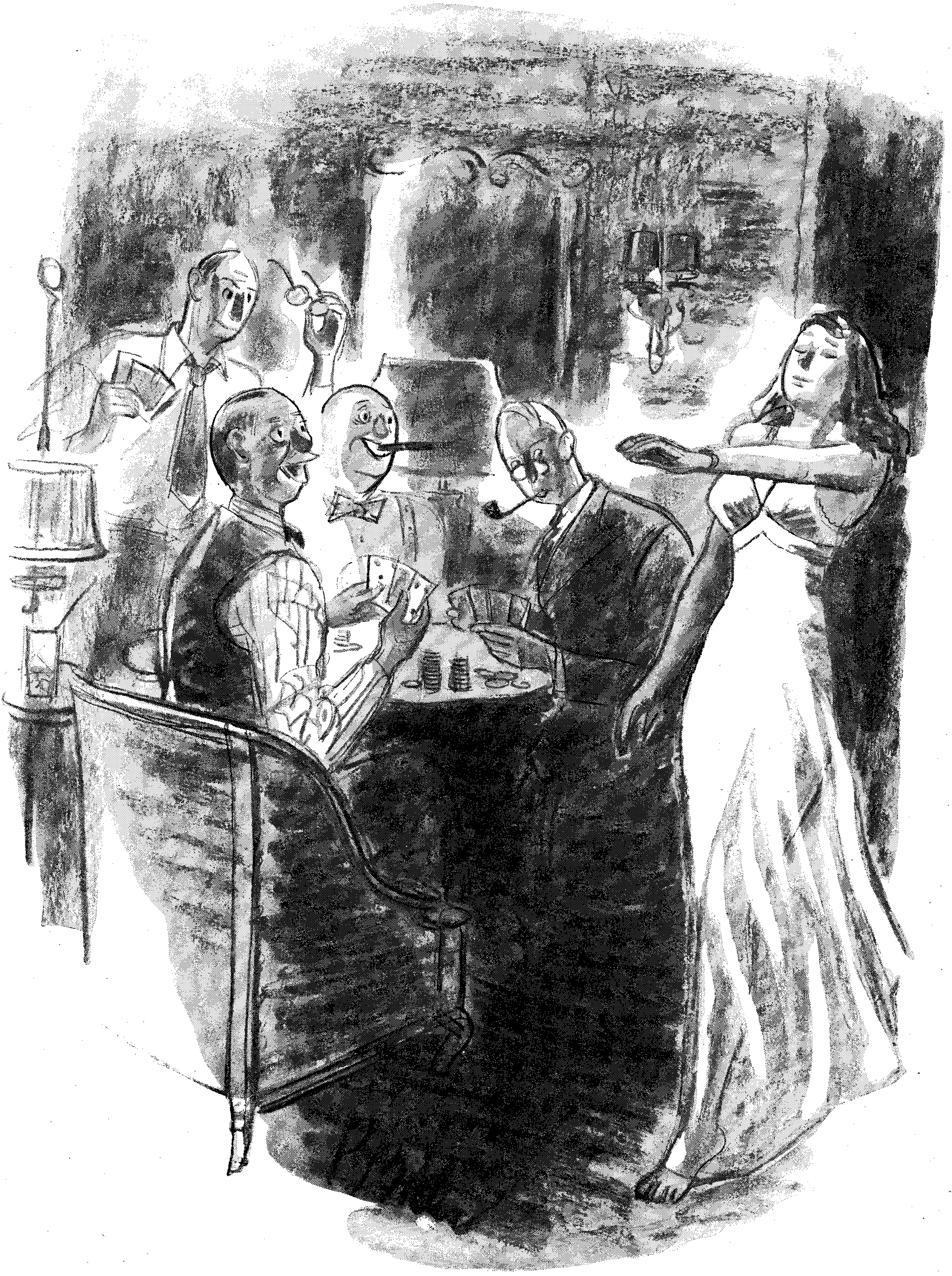
We've always been firm believers in giving people working quarters that bring out their best. That's why so many pleasant, individualized offices have been done by Sloane. And after V-day, when our war work is over, there will be many more to do us proud.

CONTRACT DIVISION

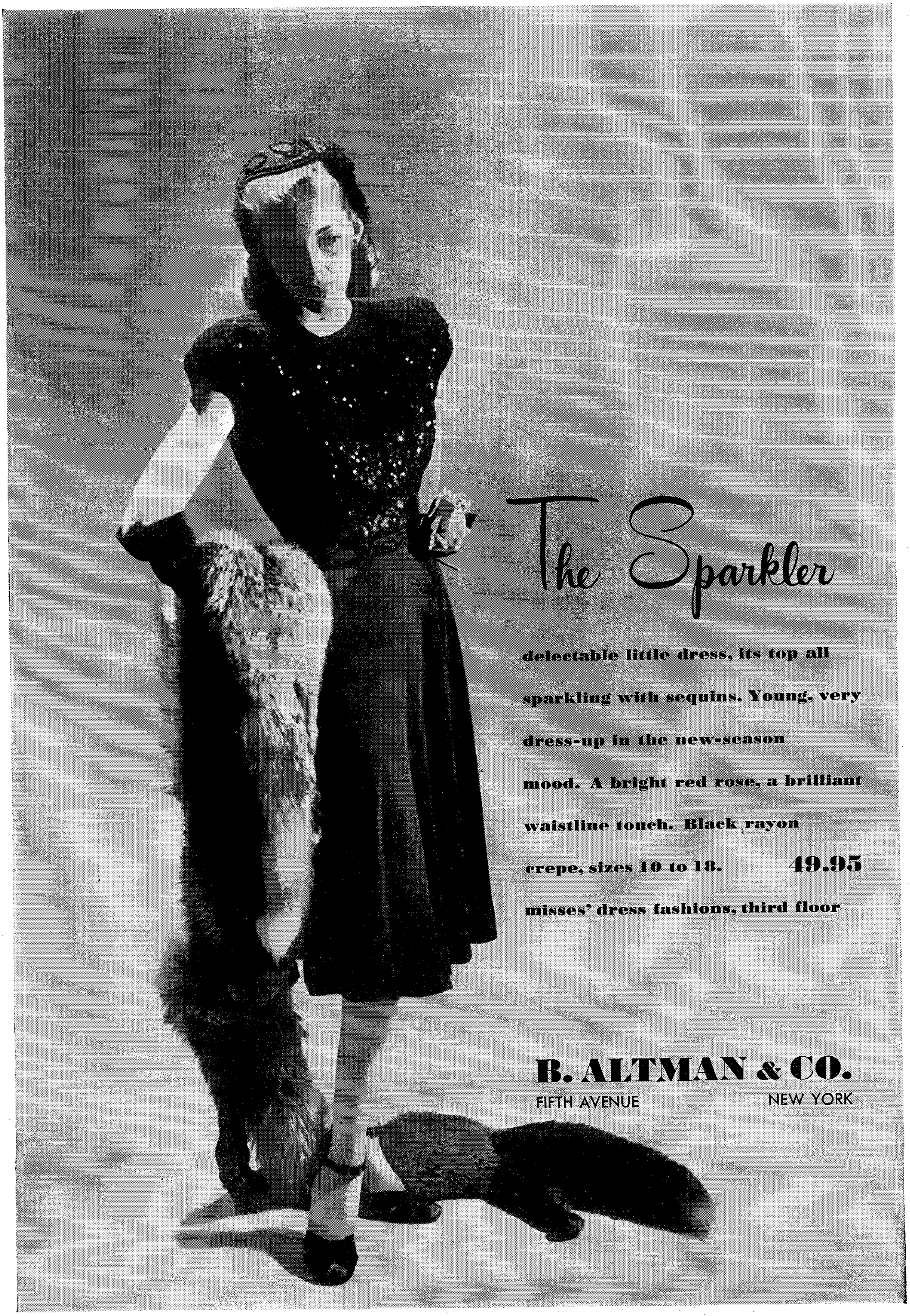
W & J SLOANE

575 Fifth Avenue, New York

(*Advertisement*)



"Beware . . . Wear KAYSER . . . You owe it to your audience"



The Sparkler

delectable little dress, its top all sparkling with sequins. Young, very dress-up in the new-season mood. A bright red rose, a brilliant waistline touch. Black rayon crepe, sizes 10 to 18. 49.95

misses' dress fashions, third floor

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

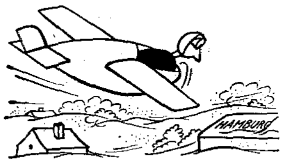
Notes and Comment

THE phrase Big Four must be as unpopular with most of the nations of the earth as the phrase Big Three used to be with the middle-class colleges of twenty-five years ago. Then, as now, the word Big was inflammatory, and the dominance and whimsicality of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton were the stumbling blocks in the way of an orderly football season. It is worth remembering that the matter was not really straightened out to the satisfaction of the football world until some of the smaller colleges began playing a brand of football that made a Harvard alumnus's hair turn white overnight, thus illustrating the old saying "The quickest way over an ivied wall is to send a fast man around the end"

WE were disappointed, on a recent Sunday, by the *Journal-American's* supplement tracing the political background of young Tom Dewey. On the first page was a picture of Jefferson, holding in his hands the Declaration of Independence, which he had obviously just finished composing. Next came Patrick Henry delivering his famous speech and William Penn setting foot for the first time on American soil. There followed Lafayette (with horse) and Alexander Hamilton (emerging from financial huddle). This stirring cavalcade of American life swelled to truly noble proportions when Teddy Roosevelt (at desk) and Dewey (about to sign document of some sort and looking just like Teddy) appeared. There was only one serious flaw in the thing. While the political forebears of Dewey were depicted as vigorous, forceful individuals, capable of making their own decisions, Dewey was not. Another man, an unidentified character, had crept into the Dewey picture and was assisting the Governor through the ordeal of the document—either telling him what it meant or showing him where to put his name. Spoiled the whole effect for us.

THE War Department, quite aside from winning a foreign war for us, has given us a domestic victory to boot. It has decreed that dates shall be written in the following manner: 30 September 1944. This is unquestionably the cleanest, simplest, and most practical way to express a day of the year, since it separates the numerals, requires no punctuation, tells a little story, and looks good. However, it is a victory that won't work out very well unless there is unconditional surrender. Hundreds of thousands of employees of the War Department and soldiers who have learned to write dates the Army way will soon be drifting back into civilian life. They will take jobs with firms that still write 8/7/44 when they are thinking of the seventh of August. They will marry spouses who still jot down 10/31/44 when somebody is coming to dinner on Halloween. The ex-War Department people will thus be talking a language of their own, like poets. The confusion should be magnificent, both in business life and private life. Let it come. We shall serve eggnog, as usual, on 1 January 1945. Just jot down 1/1/45, and bring your own whiskey.

SPEAKING of postwar confusion, we read the other day that the Civil Aeronautics crowd is trying to get the Army to remove its restrictions on airway signs and markers, so that anybody at all may set out signs for the guidance of pilots. This is going to be great. The Aeronautics people figure that the normal advertising instinct of American businessmen will take care of the problem, and that as long as the signs are informative in tone, the pilots won't mind reading the commercial. An example offered, in the article we read, was a sign pointing the way to DEATH VALLEY, courtesy of JOE'S HAMBURGERS. It is a peculiarly happy example. We already can see ourself in our own little postwar flying machine, lost in a sandstorm, circling lower and lower, finally spotting JOE's handy marker. The sand has obliterated the word VALLEY, and nothing of the commercial is visible except the letters HAMBURG, which we take to mean Hamburg, New York.



ONE of the disturbing things about V-mail is that the Army cannot guarantee delivery of more than one sheet at a time, which makes a multiple-sheet letter a haphazard proposition. We have received long V-mail letters piecemeal over a period of a week or more, Page 4 generally arriving first. Our policy has been patience: not to start reading the letter until all the sheets have arrived and been assembled in order. We advocate this practice after hearing about what happened to a soldier's mother we know. Her son is stationed in England, and the other day she got the first page of a V-letter from him which ended, "I have been in some pain for the last day or two as a casualty of one of the galloping bombs, which, believe me, are no joke. One exploded right by us yesterday morning and when the smoke cleared I found I had a deep . . ." The mother spent a miserable day and a sleepless night before Page 2 turned up. It began, "inlay jarred loose."

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: There's a soybean cracker packed and sold under the name Tom Soyas.

One lady who shops now and then at S. Klein's takes her maid along with her, to help her change.

A cross-reference in the card catalogue of the Minneapolis Public Library says bleakly, "Total Depravity—see Sin."

Inventory

THE British Army, which is quite as neat and tidy as our own Army, likes to keep track of its equipment by means of an inventory board, which is a board fixed to the wall of a room and bearing an official list, signed and witnessed, of all the furniture and supplies that should be found therein. This information is simply a preamble to the adventure of an American soldier friend of ours, who wandered into an empty room in a building in France which was under the jurisdiction of the British Army and found on the wall an inventory board on which the contents of the room were listed, simply and accurately:

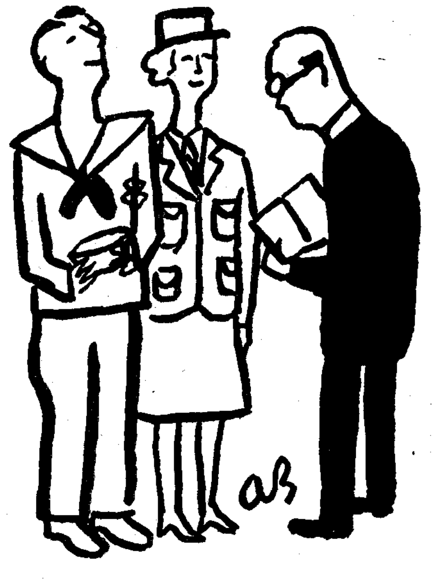
"Boards, Inventory..... 1"

Our Own Baedeker

RUMANIA, our new co-belligerent, or whatever she is, is roughly circular on current maps, but in the past she has been squeezed into all sorts of shapes by political pressure, and at the moment she seems about to change radically again. The trouble started eight centuries before the Christian era, when the warlike Scythians descended upon her inhabitants, peace-loving folks whose idea of fun was making pottery. Later on, the Thracians took over, and in 101 A.D., Rumania was invaded by the Romans, who were led by the Emperor Trajan. Traces of the Roman occupation are still apparent in Rumanian culture: the language is derived from the vulgar Latin spoken by the Roman soldiers, Trajan is commemorated by a good many place names, and there are remnants of a bridge and a wall erected by the invaders. From the third to the seventh century, Rumania was overrun by the barbarians. Then came the Magyars, or Hungarians, who ruled until the twelfth century. Rumania as we know it dates from the beginnings of the independent principalities of Walachia and Moldavia; with only a few ups and downs, they managed to hold out until 1859, when, under the influence of the Turks, both chose the same king, Alexander Cuza. He lasted only five years, and then the Rumanians had to look around for a new ruler. They chose a German, Charles of Hohenzollern, one of whose most prominent descendants is ex-King Carol.

Before the war, Rumania was a big grain-producing country; other big industries were oil, natural gas, and salt. Agriculture in Rumania got quite a boost after the last war, when the government bought up all the big estates and parcelled out the land to small farmers on a forty-year installment plan. Rumania used to surprise everybody by balancing her budget, but the wise money says that it was done at the expense of the railway system, the army, the navy, and the air force. Bucharest, the capital of Rumania, is the Paris of Central Europe. Its buildings are mostly only one story high and it has no suburbs—the vacant lots start where the city leaves off. Everybody leaves Bucharest in the summer, when the heat reaches a hundred and ten, and goes up into the mountains. At Techirghiol, near the Black Sea, are the famous iodine mud baths, where the sick go to get well and the fat to get thin. Seventy per cent of the population is pure Rumanian. The rest are Germans, Turks, Poles, Jews, Bulgars, Magyars, and gypsies. The Bulgars are the truck farmers, and have so saturated their calling that truck gardens are called *bulgari*. Spinach is held in low esteem in Rumania; *spinac*, the word for it, also means "rubbish."

Only half the adult population of Rumania can read and write, and none of the peasants wear socks or stockings. People with gold teeth are thought to be just that much handsomer than people without gold teeth. Rumania is another one of those places where weddings go on and on and the groom has to pretend to kidnap the bride from her family. Even so, the birth rate has recently been one and a half times bigger than the death rate. The eighth of June was a tough day for Rumanian dogs until the local S.P.C.A. stepped in. The peasants used to hang them from trapezes by their front paws and swing them until they got dizzy. The peasants didn't know why they did this, but historians have figured out that the custom was started by the Romans to celebrate the occasion when the geese in the Forum gave warning of an invasion by the Vandals; the idea was that the dogs should have barked and didn't, and hence deserved punishment. Rumanian women are all good at dyeing Easter eggs, and some of their finest work is to be seen in the Cleveland Museum of Art. Tables and chairs in Rumania are lower than they are here. Rumanians like to play soccer and to drink a fiery plum whiskey called *tzuica*. Landowners cannot do anything about minerals they may find under their lands; the government takes over and pays them a royalty.

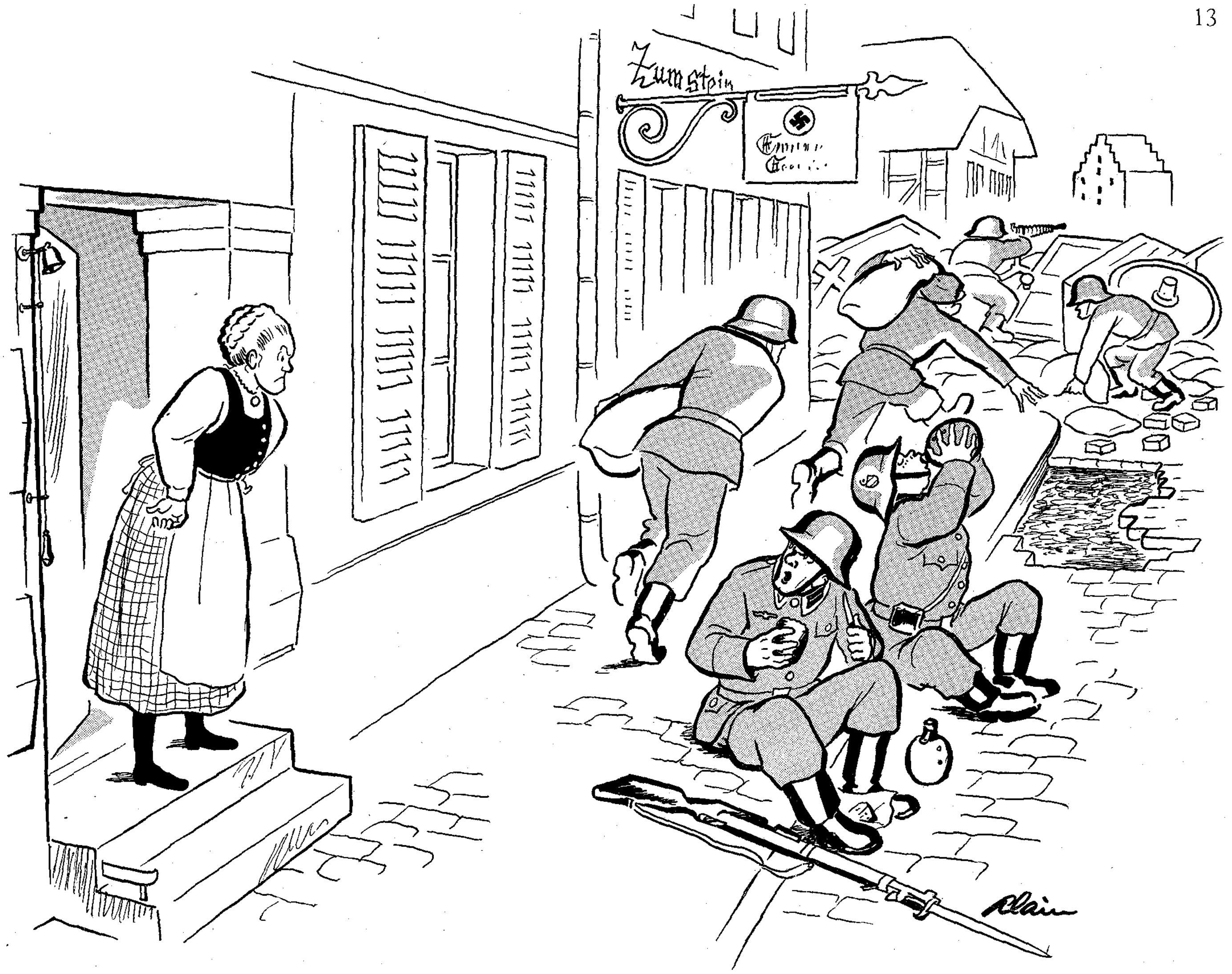


Talent Scout

THERE are still more publishers than new authors, and the Village hasn't changed much, and thereby hangs the following little story, which is, we assure you, true. A young sailor with a manila folder under his arm entered a cafeteria on Sheridan Square. No sooner had he sat down with his cup of coffee than he was approached by a brisk young woman who identified herself as a publisher's assistant and inquired if the folder contained by chance a book manuscript. He admitted that it did, whereat she took the manuscript away from him and told him to call her office next afternoon for a luncheon appointment. No getting away from it, life does move faster these days.

G. I. Slogans

ONE local advertising man who is giving his all to the war effort is Monroe F. Dreher, an agency head who has spent more than a year getting up, mostly at his own expense, a series of tags, stickers, and posters designed to impress upon soldiers the necessity of



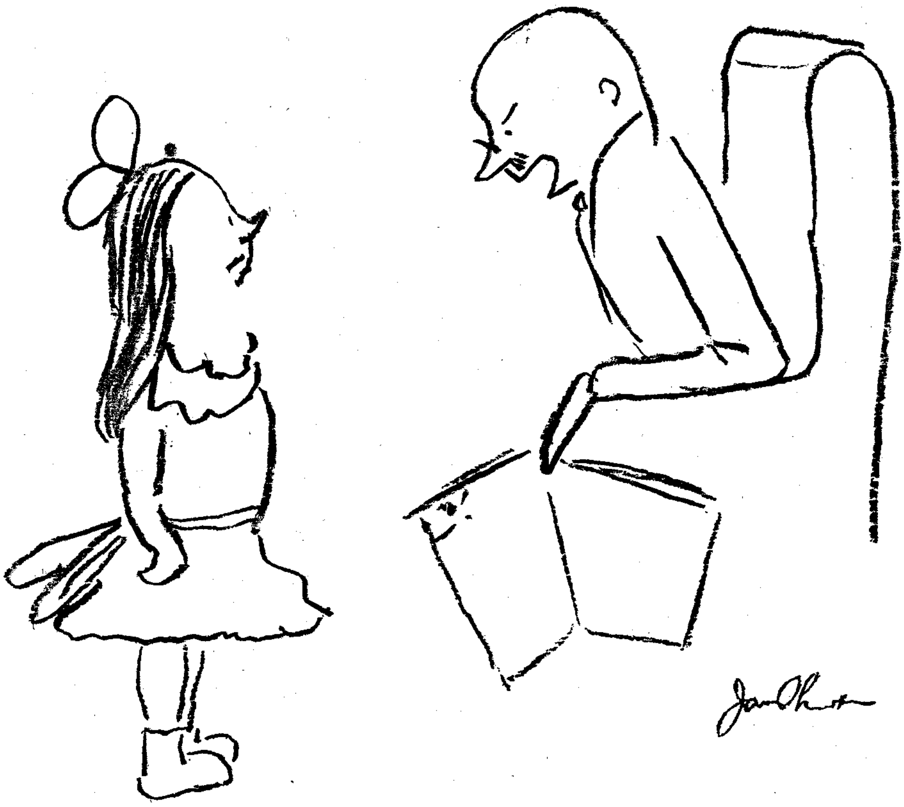
"We are at the front!"

taking care of their equipment and helping avoid waste in general. Mr. Dreher got in the groove for this project by subjecting himself, with official permission, to a couple of months of Army life, from induction centre to staging area. It was, for instance, while observing a recruit sneering at a pair of second-hand pants he had just been issued that Mr. Dreher got the idea of attacking this situation at the psychological moment; now each second-hand article of clothing issued bears a tag telling the recipient that even though it isn't new it's still a darned good piece of clothing. The problem of water conservation is taken up right in the shower room, by a poster giving explicit instructions for bathing: "Turn On Water. Get Wet. Turn Off Water. Lather. Turn On Water. Rinse. Turn Off Water."

Mr. Dreher and the staff of his agency prepare the posters from the idea up, and then the Army prints and distributes them. Whenever outside artistic talent is required, Dreher tries to persuade an artist to donate his services; failing that, he pays the fee himself. One of his volunteer assistants is Robert Ripley, who did a "Believe It or Not," for distribution to camp newspapers, about Army shoes, pointing out that the average enlisted man requires six pairs a year at a cost of $4.31 a pair and that if every soldier took proper care of his shoes the Army would save $32,325,000 a year. The Army has always encouraged the use of foot powder in shoes, but it didn't get very far until Dreher wrote a tag to be attached to each pair of shoes issued. That sent the use of foot powder up a thousand per cent.

The average soldier doesn't like carrots or hot cereal. Dreher attacked these prejudices in a direct manner. He designed placards for the mess table, setting forth, through the adventures of cartoon characters, the virtues of these foods. Fish is another thing that soldiers don't like. In this case, Dreher decided it was the fault of the mess sergeants, so he got up a poster to be hung in Army kitchens, showing how to make fish appetizing. Upon learning that walkie-talkie sets were not infrequently used by the soldiers for personal calls, Dreher designed a sticker for the sets which bears the admonition "Save the Juice for G.I. Use." There is a poster which begs the soldier not to waste adhesive tape by using it to affix pin-up girls to the wall, another on how to stoke a stove, and posters, stickers, or tags—a hundred in all—taking up the care of linoleum, eyeglasses, and almost every other piece of equipment, including gas-mask carriers, which many soldiers have an unfortunate habit of using as a kneeling pad when shooting craps. Mr. Dreher has composed, as a general over-all admonition, the slogan "You've Got What It Takes. Now Take Care of What You've Got." Printed matter bearing Dreher slogans has been sent in quantity to Army camps all over the world.

As for Dreher, he is a zealous col-



"All right, all right, all right. You're for Roosevelt. I don't go around trying to win you over to Dewey all the time, do I?"

• •

lector of antiques, to the extent that his office in Rockefeller Center is filled with them. His highboys double as filing cases. He is also a gadget fancier. Recently he went into Abercrombie & Fitch's and bought a fully equipped tent, including a portable stove, although he's never been on a camping trip in his life.

Inquiry

DURING the two days when the liberation of Paris was still in doubt, the switchboard at the offices of the French delegation here was kept busy with telephone calls from French and Americans who wanted word on how the battle was going. Most of them were so excited they could hardly speak, and some were even weeping with joy. One lady who called was somewhat more matter of fact; she just wanted to know what the duty would be on cosmetics imported from Paris.

Backward Zodiac

AS the commuting set must have already noticed, scaffolding is being installed under the ceiling of the concourse in Grand Central. A major repair job is afoot, the responsible officials having sensibly concluded that thirty-one years is about as long as you can expect a plaster ceiling to stand up without beginning to crack or crumble. A by-product of this worthy project will undoubtedly be a revival of a long-standing quarrel between the station management and a procession of precisionists who, through the decades, have discovered a fundamental flaw in the design on the ceiling. For some years now, the design has been too dirty for anyone to make it out well, but while the details were visible from the floor, fretful travellers used to complain that the signs of the zodiac (or the eight of them that are shown), displayed in a sky full of stars, had been painted on backward; that is, assuming that east and west were in their proper places, north and south had been reversed, as in a mirror. This has apparently rankled in some quarters; a man in Virginia who heard about the forthcoming repairs has written in to say that he hopes the error will be corrected, adding that his son, now forty-three, noticed the mistake when he was twelve and has been muttering about it ever since.

Checking up on the matter, we got in touch with Mr. Charles Gulbrandsen, who was involved in the creation of the design and is in charge of its restoration. He told us that the reversal was deliberate, something to do with adapting to a barrel-vault ceiling an arrangement suitable only for the interior of a dome. The architects knew it was wrong, and they assumed people would complain, but they went ahead with it anyway. There is going to be a complete new ceiling, which means that the sky will have to be put on again, but the design will be retained, cockeyed or not. The present ceiling is to be covered with a layer of pressed asbestos an eighth of an inch thick, which is expected to be very durable and last a lot longer than thirty-one years. The old design will be transferred to the new surface by means of pieces of tracing paper four by sixteen feet, which will have the details punched out in little holes. By rubbing charcoal over the paper, the painters will be able to outline the design, which they will then do in oil. The original version was in tempera and took six months to complete; the oil job will take less than half that time.

There's a lot of work to be done before the painters are turned loose, however. Just getting the scaffolding up is quite a job in itself. Probably there's never been another scaffolding like this one, which is being hung from steel rods bolted to the ceiling girders and will form a curved floor six and a half feet under the ceiling. The men who are putting it up work only at night, so that if they drop a tool it won't be so likely to kill somebody. They'll be finished in a couple of weeks, with the aid of a telephonic apparatus that permits the men working under the ceiling to converse with men working directly over them above the ceiling. Then, putting on the new ceiling will be a matter of three or four months, and after that the painters will take another ten weeks. Early next spring the new ceiling will be unveiled, and five minutes later someone will show up at the stationmaster's office to report that the zodiac is on backward.

Leper

SEEMS that a junior executive of the advertising firm of Young & Rubicam was sent to confer with a Washington official whose headquarters are in one of the big government buildings, where, naturally, you can't get in without a pass. Accordingly, he presented his credentials to a young lady at the reception desk and she filled out a pass for him. It got him in all right, which is a little surprising in view of the fact that after his name were the dire words "Young and Republican."

Quake

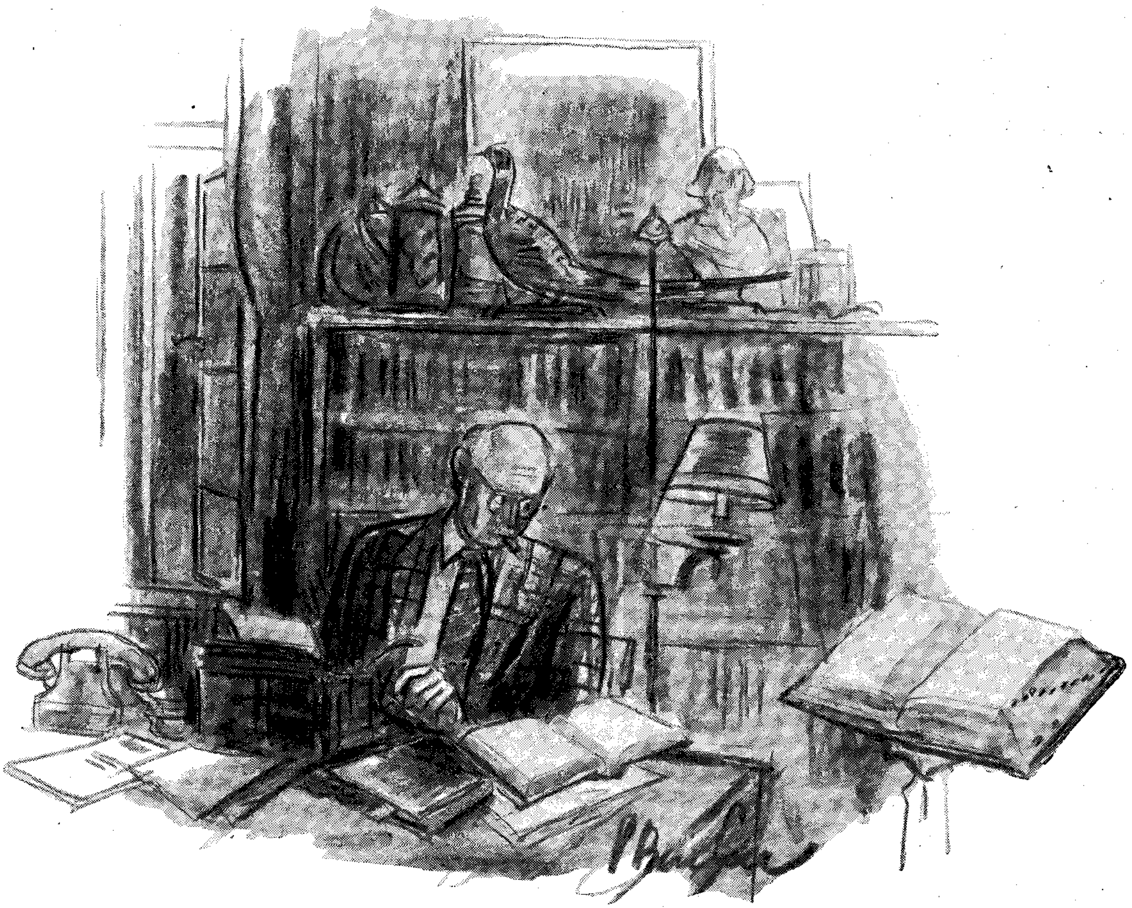
THE man to see about earthquakes hereabouts, of course, is Father Joseph Lynch, who is in charge of the seismographs up at Fordham. We consulted him last week, as did a platoon of other journalists, to get the dope on the earthquake. Father Lynch is gray-haired and cheerful, and tolerant of reporters. "Thirty days out of thirty-one I am an obscure professor of physics who fiddles around with seismographs," he remarked. "Then down come a few flowerpots and I become worth a hundred telephone calls and forty people's travelling all the way up to Fordham University." As for the quake, it's Father Lynch's opinion that it was the city's first and maybe its last. Quakes were reported in 1737 and 1887, to be sure, but he doubts the reports. "Just the result of echoes out of Bridgeport or some other quaky place," he says. One of his confreres at Harvard has announced that other shocks are to be expected soon. Father Lynch doesn't think so, and if he did he wouldn't announce it. Such things make people nervous. For instance, a certified public accountant called Father Lynch one evening after the quake and said that he had been unable to work for worrying about possible quakes. "A lot of my friends feel the same way," this fellow added.

In peacetime, Father Lynch has eight seismographs going, but now, because of the paper shortage, he's operating with four. (A seismograph eats up a big roll of photographic paper every day.) The same seismograph won't register tremors close up and eight thousand miles off; you have to have two separate sets of apparatus. You don't absolutely need eight seismographs, but it does insure that no tremor, however small, will escape your attention. Father Lynch's home-front seismograph registers a variety of homely disturbances, such as the passing of the milk train in the early morning, the annual maypole dance held by schoolchildren on the Fordham campus, and rush-hour traffic in Manhattan. There is also a sort of regular pulse beat, thirty-three to the minute, which, as nearly as Father Lynch can figure out, is the result of waves pounding on the coast. When traffic is heavy, this pulse beat doubles itself, thus approaching the normal human heartbeat. Another thing that shows up frequently on the seismographs is the random movements of spiders, who walk around in the works and cause all sorts of crazy readings.

Some years ago, a geologist figured out that the seismograph could be put to very practical use in locating oil fields. His idea was that, since oil is usually found under a layer of salt and the effect of an explosion travelling through salt registers in a special way on a seismograph, he could set up his apparatus near a possible oil field, touch off some TNT, and see if the seismograph reported a salt bed underground. Father Lynch told us that the last international meeting of the Geophysical Union, at which all this and many other important ideas were discussed, was held over here in 1939, just as the war was breaking out. The geophysicists mistrusted Japan even then and asked various government officials whether the Japs should be invited. They got the gloomy answer that whatever the Japs weren't supposed to know they probably knew already, so they might as well come along. The Germans were on their way, but turned around in midocean and went back when the war started. They hadn't been allowed at the meetings until ten or twelve years after the last war. Father Lynch doubts that they'll ever get back in now. "If you ask me," he said, "they're through."

At Liberty

A BUSINESSMAN we know advertised for a stenographer and an applicant miraculously turned up—a tall, beautiful, somewhat vacant-looking young lady who said that she had been working at various jobs all over the country, keeping near her fiancé, who was a soldier; now that he had gone abroad, she wanted to settle down in New York. Her last job had been in a defense plant in Hartford. The businessman said that under the circumstances she'd have to have a certificate of availability before he could hire her. "You mean from my fiancé?" she asked.



"I am afraid that Professor Witherspoon has erred in his quotation of Verlaine. That line, if memory serves, goes rather like this . . ."

DON'T SCRUB OFF THESE NAMES

IF a wife could be as patient as Grogan the Horse-Player's landlady, there would be hardly any old guys living alone in furnished rooms the way there are hundreds of them now. One time Grogan owed his landlady ninety weeks' rent. That will give you some idea about Grogan's landlady. She got more tolerance than you can shake a stick at and she certainly is a fine woman. She's an elderly woman, seems to understand horse-players and not be bothered by them as much as other people are.

This rooming house where Grogan lives is quite a place once you get to understand it. It is an old brownstone house, once upon a time worth forty thousand dollars. That part of it comes in to what happened with Grogan, how much the house was worth and all. You wouldn't notice this house among thousands houses like it in different parts of Manhattan. It's just a four-story affair, with a stoop, and a gate door under the stoop, the kind of door you used to go into hundreds of speakeasies through in the old days.

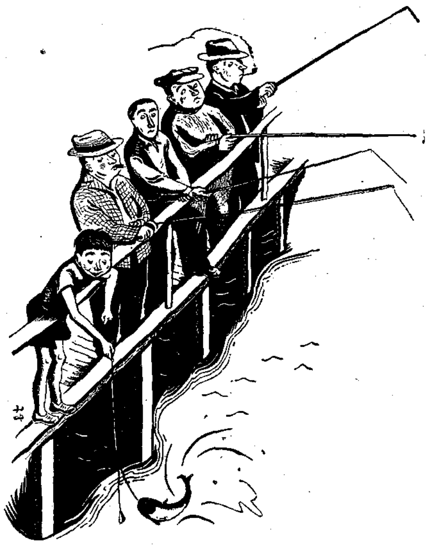
Grogan's rent got piled up to ninety weeks that time because he's the kind of old guy you trust once you get to know him. He is quiet and more than fifty and wears glasses. He clears his throat before he talks, and when he does talk it is mostly about race horses. A gin-mill man that knows Grogan for years said one time about him, "Grogan is so goddam honest he don't *have* to pay you." What he meant was that there are a lot of guys, if they borrow five bucks, let's say, why two minutes afterward you begin worrying are they going to cheat you out of it and never pay you back. But with Grogan, if he borrows anything and a couple months goes by, even a couple years, you still got confidence that as soon as he can get around to it Grogan will pay you back.

That accounts partly for Mrs. Benoit, that's Grogan the Horse-Player's landlady, letting the rent run up to ninety weeks. In money it was two hundred and seventy dollars, because he has a rent of only three bucks a week. That's all out of kilter with rents now, but Mrs. Benoit decided years ago that Grogan's rent was three bucks a week and it never changed. Anyway, Grogan just kept putting it off week after week, sometimes being in the hole on account of horses, sometimes having to buy some shoes or something, and there was never enough left for the rent, so what he owed piled up. Never once did Mrs. Benoit bother him. She knew Grogan would pay up sometime. Then he went to Mexico. Some cousins took him, and he was gone a year and a half, and back he comes, walking into the rooming house and saying "Hello, Mrs. Benoit," after he cleared his throat. And he paid her sixty bucks on the two-seventy. He got the sixty bucks selling a bishop's ring which a Mexican family gave him for a goodbye gift when he left Mexico City. They were very fond of him.

GROGAN'S got an ace in the hole to keep up to, or at least not too far behind, the horses. He is a crackerjack commercial artist, drawing pictures of hams and bacons and, at Thanksgiving, Puritan girls carrying in turkeys, for the ad agencies, but he usually works at it only to get money for horses. Well, he had a fit of working as hard as you could imagine right after he came back from Mexico and he paid off the two-ten. It was working money, earned from working, not from horses, and how Grogan paid the landlady with it so steady was a surprise to those that know him and realize he'd rather put every cent on horses than do anything else with money. Here's how he did it.

In the afternoons, Grogan would sit around in Mrs. Benoit's basement apartment calling bets on the phone to a puny kind of bookie. The bookie is a Greek runs a flower store, but he watches the entries and results more than he cares a damn about the rhododendrons.

These afternoons would show you how patient Mrs. Benoit is. With Grogan studying the *Racing Form*, then telephoning to the Greek every couple of minutes, and the radio going steadily all the time, it would make anybody jumpy, but not Mrs. Benoit. She would stand there ironing perhaps, just pushing the iron back and forth and now and then reaching for something else out of the clothes basket, while Grogan rushed to the telephone or turned the radio up louder so he wouldn't miss a result coming in.



THIS basement apartment is Mrs. Benoit's own, and it is the only one with a telephone in the house. Grogan and the others got an arrangement they leave a nickel down on a plate by the phone every time they use it, so as not to cost Mrs. Benoit anything for horse calls or any other kind. To her it must be a nuisance, but away back she is a woman of French descent and she does not seem to get mad at the things that Americans get mad at. That is, she does not get mad at people being peculiar, but seems to figure everyone has his own way of being and there's no sense trying to change it.

For example, over the telephone in her apartment, written on the wall, it says this:

Don't Scrub Off
These Names

And underneath that are some names written out very plain. They need to be explained. These names are there because one of the guys who lives in the house is Clancy. You might call him an Irish gigolo. That's the way he gets along without working, he preys on women. But it is only fair to say he doesn't hurt them any. They are all elderly women that Clancy makes a point of striking up an acquaintance with in cocktail bars.

Clancy is a terrible fake of a guy, but in a way harmless. He plays up this "Dublin Irish" stuff and can talk pretty fancy in a Dublin way. He wears shirts that have high soft collars, with tabs in them, they call them tab collars. They're the kind of collars Englishmen wear, and they give Clancy a highbrow kind of look. He borrows suits from nearly everybody in the house. It's a remarkable thing, but everybody's clothes seem to fit Clancy and he is a very persuasive talker, can talk everybody into lending him suits, so much so that often he gets to borrow a new suit before the guy who owns it has it on twice himself.

Anyway, Clancy looks good dolled

YOUR HOME TOWN PAPER
LONDON TIMES

up, and he talks fine, and his regular routine is meeting these lonesome old ladies in the cocktail lounges and shining up to them. First thing you know, they're having him to dinner at their apartment, and he talks about money coming from the old country, and after a couple of dinners he tells them his money didn't come and he is hard pressed, and he borrows fifty or a hundred. That's boiling it down pretty much, how Clancy works, but that's the guts of it. He's such a faker he lies about nearly everything, more or less to keep in practice, and to each new old lady he gives a different name. He gives names he thinks are fancy, and they're so much so they're almost silly. But silly or not, he comes back and writes the latest name down on the telephone list on the wall. The idea is, known to everybody in the house and above all to Mrs. Benoit, that when there's a telephone call for a strange name, why you look at the list and if the name is there you say, "Yes, he's home. Just a moment, please, I'll call him." Then you holler for Clancy, being sure to keep a hand over the transmitter, because you know that Clancy has given this name to one of his old rich ladies. Five of the names that were written on the wall all together lately were these:

Mr. Cavendish
Mr. Lancet
Mr. Morency
Mr. De Courcey
Mr. Baltimore

That Mrs. Benoit puts up with such nonsense as Clancy and his names is another instance what a patient woman she is. To say nothing of Mallan. He's another one lives in the house, and he's an out-and-out drunk. Like all the others except Clancy, this Mallan is past fifty, and he's still getting drunk somehow every night, until he has a rum blossom for a nose and purple veins on his grinny face like main strategic supply roads the Allies are bombing on a map these days.

What would make Mallan annoying anywhere but at Mrs. Benoit's is the habit he has of getting a *Daily News* when the bars close up at 4 A.M. He gets a *Daily News* without fail, reads it as best he can, although drunk, in a Shanty near the rooming house. Then at half past four in the morning, in he goes to the house, stomps up the stairs, and wakes up Grogan, then Clancy and a couple other inmates, one after the other.

"Come on, sit up!" he always says. "Sit up and take the Intelligence Test! Wake up and take the Intelligence Test!"

And then he reads out the questions in the Intelligence Test, loud, and shaking Grogan, or whoever it is, while he reads off the questions, that are always something like this: "Astigmatism refers to a disorder of which organ?" Then Mallan will continue to read, loud and slow as hell, the list of organs, while Grogan blinks in bed:

"Liver? . . . Ear? . . . Heart? . . . Eye?"

And Grogan, or whoever it is, will want to get it over with and get Mallan out of the room, so he'll say "Eye!" if he knows that's the answer.

"Right!" Mallan will holler. Then he'll go on to the next question, which might be this: "A statue inscribed MCCCCXCII would probably represent Julius Cæsar, Columbus, Washington, or Lincoln?"

It turns out to be, in this instance, Columbus, but hardly anybody could wake up and answer one like that. Just the same, Mallan teeters on the edge of

"What do you plan to do with the extra money?"

the bed until Grogan gets the right answer, and then he hollers "Right!" And after Mallan has given the Intelligence Test to Grogan and Clancy and maybe a couple of others, why he staggers to bed himself, and that's that. He's gone through that rigamarole hundreds of times, and it goes to show you how much patience Mrs. Benoit has to let a guy like that keep on living in the house.

WELL, to get back to Grogan, and the afternoons down in the basement apartment, betting the horses while Mrs. Benoit does her ironing. Grogan used to run completely out of money doing that. But somehow, when he came back from Mexico and started paying up the remaining two hundred and ten dollars after he paid the ring money, why he cut down on betting, until gradually it was mostly mind bets. He'd pick horses but not call the Greek, and he'd listen to results. Sometimes he'd be furious he didn't bet one that turned out to be a winner. More often he'd be tickled to death he didn't bet, because it was a loser. "I save two bucks on that one," Grogan would say. And to make a game out of it, why he'd hand Mrs. Benoit the two bucks and say, "Take that off what I owe you, will you please, Mrs. Benoit?"

"Yes, Mr. Grogan," Mrs. Benoit would say, putting down the flatiron, or whatever she was using at the moment. "Thank you. I'll mark it down."

Well, in only a couple of months, Grogan was in the clear on the ninety weeks' rent. And the funny thing was, he kept right on going on with the same scheme after he got the rent paid off. In a few more weeks, he had nearly a hundred and fifty "on deposit," you might say, with Mrs. Benoit. She never said a word to egg him on, except in her own way, perhaps, of remarking, "That's very good, Mr. Grogan. You have fifty-six dollars"—or whatever it was—"now. I'll mind it for you."

Grogan acted as if this was the first time, and him past fifty years of age, that he ever heard of saving money. He got fascinated by the idea and when the money Mrs. Benoit had for him got up to three hundred and sixty, he told her one day what was in his head. He cleared his throat, the way he always does, and he said, "That's a great spot, that Mexico, Mrs. Benoit. And I'm going to go back down there, only this time with dough. For a little while, I can be a rich American. It'll certainly be something, walking in on that Mexican family I know. They were swell to me when I was down there broke, and here I'll come walking in to them, take them to the bullfights, the best seats, not out in what they call the *sol.* That's the sun seats, you know, what we call at a ball game the bleachers. And I can buy them stuff knock their eye out. When I get a thousand bucks, just a little more than a thousand, so I can get there at the Mexican house with the whole even thousand after my fare, why off I go to Mexico!"

That was quite a speech for Grogan, but he was hopped up with the idea. He told his plan later to Clancy. Fake or no fake, Clancy was a guy Grogan liked, and he told him stuff like that.

IT'S funny, too, in a place like Mrs. Benoit's, that even accidents works out good. You could take for example about the chimney. What happened about the chimney was that it gave out too much smoke. O.K., only nearly next door is a hotel, higher than Mrs. Benoit's place. And when the wind blew right, the smoke went into some of the hotel rooms. The guests kicked and wouldn't stay there and it was a ticklesome situation. Problem was, you couldn't deny the rooming house had to have heat—that's human. And there's laws against smoke, but they're tricky laws, and it wasn't too much smoke legally, you might say, and so here was a hell of a situation, an accident, too, the whole of it, not planned by anybody, but the situation worked out good. The hotel men tried to bully Mrs. Benoit first, but she wouldn't scare. So the upshot was that the hotel men came to Mrs. Benoit and they put up this proposition: "Say we hook up the heat from the hotel into your place, will you shut off your furnace, Mrs. Benoit?" That would be O.K., she said, and no sooner said than done. So the accident of the smoke saved Mrs. Benoit the coal money, to say nothing saving the trouble running the furnace. There never was a time when she didn't have to skimp to run the place. The finances of it was that when Mrs. Benoit's husband died years ago he left her money and she bought the house with it. It was supposed then to be worth forty thousand, but nowadays, why nothing like forty thousand. And the mortgage, even lately, was only down to nineteen thousand dollars. You couldn't get that for the house if you wanted to sell it, is what Mrs. Benoit said.

She said that one afternoon only lately. Grogan had shut off the radio because the races were over and the announcer had slumped into talking about Warsaw and Pisa. Clancy was blathering his way through making some tea. While he made it on a little stove in Mrs. Benoit's apartment, he said for the thousandth time in a year, "I have this tea sent to me specially from Boston."

And Mrs. Benoit said in her soft voice, "I know you do, Mr. Clancy. It's very nice." She knew and Grogan knew, sitting there, you could get the same tea anywhere, but Clancy went to great trouble to have it sent from Boston anyway.

Well, after that, Clancy poured out the tea, talking in big words all the while, and Mrs. Benoit went on talking about the house. "The bank told me a funny thing. I couldn't believe it," she said. "It didn't sound like something a bank would say."

Grogan cleared his throat. He'd been talking about Mexico again and he thought he was talking too much about it, although he was going there soon and it was all he could think of. "What did the bank say?" he asked, after a swig of the tea.

"They said that if I put up two thousand dollars, they'd cut the mortgage down to twelve thousand dollars, instead of it being nineteen thousand dollars the way it is now. Does that sound like a bank?"

"The financial situation in these times is extremely unorthodox," said Clancy, swinging into the big words, as usual.

Grogan cleared his throat again. "Do I get it right? They said if you put up two thousand dollars, they'd cut it down by seven thousand?" he asked.

"That's it," Mrs. Benoit said. "If I put up the two thousand, which I can't because I only scraped together a thousand dollars in all these years—well, if I put up the two, then they'd take off seven thousand off my shoulders. Then the interest would be a lot less and I could really make a little money on this house."

"Seven thousand for two thousand," Grogan said. He put down his cup and meandered out the door to the stairway. "Excuse me," he said over the banister as he went up to his room.

Clancy told about it later. He said Grogan come down again in a few minutes.

"I kept track upstairs in a book," he said to Mrs. Benoit. "Is it a thousand and seventy, exactly, that I got for Mexico?"

"It's more than a thousand, I know," said Mrs. Benoit. "Without looking in my book, I know that."

Grogan stared her in the eye, Clancy said, and then he says, "Look, Mrs. Benoit. I don't have to go to Mexico yet. You take my thousand and your thousand and give it to the bank. Look! I don't want a lot of talk and guff about it. Give them the two thousand quick and get credit for seven thousand. Seven to two on a mortgage! Jeez!"

"Oh, no, Mr. Grogan!" Mrs. Benoit said, and she turned pale. "It's for Mexico."

"Look," Grogan said, mad. "I don't want any guff about it. I never had a thousand bucks before and I don't know that I like it. It makes me nervous. It don't feel like me. Mexico will be better next year. Clancy, come on to the delicatessen with me."

AND out they went, Clancy and Grogan. The way Clancy told it later, after the whole thing got straightened out and the mortgage cut down to twelve thousand, he got Grogan sore on the sidewalk outside the delicatessen. He did it ribbing him. Clancy said to him, "You chump, you couldn't resist the price, that's what happened to you. Once you heard it was seven to two on a mortgage, and a bank the sucker into the bargain, why you couldn't resist it!"

Grogan burned up. "No such thing," he growled at Clancy. "It's a question of a room. How many years is three hundred and thirty-three and a third weeks? That's how long I got a room paid up. It's a matter of a room. No seven-to-two stuff or what they call sentiment. Just cold-turkey business, you lousy faker!"—JOHN McNULTY

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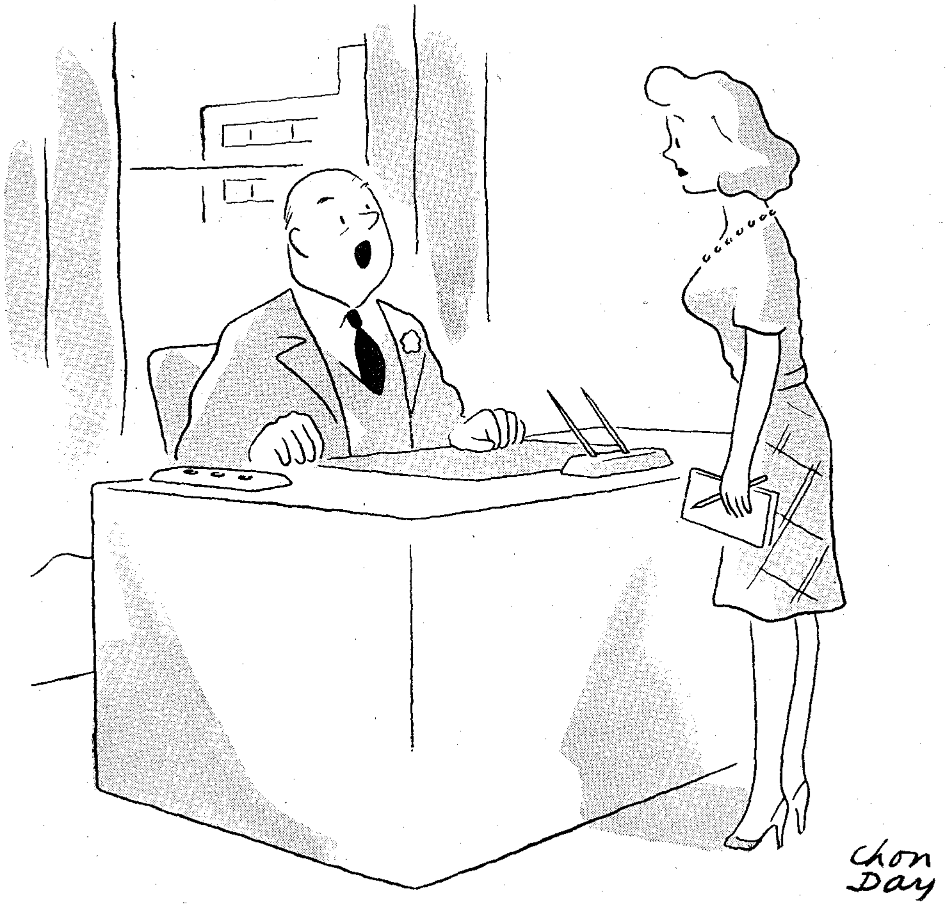
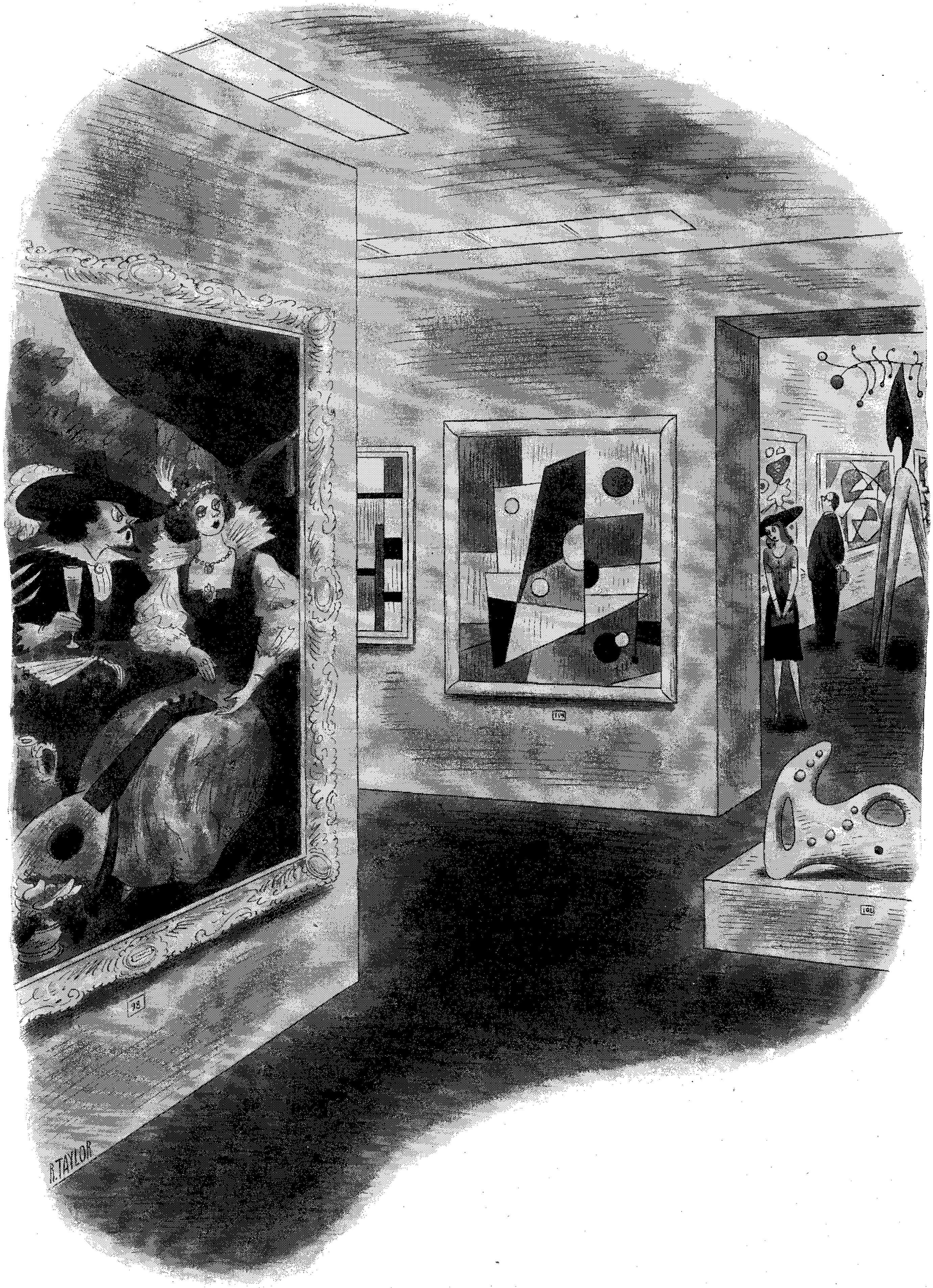
INTERVIEWER wanted to interview agents; must have domineering personality, forcefulness; state qualifications. Y 2996 Times Annex.—*Adv. in the Times.*

Bring your own cat-o'-nine-tails.



"The boss has had his eye on you, Miss Swanson, and so have I, for that matter."



“I still don’t get this non-objective stuff.”

THE WEEDS

SHE would leave him, she thought, as soon as the petunias had bloomed. With a decisive feeling of happiness, she set down her trowel and sank back on her heels to rest. Around her lay the brown earth of the converted vegetable garden, a slightly lopsided rectangle, across which careened the flower seedlings in rows that were both neat and unsteady, so that the whole planting, seen from a distance, looked like a letter written by a child who has lost his ruler. If only, she reflected, she had done it the way the book said and marked out the rows with stakes and string. Next year . . . Her heart turned over with horror as she perceived the destination of her thought. She had done it again. Next year, *of course*, she would not be here. She had been telling herself this for five weeks, yet she could not seem to remember it. Left to itself, her idle mind reached out lazily, unthinkingly, for a plan, as doubtless Persephone's hand had strayed toward a pomegranate seed.

She remembered all the times she had thought of leaving him before. But there had always been something—the party Saturday night that she did not want to miss, the grapes blue on the vines waiting to be made into jelly, the new sofa for the living room that Macy's would deliver next week, the man to see about the hot-water heater. And by the time the sofa had come, the man had gone, the jelly had been made, she would no longer be angry with him, or at any rate her anger would have lost its cutting edge and she would have only the dull stone of discontent to turn over and over in her palm.

Now, however, it was settled, this problem that had been agitating her since April, since the morning she had planted the sweet peas instead of packing her suitcase, as she ought of course to have done when he had uttered the unspeakable sentence. Now she had actually set a date for her departure, a date on a real calendar, and not simply on the calendar of her heart, where the years were written as days and it seemed always a matter of a few weeks at most before she would be back with her friends, a returned traveller with a fresh slice of life in her hands and many stories to tell. She had been trying since April to do it, all the while that she went on with her digging and watering and weeding, trying to imagine the flowers in their places in August and herself not there to see them, herself in New York in a hot furnished room. It was a little like imagining her own death, but there had been mornings when she had been almost able to do it, and then she would set down her tools and say to herself in surprise, Why, I can leave tomorrow. There is nothing to keep me here. Always, however, she would have forgotten the petunias, which were growing in flats inside the house and had therefore not fallen under her eye. Suddenly they would flash into her mind, white, ruffled, with yellow throats, blocked out in squares, alternating with squares of blackish red zinnias, with the heavenly blue of the scabiosa making a backdrop of false sky behind them; her heart would contract with love and despair as she saw that she could not leave them—she was in bondage unless they should die.

But to acknowledge this was to feel panic. Speaking to her of time and the seasons, the garden urged her to hurry, to go now, before it was too late, before the wheel, turning, should carry her once again on its slow journey through birth, reproduction, and death. Now for the first time she began to count the weeks. Her sensibility quivered in a continual anticipation of change; she took offense readily, pushed everything to extremes, and, in her mind, renounced her friends, her house, her china, a dozen times a day. Desperate measures occurred to her: if she were to kill the petunias . . . ? *Petunias are peculiarly subject to the damping-off sickness. Water cautiously*, warned the gardening book. She would stare at the pitcher of ice water on the luncheon table as the heir stares at the bottle of sleeping medicine by the bedside of his aging relative. But always her resolution softened; the grotesque temptation passed, and, trembling, she would slip out of the house, quietly, lest her husband hear her and detain her on some pretext (for he considered that she was working too hard, complained that he never saw her, that her temper was being ruined); she would collect the trowel, the spading fork, the hand cultivator, and let herself into her enclosure, fenced off against rabbits and woodchucks, and there begin once again her penitential exercise, her agony in the garden.

"Why do you do it if it gives you no pleasure?" her husband would ask. "Don't pretend you are doing it for me." She knew no answer to this; only once she had turned on him, saying, "Ah, you hate it because it is mine. You would like to see it all go to ruin." And truly she did not understand why she was doing it, unless it was somehow *against* him. It was as though she owed these plants some extra and conspicuous loyalty to make up to them for his jealous hostility, which was always waiting its chance, alleging urgent business, sexual desire, anything, to keep her within doors. Sometimes it seemed to her that she stayed on simply as the guardian and defender of these plants, to which she stood in a maternal relation, having brought them into existence. At other times it was cruder. She would not, she would tell herself grimly, give him the satisfaction of seeing her lose the investment of work and love she had made in this rich but difficult soil. She had made a mistake, she knew it; the nurseryman had warned her, "You're biting off more than you can chew." Now she would pause occasionally to look out at the weeds swaying in the light spring wind, pressing up against the fence of her enclosure, where they grew taller, fiercer, more luxuriant than they did in the field itself. It was as if the field were a hostile sea which billowed and swelled in the distance with a sort of menacing calm, and spent itself vindictively in that last breast-high green wave which it launched upon her rectangular island. At such moments, dread would seize her; she would shudder and turn back to her task, knowing that every minute must be made to count, lest she be inundated, her work and tools be lost in this watery jungle of nature. And always it was as if *he* were the ally of the weeds—he was fond of telling her, pedantically, that there was no botanical distinction between a weed and a flower. On mornings when she would hurry out after a rainy spell to find her brown space green with a two-day crop of wild mustard, she would feel him to be nearly victorious; tears of injury and defiance would stand in her eyes as she scratched the ground with the claw.

She could remember a time when it had not been so, when her borders had been gay with simple clear colors, pink and scarlet, lemon yellow and cornflower blue, when her husband had stood by in admiration, saying, “You have green thumbs, my dear.” Then she had been ready enough to lay down her tools, to greet a friend, to go on a picnic, to give an order to her maid; then there had been summer afternoons when he sat on a bench with a drink while she let the hose play gently over the flower beds and stopped from time to time to take the glass from him and sip.

Later, kneeling out in the garden, she would try to decide at what moment the change had come. When she had declined to go with him to the city because there was no one to water the flowers? When he had bought the dog that rooted up the tulips? Ah no, she thought. It had been inevitable from the beginning that the garden should have become suffused with suffering, like a flower that is reverting to its original lenten magenta, for everything returns to itself and a marriage made out of loneliness and despair will be lonely and desperate. And if I have a garden to console me, you will have a dog, and your dog will destroy my garden, and so it will go, until all good has turned to evil, and there is not a corner of life that has not been flooded with hatred. It had become meaningless to draw up lists of grievances (her picture torn across the middle and thrown in the kitchen wastebasket), for to have a grievance is to assert that some human treaty has been violated, and they were past treaties, past reparations, past forgiveness; to invoke love, morality, public opinion was pure simony—in every belligerent country the priests are praying for victory.

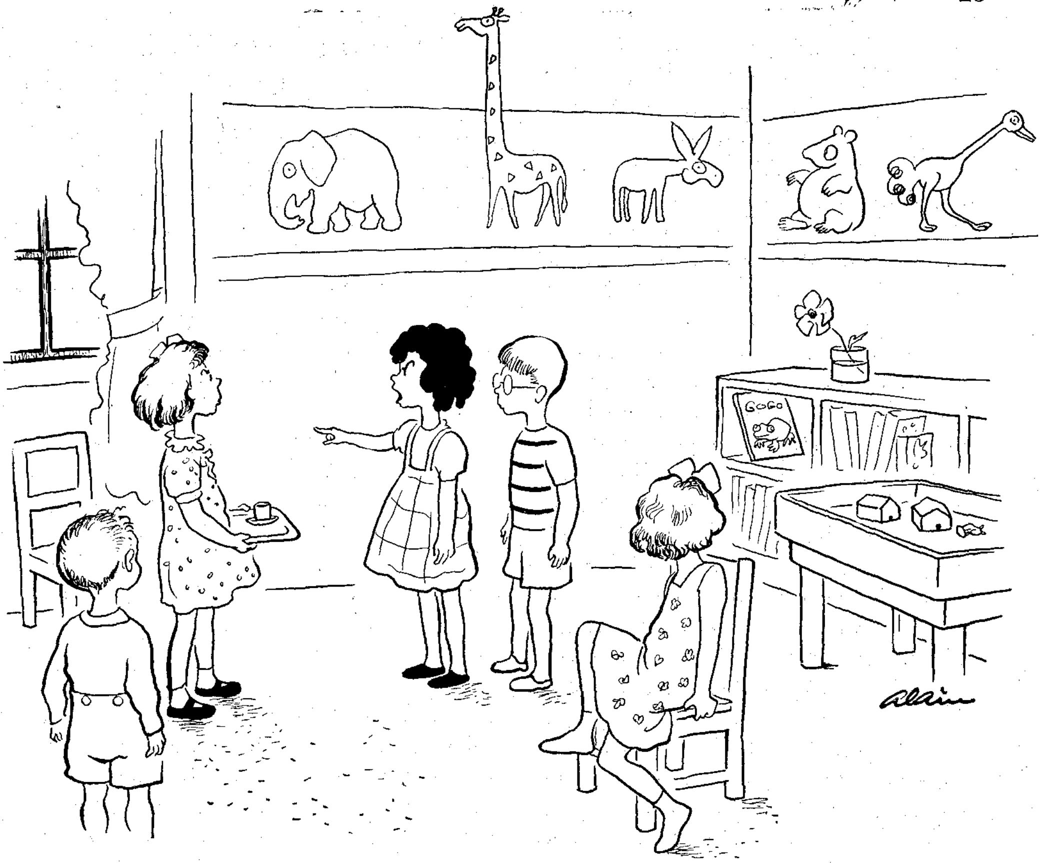
How far it had gone she had never perceived until yesterday. She was repeating the flower names to herself: black boy, black ruby, scabiosa mourning bride (ah yes, she murmured, that is I, that is I), snowstorm, purity, and last of all the free package thrown in by the seedsman which was designated Peace. Dear God, she had exclaimed, it’s as if I were growing flowers for a funeral blanket. Is it possible that I wish him dead? And at once the vision of herself as a young widow slipped into her fancy, like a view into an old stereopticon. She saw herself pale and beautiful in black, murmuring repentant phrases to some intimate woman friend. (It’s true that we didn’t get along, but I couldn’t have wished this to happen. I am sorry now for everything, and I would like to be able to tell him so. If only he could have known that I loved him after all.) Yes, she thought, if he were dead, I could love him sincerely. And how practical it would be! She would not have to give up anything—the Spode salad plates, the garden, the candy-striped wallpaper in the living room. And she would not have to decide whether to take the roasting pan or leave it (it had belonged to her in the first place). All the objects she had nearly determined to relinquish if she were to leave him, all these things she considered already lost, would be restored to her. And she could move about among them alone; she could have everything the way she wanted it, there would be no one to stop her, no one to say, “Why do we have to have a soup *and* a salad course? You are spending too much money.”

That was the queer thing, she thought; it was not a question of money. If he died, he would leave her nothing; the commissions would stop automatically, there would not even be any insurance. What he would do for her by dying would be to relieve her of the necessity of decision. How many women, she wondered, had poisoned their husbands, not for gain or for another man, but out of sheer inability to leave them. The extreme solution is always the simplest. The weed-killer is in the soup; the man is in his coffin. One regrets, but now it is too late; the matter is out of one’s hands. Murder is more civilized than divorce; the Victorians, as usual, were wiser.

Really, she said to herself, I will have to get away if I am going to have such thoughts. And a dreadful presentiment flicked her heart, lightly at first, like the stroke of a lady’s riding whip. What if I were to go in now and find him dead by his work table with the blueprints spread out before him? She saw, as if by second sight, what her remorse would be and knew that she could not bear it. In a moment she was stiff with fright. Clearly, she would have to go and look for him, but she could not move. Look, she said to herself, if he is dead the maid will come to tell me sooner or later. I do not have to find him. I can just stay here. But it was useless. By now she was certain that he was dead; one last hope, however, remained. If she were to get there quickly enough . . . She found herself running down the driveway. Outside his window she stopped. It was too high for her to see in. See, she said to herself, almost happily, perceiving the difficulty, there is nothing you can do. But a stratagem occurred to her. By a supreme effort of will she made herself pull up an

Maison Lau
CAFÉ
VINS
AUX
ABRI
Salon de Haute Couture
Alan Dunn

orange crate and climb onto it. She looked in. There he was at his table, motionless; she could not make out whether he was breathing. For the first time, she saw him with detachment, a man in a brown suit slumped over some papers, like a figure drawn by a painter and left there, a figure unknown, without history, and yet intensely itself. He moved, and was human again; she knew him, she disliked him; it was all right, he was alive. She drew a deep breath and slipped quickly down from the orange crate, before he should turn his head and see her. All afternoon in the garden she kept congratulating herself, fondly, hysterically, as people do when they have had, or believe they have had, a narrow escape. Yet when he came out at five to call her and startled her by approaching quietly, she gave a long, piercing, terrible scream, a scream that seemed to linger in the air long after she had left the garden. In some way, he had caught her red-handed.



"But you were the maid yesterday. You always want to be the whole show."

• •

This morning, in the garden, the scream was still there. Overnight, delay had become dangerous. A break must be made. The part of her that put up preserves, built terraces, laid in oil for the winter, would have to come to terms at last with the part that knew the train schedules by heart and kept a ten-dollar bill hidden in its jewelry box. A path would have to be cleared through the thicket of obligations with which she had surrounded herself, and it was not, after all, essential that she should choose the thorniest way. If she could not renounce the petunias, she would have them and then go. The important thing was that she should not make a single plan that would carry her beyond the first of August. Resolutely, she picked up her trowel and stabbed it into the ground, next to a clump of nut grass with its bright, spearlike leaves. Probing carefully, she lifted the plant and saw with satisfaction that the nut was there, dangling from the long root. The point about nut grass was that you must be sure to get the nut; otherwise your pains were wasted—within a week the plant would be up again. Hoeing was out of the question; you had to dig, with a spading fork or a trowel. "Why don't you give it up?" her husband had asked, indifferently, when she had showed him the thousands of green spears of the grass pricking the ground she had just cultivated. "Oh, go away," she had answered, and yet, often, this was what she most wanted to do, to give up and lie down on her bed and never make another effort, to sleep and have her meals brought up and live like a weed herself, silent and parasitic. But always the flowers pressed their claims; she would picture a few starved cosmos plants waving their thin heads among the tall grasses, and she would feel her heart wrung, as if squeezed out by those strong inimical brown roots. Ah well, she said to herself now, next year will be another matter. Next year nature can have her way. Thank God, at any rate, I did not put in any perennials.

All the rest of the morning she worked along cheerfully. When her maid's voice called her in to lunch, she got up with docility. Walking along the lane, she noticed that the wild lilies of the valley were nearly in bloom. There was a shady space along the veranda that could easily accommodate them. With fertilizer and cultivation, the blossoms should, by next year, double in size. . . . Some plants with a good chunk of earth were already in her hands when she perceived what she was doing. "My God," she murmured, "my God," and dropped the plants back into the hole her trowel had cut. She pressed the earth down around them and trod on it with her foot. It had been a close shave, and the beating of her heart informed her, bluntly, that she must run no more risks. The whole property was pitted with traps for her; she walked in danger and there was no time to lose.

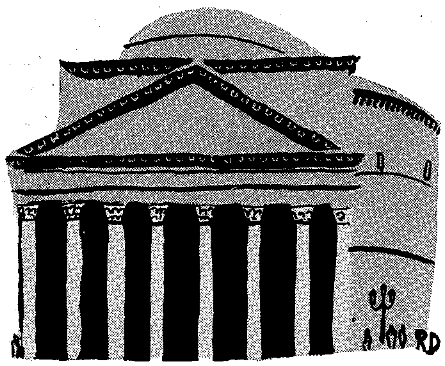
IN the hotel, the door had not closed behind the bellboy when she picked up the telephone. She had no plans. Her imagination, working (how long?) in secret, had carried her only this far; she had conceived of the future, simply, as a hand, still wearing its glove, reaching out for a hotel phone. To her first five calls there was no answer. This was a possibility she had not counted on. In all her calculations, it was she who had been the doubtful element, she the expected, the long-overdue relation whose homecoming was hourly anticipated, she the beloved sister whose room had been kept just as she left it; and throughout the term of her marriage, the thought of her friends had jabbed at her conscience: they were waiting and could not understand what could be keeping her so long. Now, at the fifth attempt, she put down the receiver peremptorily, to cut off the drilling, importunate sound that her call, unanswered, was making. For a diversion, she drew a bath, saying to herself that it was still too early, that people were out of town for the summer, that one could not expect, et cetera. Yet, after the bath was over, she did not know what to put on, for she both counted and did not count on an invitation to dinner. To her sixth call she got an answer. How nice, said her friend, that she was in town; could she come Thursday for dinner? Thursday was four days off, and she fumbled a little in accepting. Her great news had become suddenly undeliverable. The context was wrong, yet the news remained, almost sensibly, in her mouth, thickening her tongue. She hung up in haste, lest her disappointment be audible on the other end of the wire. On her seventh call, she was informed that the party had moved to Connecticut; on her eighth, she made a date for lunch on the following day. She was conscious of her own folly in withholding her announcement; she needed help, a job, money, reassurance, but she could not break through the fence of social forms she found erected against intimacy. In these five years, she perceived, she had become a visitor, the old friend from out of town who is at the Biltmore for a few days; in her absence, the circle had closed; the hands she had once clasped now clasped each other and would not part to readmit her to the dance. They had forgotten her, forgotten, that is, her former self, which remained green only in her own memory; for her alone, time had stood still.

She left the telephone and began, reluctantly, to dress. Half an hour later, in the hotel dining room, a man eyed her, and though she bent her head strictly over her dinner, her mind vacillated, wondering whether a stranger might not . . . Discretion, however, warned her that she could pay too high a price for a listener. I must be strong, she said to herself, and, slightly reassured by this small victory, yet shaken by the need she saw in herself that had exposed her to so commonplace a temptation, she paid her check. Back in her room, her magazines exhausted, she picked up the Gideon Bible and read doggedly through Kings and Chronicles, and at last fell asleep.

When she woke, it was too early to telephone anyone at an office. She had breakfast and read the help-wanted columns. There was nothing there for her. By ten o'clock her sense of flatness and embarrassment had grown so large that she could not bring herself to telephone anyone who might be able to get her a job. The inevitable question, the Why, stood ahead of her, bristling with condolence and curiosity; she was not ready for it. Better, she said to herself suddenly, to go to an agency, where no personal explanations were required. In ten minutes she was at Rockefeller Plaza, with the list of her qualifications ready on her tongue. But the sight of the Victory garden, the rows of young radishes, made her own garden take shape before her, like a sin she had forgotten to confess. Oh God, oh God, she said to herself, I am unfit—who will hire me? And it seemed to her that she had not gone far enough; she must discard her whole identity. An inspiration seized her: she might hire herself out as a cook. She saw herself, anonymous, in a maid's room in the third story of a house in Pelham, saw the bed with the thin blankets and the lumpy mattress, the bath shared with the baby, or the lavatory in the basement. All the wretched paraphernalia of domestic service became invested with glamour for her—she might lose herself and be saved. If she were to go down to Fourteenth Street now and buy herself a cheap dress and some shoes, by tonight she might have a situation. She could leave her own clothes in the hotel room, and when he came to find her, he would find merely Bonwit Teller, Mark Cross, hat by John-Frederics, fragrance by Schiaparelli. She was already, in her mind, selecting the shoes for her new life (patent leather with bows which would do for her day out, or sensible, flat-heeled black?), when some part of her, her conscience or her good sense, warned her that it would not do. It was a child's dream of revenge (see to what lengths you have driven me), vicious and narcissistic. Regretfully, she relinquished the adventure.

Yet, she said to herself, I must do *something*; by tomorrow I shall be out of money. In her handbag were the few pieces of jewelry she had inherited from her mother. It occurred to her that this was perhaps the moment to sell them; after lunch, with cash in her pocket, she could approach the agencies with more assurance. She walked briskly up toward Fifty-ninth Street, feeling herself lifted once again by that wave of exaltation that had brought her down from the country. She was free again, if only for a few hours; all decisions, commitments, were postponed. It was as though the old-gold and diamond shop which she entered presently were the last station in her flight; passing the jewelry over the counter, she divested herself of her last possession; the appraiser counted her out a hundred dollars, and she no longer had anything to lose. She stuffed the money into her pocketbook and hurried back to the hotel.

At the desk, however, she found a message, breaking her lunch date and asking her to call back. At once, her elation vanished. The day stretched empty ahead of her. She turned quickly back to the street and found a Hamburger



A POEM TO EXPLAIN EVERYTHING ABOUT A CERTAIN DAY IN VERMONT

Fifty wizards working in the wind
And one tall wizard standing in their rear
Made a quick sheen to lacquer all Vermont.
Up leapt the sun. The air was far and near.

The weeds, the grass, the corn, the slipping river
Made wizard-quiet. My noon-sleepy deer
Whisked in the shade, saw winsome sun go over,
And still those wizards brewed the atmosphere.

The lone tall wizard opened up the west.
Sunset made its exit beryl and sheer.
Those wizards leapt like acrobats, swinging free,
Hung their thin capes upon cold Vega's spear . . .

Galaxies were thick, weather was clear.

—Genevieve Taggard

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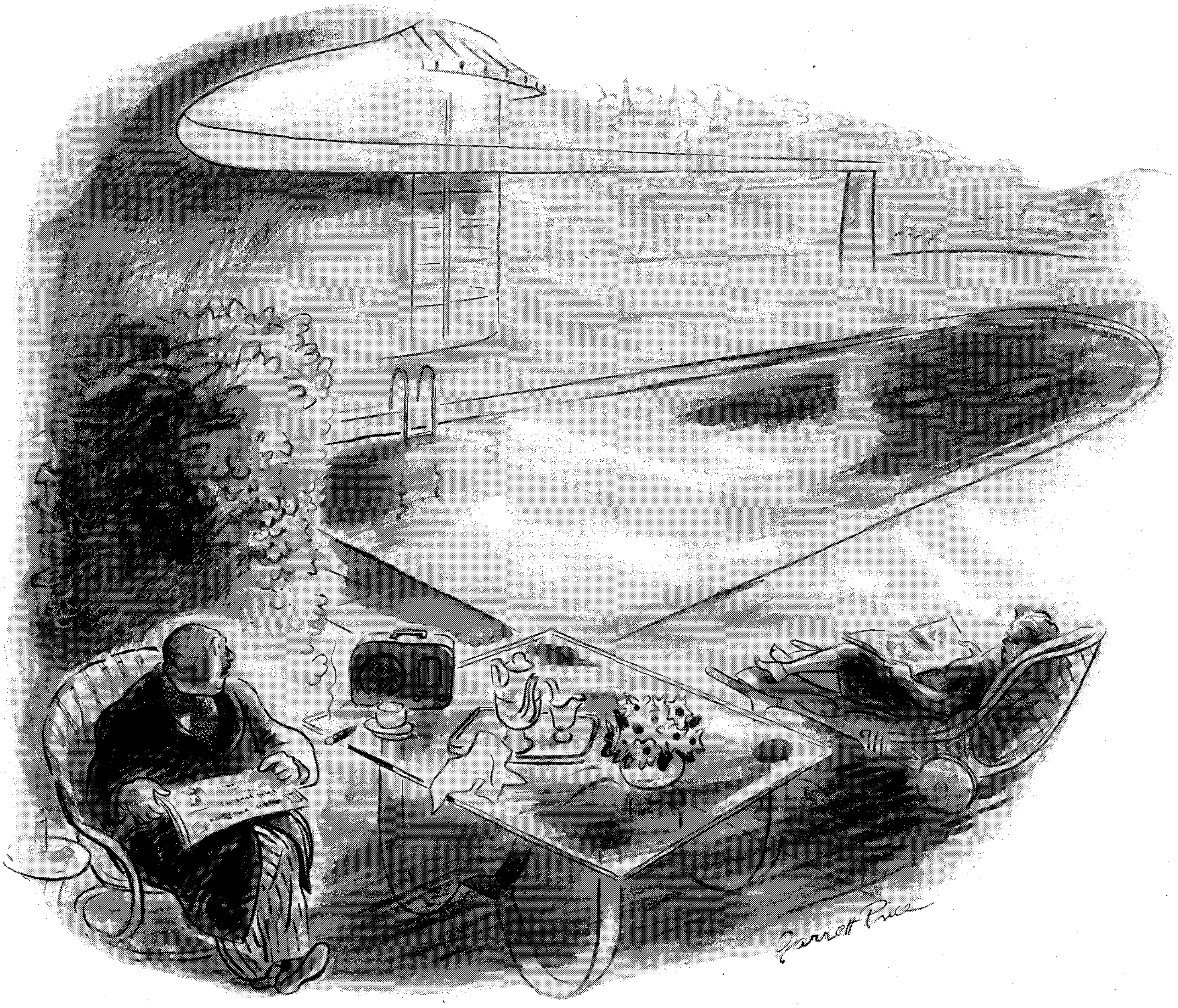


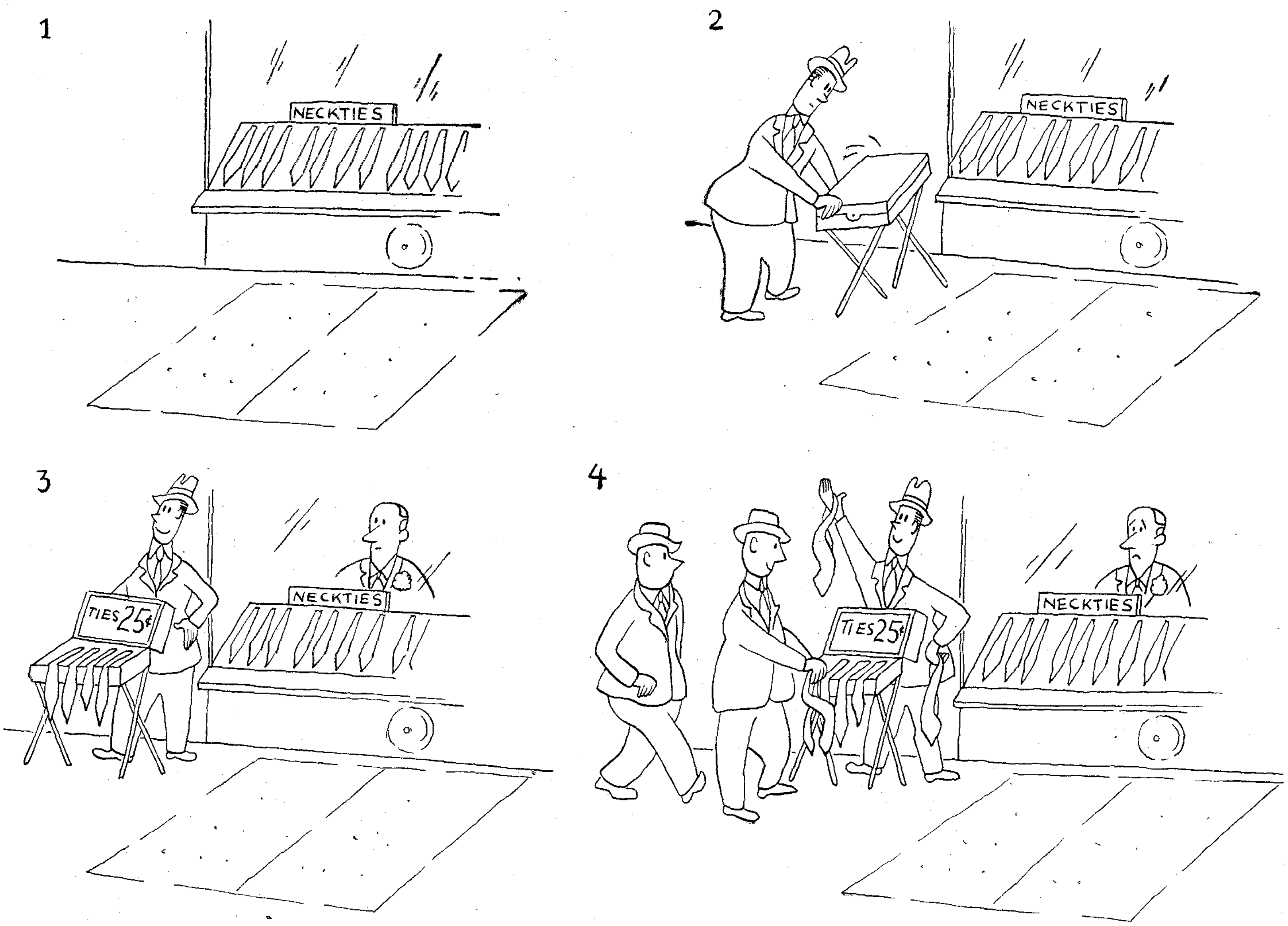
"Imagine them calling me a cheap politician—me, with a layout like this."

• •

Heaven, where she ate lunch. Afterward, she went to the movies, and when she returned to her room she did not telephone anyone, but lay on her bed reading the Gospel according to St. Matthew until she felt it to be late enough to go to sleep. She had eaten no dinner. The third day passed off in much the same way: again the movies, and at night the Bible.

On the morning of the fourth the telephone waked her, and she knew at once that it would be he. "Well," he said, "I found you." "Yes," she said. "It wasn't so hard." "No," he replied shortly. "Will you come down and have breakfast with me?" "No." "Oh go to hell," he retorted, and hung up. When he called up that night, he was not sober, and it was she who hung up. She had seen nobody since her arrival. Since the first night she had eaten nothing but hamburgers, and sandwiches at drugstore counters. Notice of any sort had become painful to her: she was unequal to a headwaiter or a desk clerk; she passed in and out without leaving her key; she felt both conspicuous and obscure. She had gone to a single employment agency and filled out an application. Outside the door, she realized that she had forgotten to note down her previous experience, but she could not go back. She was hiding and waiting, both for him and for someone else, some friend or stranger who would come to help her in response to an appeal she had never made. She was living in a state of peculiar expectation, as though she had put an ad in the newspaper, an ad of the most total purport, which God perhaps might answer, and the message she daily expected to find, written out in the hotel's violet ink and shoved under her door, was not of an ordinary social nature.

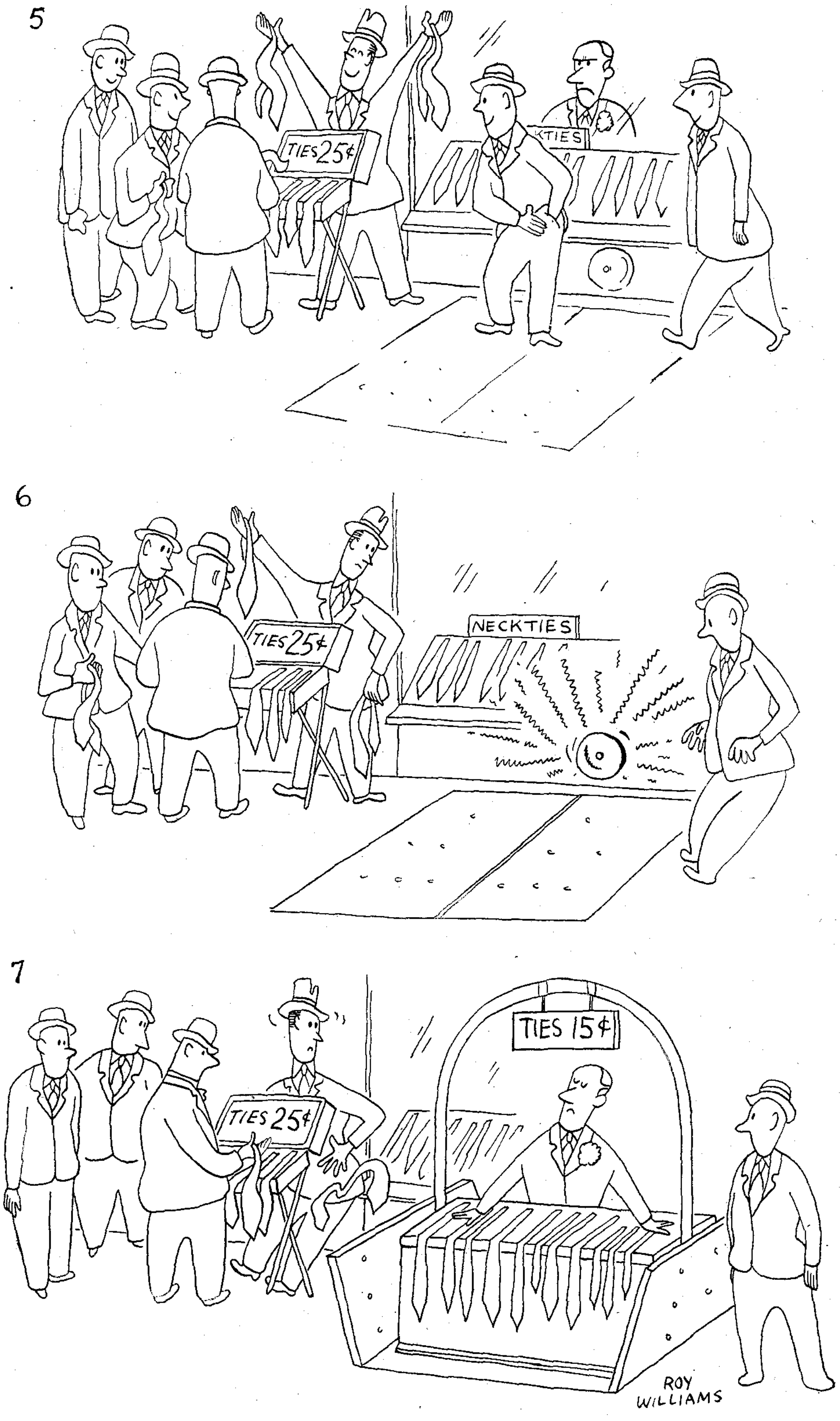
Yet this sense of expectancy, of extravagant, unreasonable hope, had for its corollary during these days a strange will-lessness, an attitude of resignation and despair. She knew that it was absolutely necessary that she should bestir herself; her money would soon run out and she would be locked out of her hotel room. Yet she found that she actually looked forward to this catastrophe as a means of release; the credit manager might yet be the Saviour, who, as holy legend tells us, appears in strange disguises. She was, it seemed to her now, utterly at the mercy of chance: a notice of eviction might precipitate her future out of the solution in which it was suspended—she herself was powerless. In her present state, even her flight appeared to her to have been an act of supreme daring; she could not imagine how she could have summoned up the firmness of character to do it. In fact,



she said to herself, if she could have foreseen the outcome, she would never have taken the last drastic step, but held it forever in reserve, a threat and a promise—and died, after thirty years of marriage, thinking how different her life might have been had she left him. What folly, she cried, what madness! She had exchanged the prison of the oppressor for the prison of the self, and from this prison there was not even the hope of escape. At six o'clock Thursday evening, she had not decided what to wear for dinner, a long dress or a short. She put two dresses on the bed, but the arguments for each were unanswerable, and at six-thirty she went out and walked until she found a Western Union office, where she sent a telegram of excuse to her hostess, knowing, as she did so, that she was cutting her last line of communication to the world, to the past, to the future.

Yet when he had not called her again by the morning of the sixth day, a faint hope began to ruffle her spirit, like a sea breeze on an August afternoon. If he had given up and returned to the country, something might still be salvaged. She had seen her resolve melt away in these long mornings in the hotel room, and she knew that she was no longer proof against him; if he were to summon, she would obey. With the dissolution of her belief in herself, her case against him had collapsed. Yet, if he were to abandon her, she knew that she would endure, simply because, physically, she was alive and possessed of a certain negative fortitude. Eventually she would go out, she would telephone, get a job, and gradually circumstances would knit a new web around her, as scar tissue will form over a wound, even if the surgeon has not been called to take the proper stitches.

On this sixth day, as the morning passed on and the telephone still did not ring, she felt her spirits rise and an almost forgotten gaiety take possession of her. Surely he must be gone, she said to herself, and now I am really up against it and perhaps it will be fun after all. The sense of being under surveillance was passing off, and she dressed quickly, in her best white dress, black shoes, and large black cartwheel hat. Nothing, she told herself confidently, is more urban than black and white in summer. It was three o'clock and she had had nothing to eat, but the emptiness of her stomach only added to her fine sense of lightness and bravery. The sound of her heels on the stone floor near the elevator was brisk and pleasing, she let her handbag swing gallantly on her bare, tanned arm. For the first time, on pressing the button, she knew precisely where she was going—to call on an old friend who had an important job in an advertising office—and she knew, furthermore, that it was going to be all right, that he would compliment her and take her out to cocktails at a nice place, and that there, over the second drink, an opening would come which would allow her to tell him, quite naturally, quite easily, that she had left her husband. When he would press her—gently—for a reason, it would be merely a question of finding the right formula, of avoiding vindictiveness on the one hand and piety on the other, of packing the truth into some assimilable capsule which her companion could swallow without any noticeable discomfort. As the elevator descended, a sentence spoke itself for her (I would have left him long ago if it hadn't been for those damned petunias). This was the right



note, she recognized at once, seeing in advance the effect it would make in her friend's face, where the struggle between incredulity and belief would resolve itself in laughter. She foresaw a whole train, a lifetime, of these sentences. (But you say you left him five days ago; what have you been doing ever since? I've been lying in my hotel room reading the Gideon Bible.) She smiled, feeling herself on home territory. She was back at her port of embarkation, which she had set forth from five years before, back to her native patois, where jest masks truth but does not deny it.

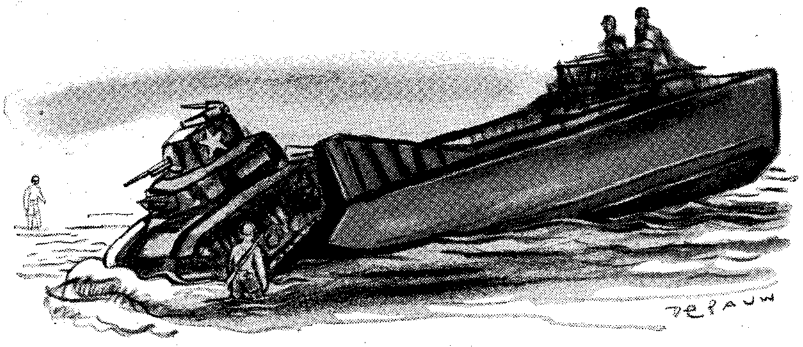
The elevator doors opened and she saw her husband sitting in the lobby.

TWO days later, he unlocked the door of the house and gave her a slight shove forward, as though she were a dog or a truant child. Her first impression was that the house had in a week grown older and shabbier. She stood in the doorway of the living room, looking about her with the eyes of an observant stranger. She noted the paint peeling on the window frames, the place where the wallpaper had been patched and the stripes did not quite meet, the blue chair that had never belonged there in the first place, the stain where her own head had rested on the back of the sofa. Two rather tacky-looking bouquets of bridal wreath stood on the marble-topped coffee table which she had cut down from an old piece; very plainly, they said Welcome Home in the floral language of her maid. Generally, when this kind of thing happened to her, when a room or the face of a lover did not measure up to memory, she would narrow her eyes, as she did to look at herself in the mirror, till the focus had changed and the image become a little blurred; then, with the quick hand of fancy, she would bestow a few decorations on the object—a bowl of flowers, a glass cigarette box—a look of irony, or a smile; and in a few moments all would be well, the face or the room would have subsided, and her eyes, now wide open, could run over it with love. This time, however, though she narrowed her eyes out of force of habit, nothing of the sort happened; the room became dimmer but it did not reassemble itself. "Well," said her husband, rather heartily, in his business-as-usual tone, "everything looks the same." This statement came in so patly that she made the mistake, fatal in marriage, of speaking to him as an intimate. "Does it?" she asked. "Really? It looks queer to me. The colors look as if somebody had mixed black in them. Do you suppose she has changed the light bulbs?" "Don't be silly," he said, sweeping her ahead of him toward the staircase. "Why should she do that?" "Let's have dinner right away," he added, pushing her slightly again, as though he had expected her to express some morbid and contradictory wish. She obeyed him, mechanically, as she had done ever since she had seen him sitting in the hotel lobby. Her defeat seemed to her shameful and absolute. Fortunately, however, her feelings had died in her; there was no rebelliousness, no resentment—in the conquered country, the officials conferred quietly with the captors and the underground movement slept.

What troubled her all evening was merely the notion that something had happened to the lighting. Across the table in the dining room, she could barely see her husband's face, though the customary twelve candles were burning. In the middle of the meal, she excused herself and got up to turn on the electricity. This was not an improvement; now her husband's face appeared to be unnaturally white. The food also seemed to her to have been tampered with. Her husband was eating with apparent relish; still, she could not disabuse herself of the idea that there was something wrong—perhaps the maid had forgotten to put the sherry in the stew? "You are tired," said her husband warningly, and she accepted this explanation with gratitude. After dinner, nevertheless, she could not restrain herself from going around to each of the lamps to see if there might be dust on the bulbs. But her finger came off clean.

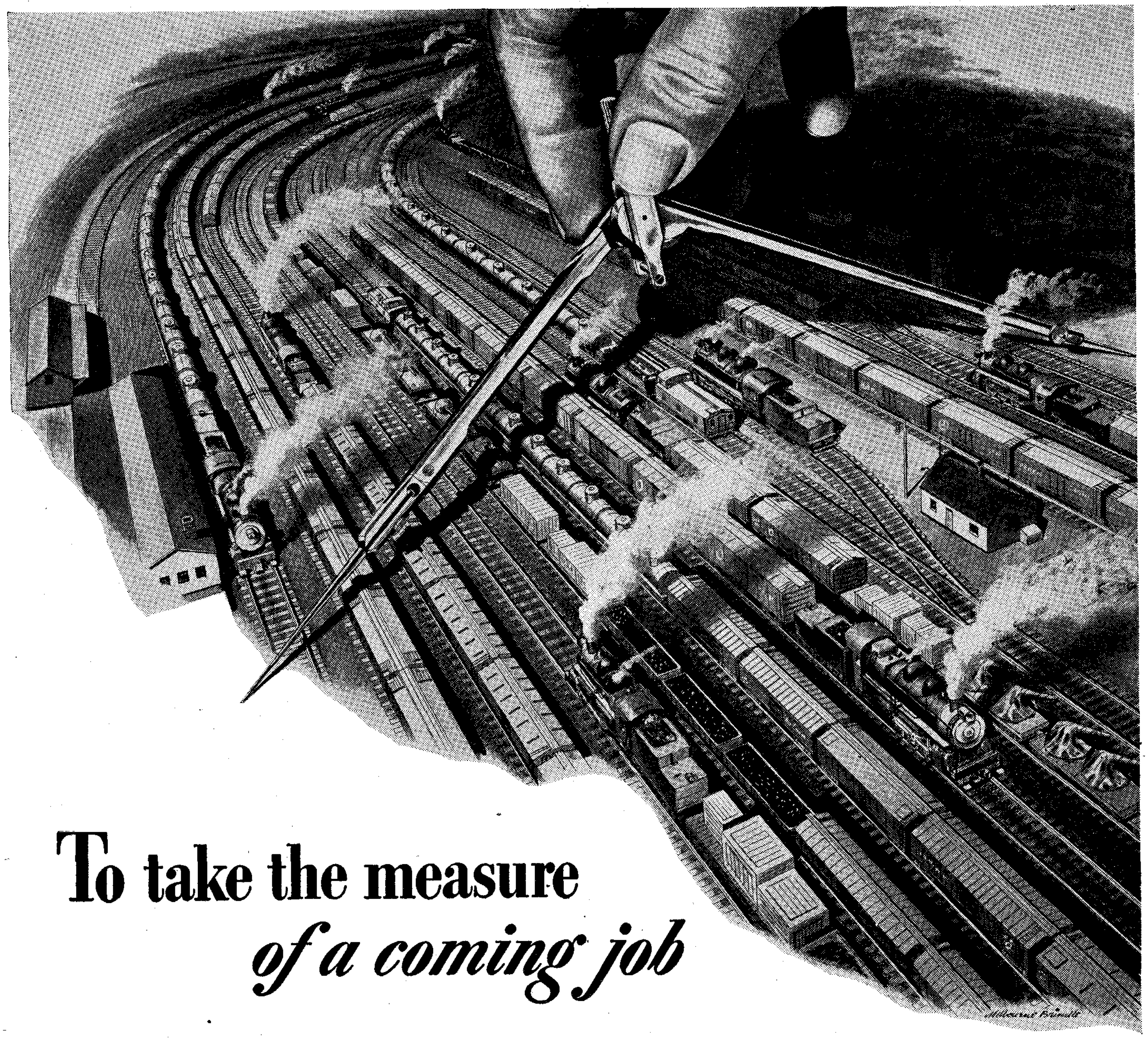
In the morning, the visual derangement persisted. Her eye was caught, on waking, by a window shade which had been white when she had gone to New York; this morning it was certainly ivory. Slightly frightened, she closed her eyes and took refuge in sleep. When she woke, it was to the light sound of the glass bell calling her to lunch, and to an instant conviction of disaster. There was something wrong, something she had forgotten, something more than the persistent queerness of the light or the fact of her being back once again in her husband's bed. But her memory would not yield it up until, during a pause in the lunchtime conversation, she happened to glance out the window and saw on the sill the boxes containing the dead petunias. Her husband heard her gasp and his eyes followed hers. "What's the matter?" he said. "Nothing," she replied. "Something I remembered." He did not pursue the topic, and later, when he asked the question ("Have you been out yet to look at your garden?"), she perceived, with relief, that he was unaware of its significance. For him the question was a mere token of politeness, a bone tossed to the idiosyncrasies of her taste. He was still going through the motions of treating her, rather nervously, as a guest, but his heart was plainly not in it, for he did not trouble to wait for her answer.

For her, however, the question had a more fateful sound. She knew at once that she ought at least to go out and look, yet she put it off, for a day, for two days, while she did nothing but lie on her bed, declining to go to the market, plan the meals, make the French dressing, sleeping from time to time, as she had done in the hotel, and waking always with that terrible start of knowledge that tells us, as we come out of ether or alcohol, that something has changed in our lives, though we are not yet sure what it is. If her husband's question had not been repeated a second and a third time, she might never, she told herself, have made the nearly unbearable effort that took her into the toolshed for her trowel and cultivator and sent her slowly down the garden path to the enclosure in the fields. But the third time his question had had an anxious perplexity in it. Her avoidance of the garden had begun to seem to him abnormal; his mind must be set at rest. For (it had become more and more apparent) he had no comprehension at all of the events of the past week. He imagined that the whole affair was a sort of triumph, that he, the conqueror, guardian of the hearth, had pursued the fugitive nymph and wooed and bullied her home by the sheer force of his will. It had not occurred to him for an instant that the collapse was interior, that, like France, she had fallen, limp, corrupt, disgraced, into the arms of the victor, and so long as he did not perceive this, she had a little bargaining power left. But for the preservation of the illusion, it was necessary that he should believe her unchanged, should have no suspicion of the docility that placed her, not only at his mercy, but at the mercy of every event. Her long hours in her room she had excused on the grounds of emotional exhaustion, but this could hardly be expected to last forever. Already he had begun to look a little critically at the meals, to run a finger over a table that had not been dusted—the holiday, his voice indicated, was over. And now, as she passed his window, she knew that the sound of her footsteps was reassuring to him; it signified the return to normalcy, the resumption of hostilities.



The garden had waited too long, she warned herself; she was too late. Common sense alone could tell you what you might expect to find if you left a garden alone for ten moist days in June. She was prepared for the worst. Yet halfway down the path apprehension gave place to hope, and she began to run, as though this final burst of speed could make up for a long tardiness, as though she might catch the garden in the moment of transformation, effect a last-minute rescue in the very teeth of probability. The garden, however, was gone. Her first impression was that it had disappeared without a trace. In ten days the weeds had swallowed it. The brown enclosure had turned green; the very markers that indicated the rows had vanished, and of the whole enterprise only the fence remained, an absurd testimonial to the fact that this rectangle had been, at one time, the scene of human endeavor. With the first shock, she closed her eyes: this was the nightmare vision she had wrestled with all spring, a ferocious tableau vivant entitled The Triumph of the Weeds, which had appeared again and again to halt her on the road to freedom, to harrow her susceptibilities and appeal to her pity and love. She had turned back before it a hundred times, and when at length she had hardened her heart, she had told herself, I will not be there to see it. Now, however, it was all as she had imagined it, except that the season was not so far advanced and she was here in the midst of it, while the hot furnished room was distant beyond desire. When she opened her eyes again, it was not with the hope of finding some mitigating circumstance, but rather with a kind of morbid appetite to embrace the full details of her disaster. Now she made out the individual weeds, and she saw that while in the field outside there were buttercups and a few daisies already open, here, in her enclosure, flourished only the most virile, the most virid, the most weedlike weeds, the coarse growers—burdock, thistle, milkweed, Queen Anne's lace; the crawlers—carrotweed, Jill-run-over-the-ground, and especially the choking nut grass, which crawled beneath the earth's surface and sprouted fiercely above it. No doubt, she said to herself, there was some natural explanation for this—the rankest weeds were perhaps the strongest and their seeds had a longer viability—yet common sense would not prevail; her heart accepted the phenomenon as a judgment and a curse.

It is hopeless, she murmured to herself,



To take the measure *of a coming job*

FEW people notice or even think of the many special abilities the railroads have been required to develop. One of these is accurately anticipating the need of agriculture and other industry for rail transportation.

Because they do this, freight cars for years have almost always appeared at the right place, at the right time and in the right number. This has been a *must* for orderly marketing and efficient low-cost transportation.

Today, while everything they have is working day and night to hasten victory, the railroads are busy also taking the measure of the jobs that lie ahead.

What new kinds of goods will have to be carried? What kinds of cars will they need? Where will they come from and where will they go? What service and rates will be needed to develop business, shipping and employment?

Long before the call comes for postwar action, the answers to these and hundreds of other questions must be ready. Finding the answers to these questions is the work of a separate group of seasoned railroaders—the Railroad Committee for the Study of Transportation.

In this way, the railroads are looking ahead to the time when America turns again to peacetime work—and planning their necessary part in helping to make it a wonderful land to live in, just as they have helped make it strong in time of war.

ASSOCIATION OF

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ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

LISTEN: SEPTEMBER 16, 1944

Study in contrast: On September 18, 1929 President Herbert Hoover sparked the dedication program of CBS' new building at 485 Madison Avenue and the official opening of WABC's new studios.

You heard Guy Lombardo, Abe Lyman, the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Jesse Crawford at the mighty Wurlitzer. You heard Mme. Valentinova and the Russian Village Ensemble; you heard Hank Simmons' *Show Boat;* Henry Burbig; Dale Wimbrow; La Palina; the Columbia Male Trio; Emery Deutsch and the Romany Patteran Gypsy Orchestra; the United States Army band "picked up" from Washington; the Dixie Echoes Jubilee Chorus and the United Choral Singers.

☞ Now you may want to compare that house-warming with some of the people you'll hear on CBS this Sunday, Sept. 17, the fifteenth anniversary (short one day) of that earlier celebration. The forenoon offers the Church of the Air, *Invitation to Learning*, the Great Lakes Choir. At noon the Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir. Then another church service, then Edward R. Murrow, then *Dangerously Yours*, and CBS World News.

Between 3 p.m. and 11 p.m. you'll get the N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, Andre Kostelanetz, Patrice Munsel (the brilliant 19-year-old Metropolitan coloratura) and news by William L. Shirer. Then you'll hear a new program by and with Fanny Brice; then the new *Kate Smith Hour*, then your pet *Blondie*. You'll shiver with *Crime Doctor* and think with *Radio Reader's Digest*. Then James Melton, Metropolitan tenor, will sing. Then you'll try to beat Phil Baker to the answer to the $64 question. At 10:30 you'll hear that wonderful, genuine *We, The People*. After that, do what you like.

Mind you, this is no special anniversary program—just the striking Sunday pageant that lies ahead of you on CBS throughout this fall and winter.

★

(Please buy another War Bond today)

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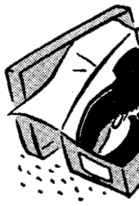
...THE COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

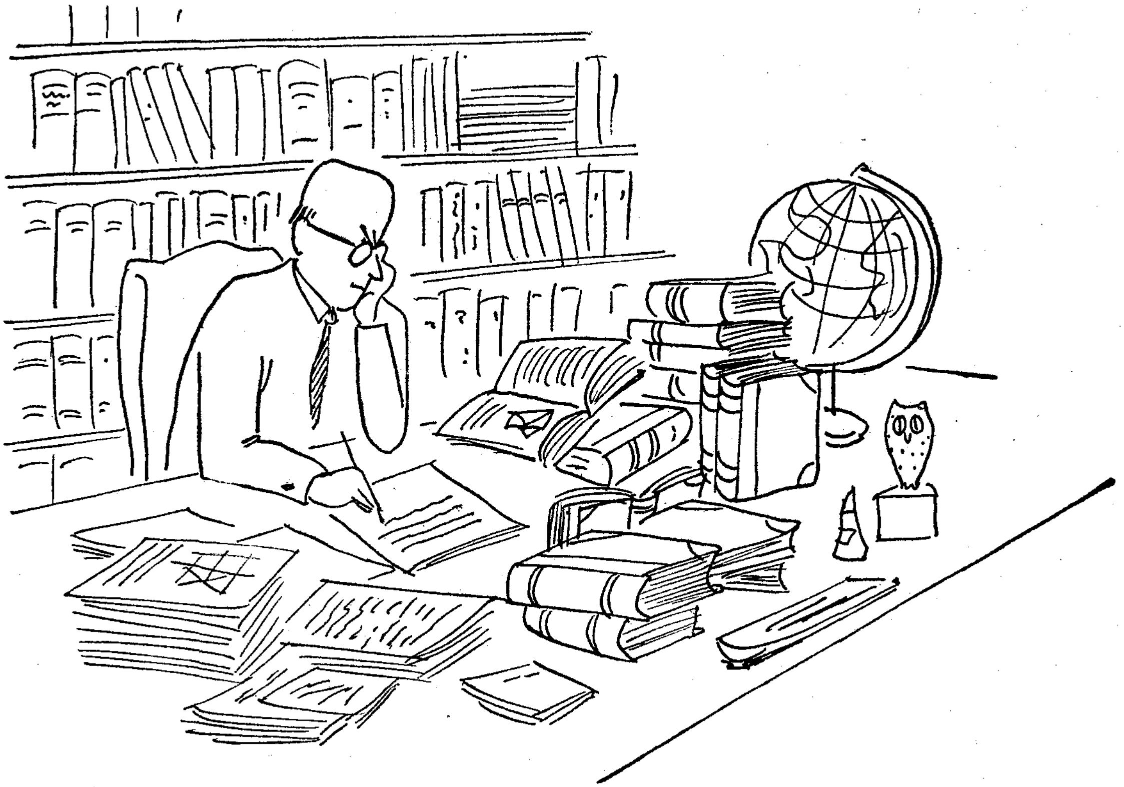
leaning against the fence, hopeless; and for the first time her spirit made an acknowledgment of defeat that was not provisional in character. Up to this moment there had been in her mind small recesses of hope to which her thoughts had fled secretly, unavowedly; in her contract with reality, an escape clause which permitted her to believe that what had been done was not irretrievable, that—in this case—dry weather might have retarded the weeds or some magic helper hoed for her (her maid, a thoughtful neighbor, a small boy employed by her husband?); now solidly before her lay the brutal *fait accompli*, the lost garden, irrecoverable, for though something might still be salvaged (a few gray cornflower plants could be made out in the mat of vegetation at her feet), the original design, the mirror of absolute beauty in which she had glimpsed her own image, was shattered. She sank listlessly to the ground and sat looking about her. Quite simply a sentence came to her and she spoke it aloud: "Now," she said, "I have nothing to live for."

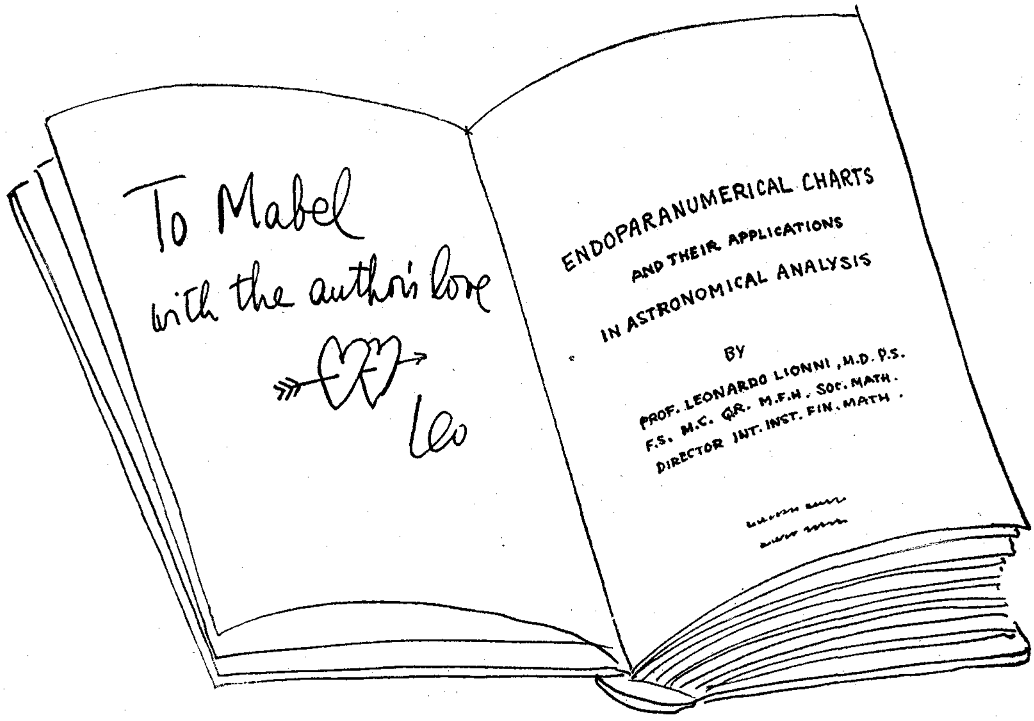


The patent absurdity of these words acted as an astringent. The voice of common sense spoke again, saying, After all, you have a life expectation of at least forty years and you have got to do something with your time, you cannot just go to pieces, and in any case people do not live for gardens, but for ideals, principles, persons. This particular garden is ruined, but it is still possible to transplant. A second-best garden can be made out of the cornflowers, the zinnias, the cosmos, perhaps even the scabiosa. You can move the stronger plants and in August you will have flowers on the table. She presented this idea to her emotions and waited for the familiar bustle of activity, the rolling back of the sleeves, which turned her heart on such occasions into a large and hospitable house that is being made ready for an evening party. But the motors of anticipation remained cold. The second-best garden could not, even momentarily, command her belief. Like an adopted child, or a second husband, it could never make up to her. The weeds had finished all that. The weeds were, in fact, her garden, the end product of her activities, and the white foam that children call spit, which she saw clinging to the young grasses, was the outward mark of her disease. She remained sitting on the warm ground, idle, without thought or feeling, but ashamed to go back to the house.

This time she heard her husband's footsteps approaching, but out of pride she would not look up, even when she felt him stop just behind her at the entrance to the garden. "Gosh!" he said. "What an awful situation!" "Yes," she answered defiantly. "It's ruined." There was a silence during which she imagined him to be shrugging his shoulders. Anger began to boil up in her again, and she spun around to face him. The language of their old quarrels rose to her lips, the classical formulae of accusation and outrage. (See what you have made me do, you wanted this to happen, you are glad), but she was arrested by the expression of his face, which was neither jubilant nor indifferent, but full of simple curiosity and wonder. The weeds had finally made their impression on him; never before had he really believed in them; he had considered them to be a chimera of her dark imagination. Now he stood awestruck by this fearful demonstration of their authenticity, and for the first time the two of them shared in silence a single emotion. "What is that awful stuff?" he asked at length, bending down to pull up a spear of nut grass. The root broke off in his inexperienced hands. "Not that way," she said. "Look." Her trowel came up with the nut secure. "This is the weed I've been talking about all spring." He examined it, turning it over between his fingers in his methodical way. "Why, it's a little bulb," he said. It was not worthwhile to correct this statement; to make the botanical distinction beween a bulb and a tuber might simply provide a distraction from the mood of repugnance and terror that had brought them close for a moment. She longed to rush him ahead with her into the particulars of her loss, to say, See what I have been up against, see the sorrel, the field grass, the carrotweed, see where the sweet peas would have been, see where I dug the trench and strewed it with manure, think of the liming and the watering and weeding; she was filled with a kind of wild excitement and joy that he, who had never acknowledged the garden in life, should meet it, as it were, posthumously, and pay his respects. Yet prudence or tact restrained her. The work of initiation could not be hurried. He stood on the brink of her agony in the garden; his wide feet in their brown shoes were planted on one of the surviving cornflowers, as though to illustrate the text of his inculpation—but he must not be pushed. It was enough that

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!




To Mabel
with the author's love
Leo
ENDOPARANUMERICAL CHARTS
AND THEIR APPLICATIONS
IN ASTRONOMICAL ANALYSIS
BY
PROF. LEONARDO LIONNI, M.D. P.S.
F.S. M.C. GR. M.F.M. Soc. MATH.
DIRECTOR INT. INST. FIN. MATH.

Nor the Power of the Magazine Women believe in!

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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GEORGE GIVOT WILBUR EVANS PAUL HAAKON
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
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he should share, however vaguely, her burden of loss, that her bereavement should to some measure be accepted as his. She waited, half-frightened, half-exalted, for what he would say next.

"Gosh!" he repeated, with intensified feeling, and now she was sure it was coming, the miracle she expected, which might take the form of an embrace, a cry, an apology, but which would be in essence a lament not so much for the garden as for her, for the dead young lady he had brought back from New York, whom he kept propped up in bed, at the breakfast table, on the sofa, in the odor of corruption.

"You have your work cut out for you," he said. For an instant she believed that she had not heard him properly.

"Maybe we can get a boy to help you," he continued in a matter-of-fact tone.

It was over, she knew it at once, yet she made a last appeal. "The garden is ruined," she said in a stubborn, hostile voice, but speaking slowly and emphatically as though to direct his attention to the importance of this statement.

"Nonsense," he replied briskly. "You are always so extreme. I'll call up Mr. Jenkins tomorrow and see if he can send . . ."

At the mention of the neighboring farmer, her mouth opened and she began to scream. "I'll kill you if you do!" she shouted. Picking up the spading fork, she plunged it wildly into the ground, tossing sods and plants into the air in a frenzy of destruction. The loose earth fell on her hair, on her face, down which tears were running. She was aware that she cut a grotesque and even repulsive figure, that her husband was shocked by the sight and the sound of her, but the gasping sobs gave her pleasure, for she saw that this was the only punishment she had left for him, that the witchlike aspect of her form and the visible decay of her spirit would constitute, in the end, her revenge. She continued to lay about her with the spading fork, though the original fury had already passed off, until his solid, uneasy figure had disappeared from view, until his last words no longer sounded in her ears.

IT was late in August when he came into the living room with a heterogeneous bouquet in which she recognized some of the stubborner flowers of her garden, cosmos and cornflowers and a few blackish red miniature zinnias. Mixed in with these were some weeds, pinkish sprays of bouncing Bet and the greenish-white clusters of Queen Anne's lace. There was no doubt of it, he had been visiting her garden, and this was not the first time. Toward the end of June she had heard him outside the window, swearing, as he tied up rambler roses; in July, he had brought in raspberries, saying, "Can't we have these for dinner?" The berries were soft and broken—he had been too late in the harvest. She lay now on the sofa, reading a detective story, watching him as he brought in a vase too tall for his bouquet and crammed the flowers into it. She felt no impulse to correct him; his clumsiness, in fact, pleased her, the ugliness of the bouquet pleased her, just as the stain on the coffee table had pleased her, the spot on her maid's uniform at lunch. She basked, as she had been doing all summer, in a sly private satisfaction. She was broken but she was also irreplaceable, and her continued physical existence must be, she thought, an unending reminder to him of everything he had lost. She was enjoying in real life the delight that is generally experienced only in daydreams, the sense of *when I am dead, how they will mourn for me, how valuable I shall become to them when I am no longer theirs.*

She could see her own case now with the detachment of a historian. Between them, he and she had killed off the part of her that had always excited his anxiety and irritation, the part of her which regarded nothing as final, which was continually planning, contriving, hoping, which lived in the future and slept, like a fireman, fully dressed for an emergency. It was this part of her which had dreamed of flight and deliverance, but it was also this part which had created for itself the small mirages of duty and pleasure which had held her to him for five years. These were not, as she had thought, antithetical selves, but the same thing, the creative, constructive principle which, in its restless anticipation of change, built structures of semi-permanency—a series of overnight cabins that in their extension formed, not precisely a city, but at least a road, a *via vitae.*

It was this part of her which had incurred his jealousy, for it was obliged to live slightly estranged, to make large investments of passion in private enterprises; yet it was this part of her he now wished back, for he saw that this had been the nerve, and he now longed for a recurrence of the very symptoms whose presence, three months ago, he had detested. Now, by a hundred spells, he was attempting to bring about a

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DARK

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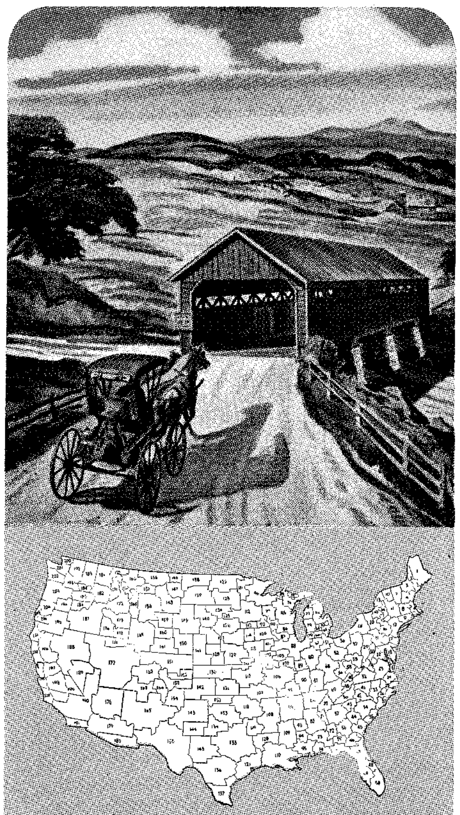
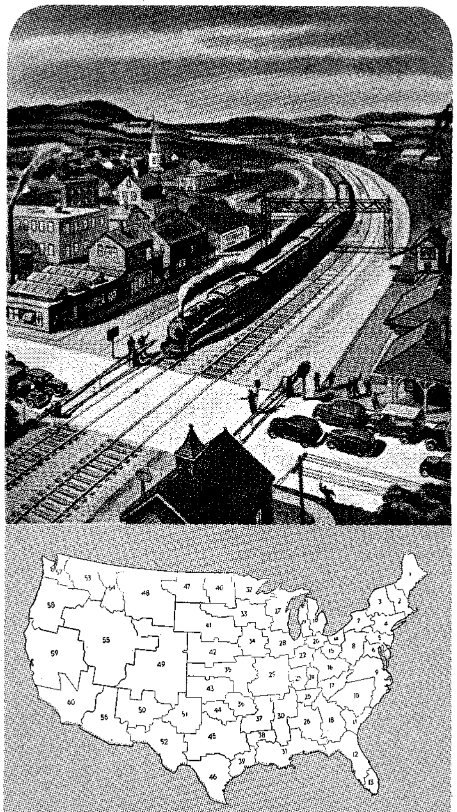
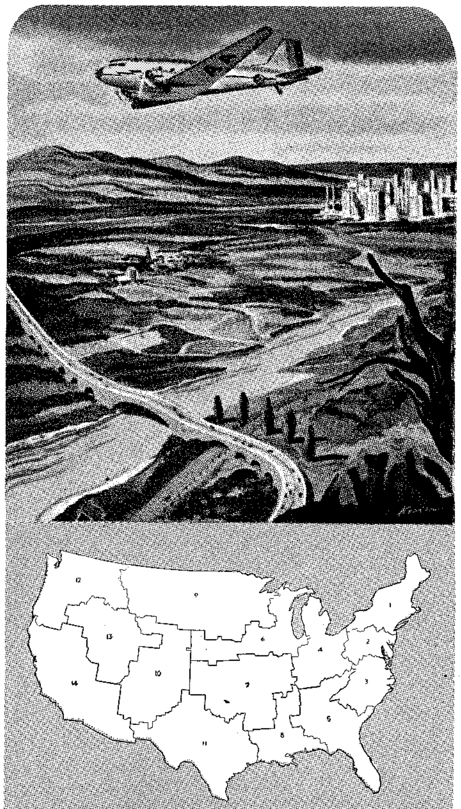
Coty



210 TRADING AREAS
PRE-AUTO ERA



60 TRADING AREAS
AUTO-RAIL 1935



14 TRADING AREAS
AIR TRANSPORTATION 1941

ABOVE MAPS EDITED BY HELMUTH BAY, MAP CONSULTANT FOR RAND McNALLY & CO., AND PROF. H. R. TOSDAL, HARVARD UNIVERSITY. COPYRIGHT BY RAND McNALLY & CO.

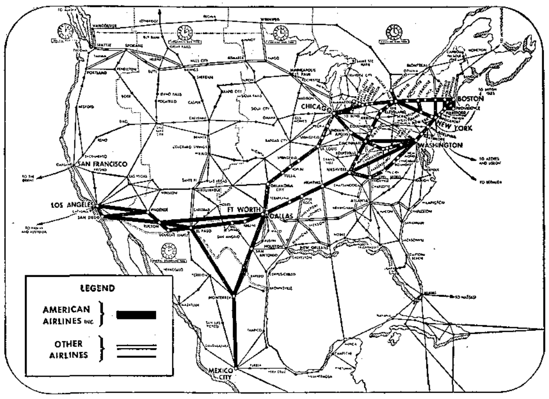
A TALE OF THREE MAPS

THE United States is the same size that it always has been. It has grown rapidly smaller, however, in terms of travel time in about 35 years. From the era when our trading radii were determined largely by what horses could do in a day, to three-miles-a-minute transport planes, the number of our trading areas has decreased from 210 small ones to 14 large ones.

The trend reflected in the above three maps is extending into a world problem.

Our great expansion of railroads and paved roads was local and domestic, but there is a difference when we travel and ship by air. Above the earth we are in a realm that is international, because air is everywhere, and the nation that is airfaring at *home* becomes, automatically, a *global* carrier nation.

It is *outside* our continental boundaries that the greatest transportation change in all history has become a reality—in only two years. Our Army and Navy Air Commands, together with U. S. airlines under military direction, have made world-wide air transportation commonplace. Thousands of flights are being made regularly to all parts of the earth, over oceans, deserts and jungles.



No problem has greater bearing upon us as individuals and as a nation than that of the postwar use of universal air.

Men in high places, at home and abroad, are pondering this unprecedented problem. No surface transportation method provides an adequate pattern for the air—neither domestic trains nor trans-oceanic ships. It is the world's greatest pioneering problem since the discovery that the world is not flat. We have faith that our American leaders, entrusted with our national security, will evolve regulations which will protect the land that gave birth to the airplane.

We must make air transport a much greater instrument for peace even than it is for war. History irrevocably is turning another page! The air age is not "coming," it is here!

AMERICAN AIRLINES *Inc.*

THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS resurrection. He appealed to her housekeeping instinct, to her aesthetic sense, to her vanity, to her pity; his very clumsiness was an appeal for help, and it was not that she did not hear these appeals; she heard, but, as in a dream, she was incapable of action. What it was all leading up to she understood plainly: a moment ought to come when she would rise miraculously from the sofa, sweep the absurd bouquet from his hands, shake it lightly into form, call for a new bowl, and enshrine the product on the mantelpiece, while he stood by, awkward and grateful, as at a religious ceremony, a secular Easter mass. Yet now she could only lie back and watch, with lowered eyelids, pretending to take no notice, enjoying her poor-man's pie of irony and contempt.

For the pleasure she took in her untended house, in her careless and unsupervised maid, in her neglected garden (which, however, she had never, since June, seen) was purely negative in character, a compensation for disability. The discomfort inflicted on her husband by the loss of her imaginative faculty could never atone to her for the joy she had once had in the exercise of it. Lying on the sofa, looking about at the dusty bare room, she would feel excruciating stabs of remorse, like the pains in an amputated limb. She would get up and start at some task, but before the candlesticks were half polished, her interest would have died and she would leave them in the sink for her maid to finish. It could not, it seemed to her, go on much longer, and she prayed for him to abandon her. (Her going, on her own initiative, had become utterly out of the question.) On him her life now depended; where renunciation, the withdrawal of love, had blackened the loved objects as frost blackens the flowers in an autumn garden, he alone had survived, evergreen, sturdily perennial, in the season of death. Disliking him as she did, she had never bothered to renounce him, and now her eyes would come to rest on him with a kind of relief—the familiar detested object in surroundings grown strange and terrible. Her glance held in it also an element of calculation: how long, she asked herself, will he be able to stand me? Her own endurance had become infinite, for she no longer lived in time, but he, being real, being alive, might reach in measurable stages the threshold of domestic suffering.

He set the vase down on the table, took his handkerchief, and dusted the surface in a rather bustling way, like a woman who rattles dishes in the kitchen to awaken a sleeper whom she does not

HAVE YOU TRIED CAMPBELL'S BLACK BEAN SOUP?

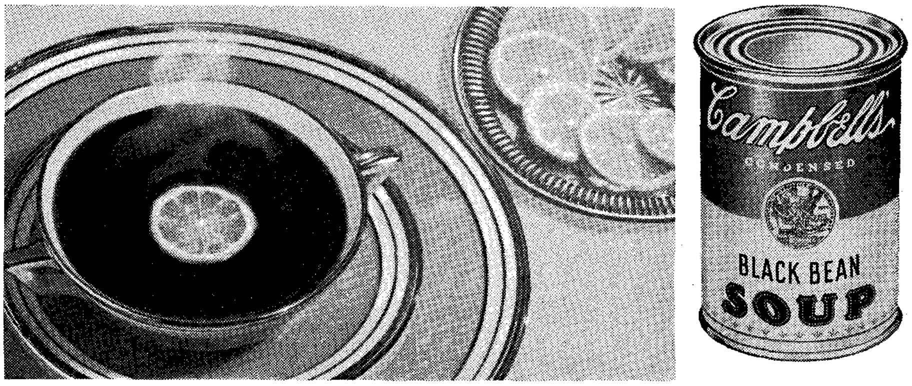
Columbus Broods Above His Circle

How to Get an Admiral Under Way

Entertaining these days means, above all, treating "the Boys" right! So if you're piping an Admiral over the side . . . harrumph! . . . or hosting your favorite seaman, and you want to give him a strong list in your favor, lend a thought to Campbell's Black Bean Soup. It'll get things under way smartly . . . belay us if it doesn't! Yes, ingratiating indeed . . . for entertaining or a quiet family meal—is this smooth-as-satin, this delicious new soup. Let your grocer be your guide to . . .

Campbell's BLACK BEAN SOUP

P. S. Some like to float a slice of lemon on it.



PORTRAIT OF A MAN

....*by a Photographer of Men*

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Learn to look for the TEBILIZED* label and your clothes will never look "dragged through a key-hole!" For TEBILIZED brand fabrics are crease-resistant . . . no matter how many hours they're on the job. They recover their freshness without frequent cleaning and pressing . . . actually look *new* longer. Yes! They keep up the pace with many a saving grace!

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Look first for this label before you buy!

Fabrics Branded **TEBILIZED***

HAVE TESTED CREASE-RESISTANCE

If wartime conditions sometimes make it hard to find TEBILIZED brand fabrics—keep on trying! It's worth it!

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

wish to be so rude as to call. He cleared his throat.

"You have some beautiful flowers out back."

She sat up at last to look at him directly, but made no reply.

"You ought to go out and see them."

She watched him hesitate and then think better of what was in his mind to say. He is afraid of me, she thought, with a touch of pity.

"We ought to have some more of them in the house," he continued, enthusiastically. "You have got all sorts of things back there. Even your weeds are wonderful," and he went rattling on nervously, describing the scene in the fields, suggesting improvements—a professional tree surgeon to come for the old apple trees, a wattled fence along the lane, plans she had once proposed and he rejected. She was only half listening; the very idea of these improvements now seemed to her preposterous; one might as well paint a mural in a condemned house.

Seeing that she would not reply, he halted and tried a new tack. He came up to her and took her hand. "I miss the way this room used to look," he said in a voice that was quite new with him, wistful and childlike in its directness. "Those yellow things you used to have on the coffee table." For a moment now, she saw it all through his eyes, saw a vision which was less precise and accurate than hers, a rather smeary vision in which the pale, clear, lemon yellow he was thinking of (African marigold, carnation-flowered, yellow supreme) was likely to be confused with the orange of French marigold or of cosmos orange flare, a vision in which energy and whopping good intentions counted for more than anything else and the bigger a flower the better—but nevertheless a vision, an ideal of beauty, of love and the lavish hand; and the sense of his loss, his large, vague loss, overwhelmed and engulfed her own.

She pressed his hand lightly, murmuring, "Yes, I remember," and then let his fingers drop. He regained her hand, however, and squeezed it. She felt, as once before in the fields, that he was on the verge of some fine avowal. She herself, only now, had made the great leap from pity to sympathy; she grieved for his predicament, of which she herself was the determining factor; could he likewise grieve for hers, whose existence he had never acknowledged, weep with her at last because she could not leave him, because the courage, the more attractive alternative, whatever it was that might separate them, was lacking?

How *not* to win the Peace!

Far less certain than the winning of this war is our victory in the peace to come. For *that* victory depends upon us here at home . . . and the man in the foxhole is frankly wondering if we're strong enough for the job.

"We've out-produced the world: technologically we're strong" . . . and we've thrown our money around until living costs have risen to inflationary heights, and economically we're weak!

"We've taken the shortages and hardships of war without complaint: spiritually we're strong" . . . and the black market is one of our biggest businesses today!

"We believe in the principles of freedom and justice that our sons are fighting for: morally we're strong" . . . and race riots and wildcat strikes still give moral support to our enemies!

In short, we've already given some shining examples of how not to win the peace, and time's running out. The greatest *economic* invasion in history is drawing nearer—the return to civilian employment of 10 million men in uniform, and the readjustment to peacetime employment of 50 million workers of industry.

What does all this add up to? Truth . . . and one thing more: War Bonds.

Few of us can individually hope to change the course of events. But there's this that any man or woman can do: Face the truth—be honest with yourself. And remember that the War Bonds we buy mean buying power and jobs for after the war—a powerful weapon for winning the peace here at home.

Don't sell out now . . . buy more War Bonds!

CONTRIBUTED BY JONES & LAMSON MACHINE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, VERMONT

Manufacturers of Machine Tools for War and Peacetime Production

Don't sell out . . .

BUY MORE U.S. WAR BONDS

"I've always loved your flowers," he said, his voice blurred and high with emotion. "You know that."

As her ears admitted this lie, this tearful, sentimental, brazen lie, her whole nature rose weakly in rebellion. How dare you, her heart muttered, how dare you say it? Nothing could have been—and at such a moment!—more dishonest; she could have cited him fifty instances which would have controverted him utterly. But the heartfelt insincerity of these words went beyond contradiction, beyond hypocrisy, into regions of spiritual obstinacy and opacity impenetrable to reason, where reason, in fact, and conscience had been cruelly blinded by the will, the will which demanded that everything should be always all right, which had, as it were, legislated the bouquet on the mantelpiece by a kind of brutal denial of color, of tonal values, of the harmony of textures, and which was now enforcing its myth of a harmonious marriage, of tastes and occupations shared, by dictatorial *fiat*.

And yet there had been the tears in the voice. . . . What the tears meant, she perceived, was that he did love the flowers, now that she had not got them, now that they were no longer dangerous; they had passed, for him and for her, out of experience into memory, and here in this twilight world he could possess them—and her—with a terrible dumb rapacity. She saw also that her pity had been wasted, that he had got her where he wanted her; she had been translated, bodily, into that realm of shadows where the will was all-powerful, the city of the dead. She herself was no more to him now than an oak leaf pressed in a schoolbook, a tendril of blond hair, a garter kept in a drawer. But this was, for him, everything: it was love and idolatry. The lie was a necessity to him, a cardinal article of faith. To protest was useless. He could not be shaken in his conviction, but only be annoyed, confused, thrown off. And in a final burst of generosity, she yielded, conceding him everything—her flowers, her principles, her truths. Let him put them to work for him; she had failed them, and would do so again and again. With him, they would see service.

She tightened her clasp on his hand. "Yes," she said gently, "I know." It came easier than she would ever have suspected. —MARY McCARTHY

•

"The tumlut and the shouting dies," wrote Rudyard Kipling.—*Bangor Daily News*.

With his incomparable vigor.

Young-Timers join the ranks of Big-Timers with a collection of Bendel Originals at little prices

Rayon crepe with satin
cowl yoke.
Note the easier silhouette,
higher neckline.
Black with pink or light blue
. . . brown with pink.
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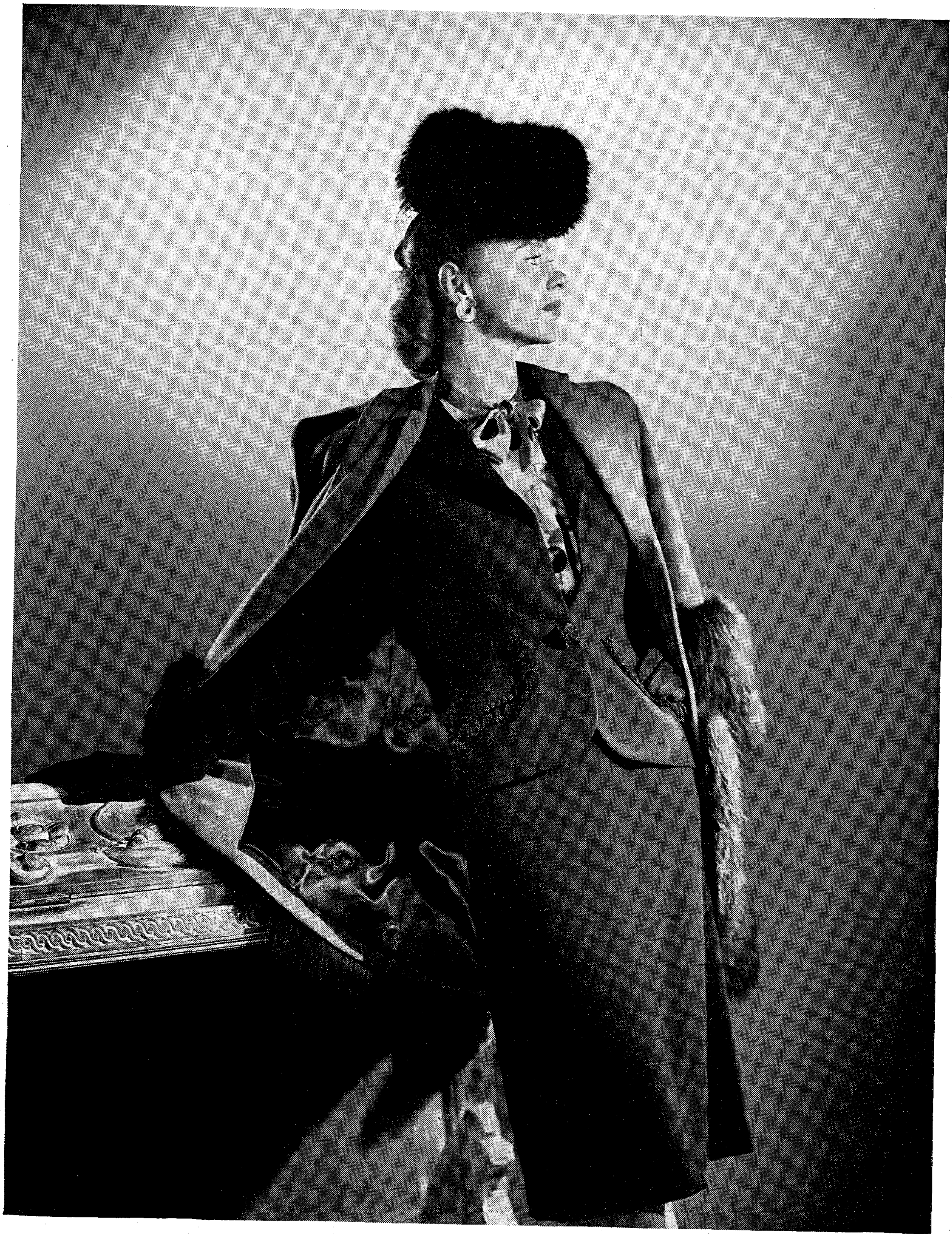

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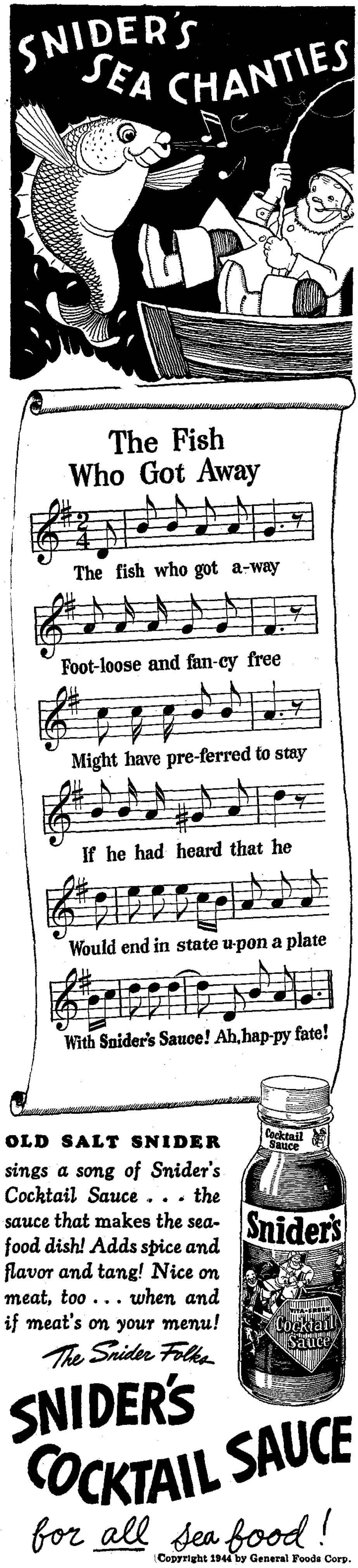

SNIDER'S SEA CHANTIES

The Fish Who Got Away

The fish who got a-way
Foot-loose and fan-cy free
Might have pre-ferred to stay
If he had heard that he
Would end in state u-pon a plate
With Snider's Sauce! Ah, hap-py fate!

OLD SALT SNIDER *sings a song of Snider's Cocktail Sauce . . . the sauce that makes the sea-food dish! Adds spice and flavor and tang! Nice on meat, too . . . when and if meat's on your menu!*

The Snider Folks

SNIDER'S COCKTAIL SAUCE for all Sea food!

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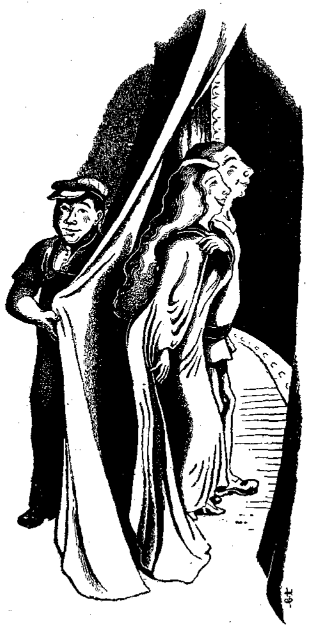
THE THEATRE

TWO TO IGNORE

THEORETICALLY, I suppose, something interesting could be written about the inmates of an old ladies' home, but there was no indication of it in "Last Stop," a work of the imagination by Irving Kaye Davis, which shuffled into the Ethel Barrymore one night last week. Among other things, Mr. Davis deals with a sinister plan to dispossess the inmates and turn the institution into a night club, with the details of an almost forgotten murder, and with a variety of fascinating characters, including a scheming villainess, a clergyman, and a Powers model. There is never a moment when the doings on the stage are anything but dreary and preposterous. It is hard to discuss the performances of the innumerable character actresses who do most of the hard work in "Last Stop," especially as some of them, like Minnie Dupree and Enid Markey, have always seemed to me reasonably talented and sensible women. They had, however, nothing even remotely interesting or funny to say or do, and they were, I'm sure, as distressed about the whole business as I was. Of the others, Catharine Doucet, as the malignant proprietor of the home; Seth Arnold, as a hired man with certain dark secrets on his mind; Eda Heineman, and Grace Valentine may also be familiar to you from the past, and their behavior was acceptable enough under the circumstances. Irwin Piscator's direction and the settings and costumes, by Sam Leve and Rose Bogdanoff respectively, at least succeeded in achieving the static and melancholy effect which I can only presume the author had on his mind.

I COULDN'T quite bring myself to stay all the way through "The Day Will Come," at the National, on the ground that if nothing intelligent or valuable has been said during the first half of an evening in the theatre, it is very unlikely that things will get any better later on. Leo Birinski's play, as you probably know, has to do chiefly with a character purporting to be the Wandering Jew (an actor called Harry Green, in a really stupendous beard) and another (Brandon Peters) made up to resemble Adolf Hitler. The action of the play takes place during the German invasion of Russia in 1941. The peasants (and it may well be that peasants have never before been so outrageously caricatured in the history of our theatre) are preparing to evacuate and burn their village, leaving behind them only the patriarchal Mr. Green to cope singlehanded with the invader.

The rest may be slightly complicated for brief synopsis. Mr. Green, it seems, is the owner of an ancient edition of the prophecies of Nostradamus, and Hitler's generals, who are against the idea of a winter campaign in Russia, find him useful in intimidating their superstitious leader. In the end, of course, Mr. Green and Mr. Peters have precisely the sort of scene you might expect between Hitler and a spokesman for the Jewish race, in the course of which it develops that Moscow will never be taken, that no special good has ever come of intolerance, and that a playwright's motives have almost nothing to do with the quality of his prose or the originality of his thought. The production, on the whole, could scarcely have been worse.



—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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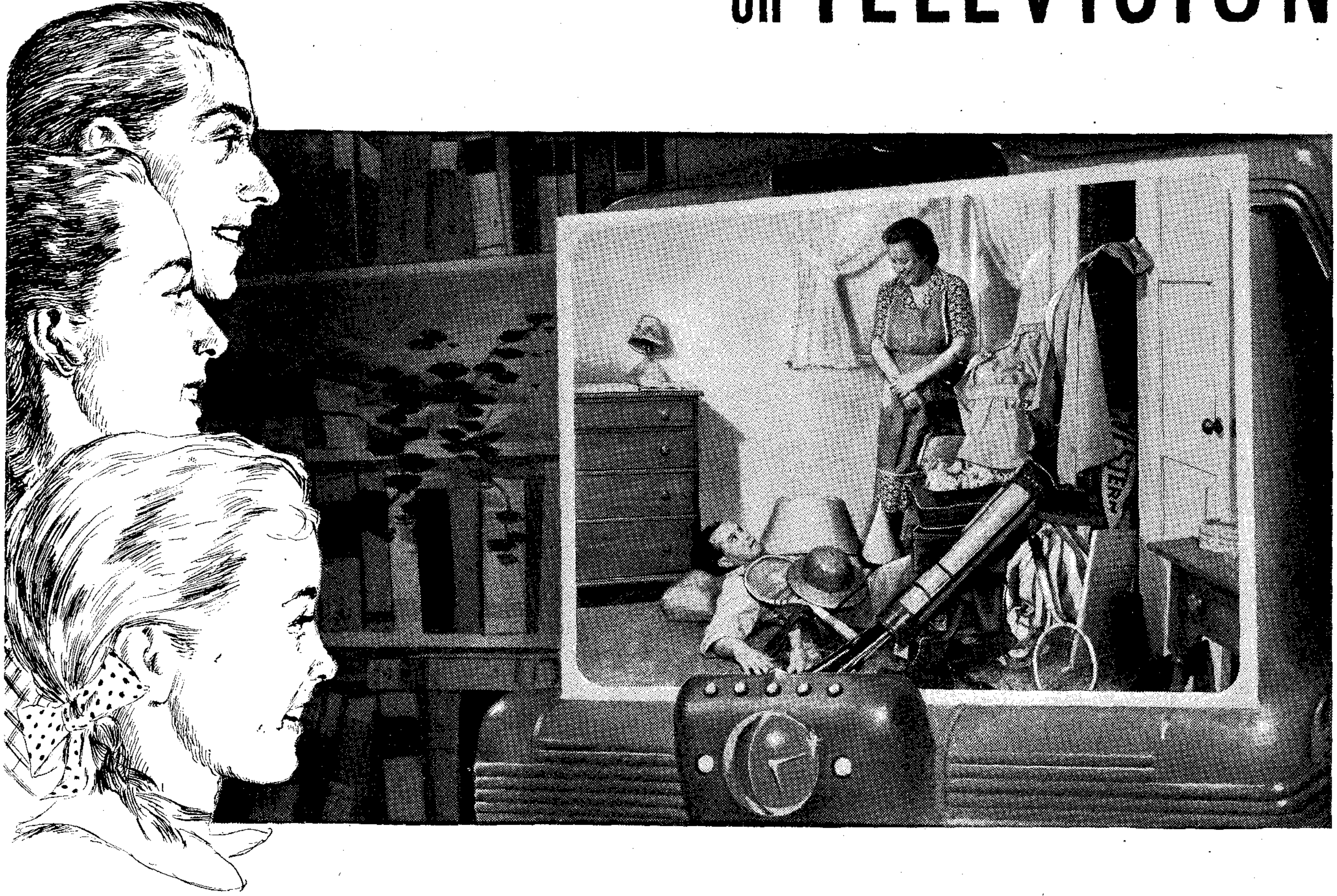
INTRODUCING YOUR NEW REPORTER
PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

This brilliant commentator and observer of the American scene is the best-known, best-loved and most widely read of all writers.—*Adv. of Life Story Magazine in the Herald Tribune.*

Well, that's a very good thing to be. What's the name again?

Imagine Fibber McGee and Molly... on TELEVISION



brought to you by NBC

Yes, on NBC Television that crowded closet at Wistful Vista—the foibles of lovable Fibber and the trials of patient Molly, for instance—could all become real visual experiences . . . experiences for you to *watch* as well as hear.

Think what television programs originating in studios of the National Broadcasting Company...such programs as the top-notch sound radio which has won NBC the distinction of America's most popular network . . . will add to home entertainment!

Already, plans—within the limitations imposed by wartime—have been placed in operation by NBC . . . plans which with the cooperation of business and government will result in extensive NBC television networks . . . chains spreading from Eastern, Mid-Western and Western centers . . . gradually providing television after the war, to all of the nation.

Moderate-priced television receivers will provide your home with sight and sound programs consistent with the highest standards of NBC . . . offer the most popular of the shows in this new, vastly improved field of entertainment. Look forward to other great NBC accomplishments such as FM, noise-free reception . . . faithfulness of tone reproduction.

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THE RACE TRACK

Those Two-Year-Olds

THERE seems to be a feeling, in critical circles, at least, that Pavot is not quite a great two-year-old. This misgiving raised its ugly head after he had such a hard time winning the Hopeful Stakes at Belmont. Some observers, who make fetishes of their split-second watches, thought that his race was a pretty slow one; others didn't like the way he weakened in the last furlong. Myself, I thought that running with the fast early pace took a lot out of Pavot. Then, when Great Power, who may be worth remembering, challenged, Woolf, Pavot's usually imperturbable rider, threw his judgment and his arms to the winds. Also, it's barely possible that Pavot was a little jaded. He has had a lot of racing lately.

Although he's a good-looking colt and has won all of his seven starts, together with $125,225 in prize money for Walter Jeffords, his owner, Pavot is not a darling of the horseplayers. Maybe it is because he hasn't a long tail like Whirlaway, the speed of Count Fleet, or the glamour of Alsab, who cost $700 as a yearling. More likely, however, the reason is that Pavot's odds are always so short that it's hardly worth while betting on him.

ENTHUSIASM for Free for All also has waned hereabouts, though he won the Washington Park Futurity in Chicago the same afternoon Pavot took the Hopeful. In that large and voluble section of the paddock at Aqueduct known as the Amen Corner, the opinion was that winning by little more than a length in 1:13⅕, which is poor time for six furlongs on a good track, was no great shakes of a performance for Free for All. What startled me was that something called Icangetit finished second. I can't believe that anything with a third-class name can be a first-class horse. For the record, Free for All has won all of his five starts, two of them Futurities, and $109,575. He will not run for the Cowdin Stakes at Aqueduct this weekend, and neither will Pavot. The Futurity at Belmont, on September 30th, is what they're after.

If you happened to notice the chart of the Walt Whitman Stakes at Garden State Park on Labor Day, you may have seen that Flood Town put up a good show before Bobanet, to whom he gave five pounds, beat him by half a length. Bobanet may be rather better than everybody thought, for on Saturday he won the Eastern Shore Handicap, which was run at Laurel this year. The Walt Whitman was Flood Town's last race of the season. Nothing the matter with him; he's merely going to rest up for the classics next year.

THERE is not much to be said about Strategic, who won the Edgemere Handicap at Aqueduct last weekend, except that he's another of those Class C or D animals. First Fiddle, who doesn't like the track, simply was not up to giving him twenty-three pounds, and so Strategic paid a $49 mutuel, as we horse-copers call it. As for other incidents worth recalling, I daresay that Alex Barth took the $10,000 Aqueduct Handicap on the opening day of the meeting because the bogle who trips him up in the $50,000 races doesn't bother about doing him out of such small change. As if the Greentree Stable hasn't had enough bad luck this year, Four Freedoms broke down badly in this race just when he was beginning to make things interesting for Alex Barth. Sun Herod, who won the Babylon Handicap during the week, is a nimble fellow, and a lucky one. Trymenow, who finished second, was not so lucky, but I think he will do better than Sun Herod in the lesser two-year-old sweepstakes this autumn.

News for statisticians: Hirsch Jacobs saddled his eightieth winner of the season last week. He says that he is away behind schedule, though. Nevertheless, Colonel Martingale will risk a small wager, at the best odds, that Jacobs will pass the hundred mark before the season ends. After all, he has done it for the past eleven years. —AUDAX MINOR

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ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Cincinnati Post*]

DEAR MRS. WEST: I am a widow with two children. The woman next door is separated from her husband. She works all day and runs all night; her children have no supervision. When they do things they shouldn't, mine get the blame. Her children steal from my Victory Garden, breaking down the high fence. A man visits her home constantly. I hear her little son ask if she is drunk again. I reported the matter to the Humane Society and they asked if I would testify. I refused, so that was the end of it. Isn't there a law to protect Victory Gardens?—MICKEY.

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
THE MUSICAL HIT
OKLAHOMA!
Based on LYNN RIGGS' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Betty GARDE Harry STOCKWELL Joseph BULOFF Evelyn WYCKOFF
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(*in association with* Jack H. Skirball)
JACOBOWSKY and the COLONEL
The FRANZ WERFEL - S. N. BEHRMAN COMEDY
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
LOUIS CALHERN • ANNABELLA • OSCAR KARLWEIS
AIR-CONDITIONED
MARTIN BECK Thea. 45th W. of 8th Ave.
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

CHERYL CRAWFORD *presents*
MARY MARTIN
JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S. J. PERELMAN & NASH : *Lyrics by* OGDEN NASH
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
Dances by Agnes de Mille
Associate producer JOHN WILDBERG
AIR-CONDITIONED
46th ST. Thea. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S New Play
CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER * DENNIS KING * DUDLEY DIGGES
IN
The Searching Wind
with BARBARA O'NEIL
FULTON W. 46 St. Eves 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40. Air Cond

GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST COMEDY HIT — 2nd YEAR
KISS and TELL
By F. HUGH HERBERT
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS • Royal BEAL
BILTMORE THEA., W. 47 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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The Plastic "Silencer" acts like a rubber tire on an automobile... it absorbs mechanical sounds.
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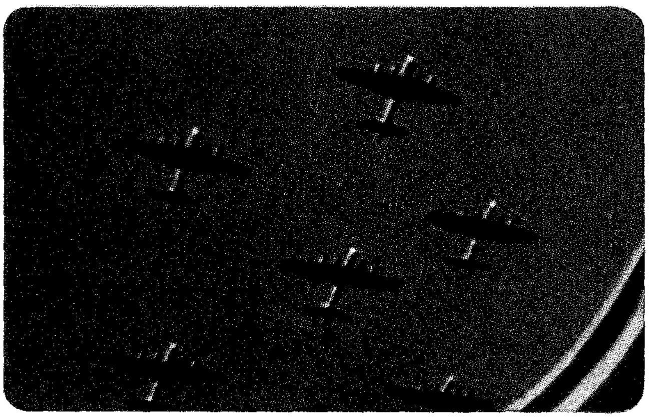
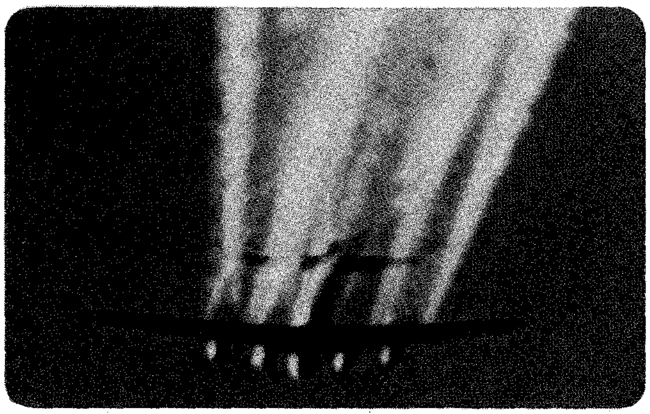
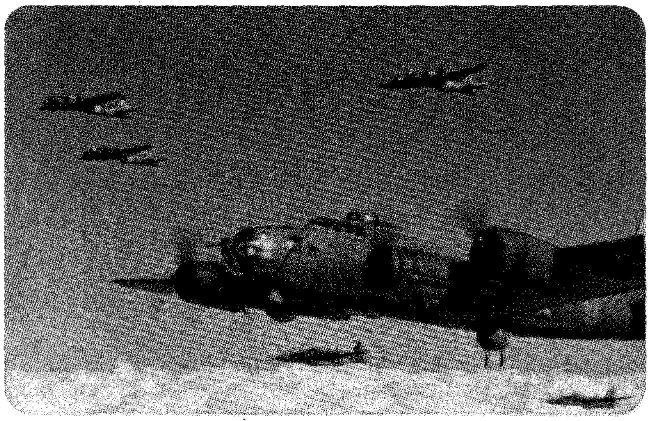
Stage Door Canteen
in the 44th Street Theatre (W. of B'way) is open daily from 5 P.M. to Midnight, for service men in uniform only. Food, continuous entertainment and dancing are provided . . . it's all free!

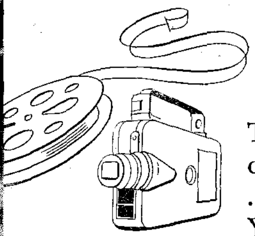
Ciné-Kodak flies with "The Memphis Belle"

Oxygen masks . . . they're flying 5 miles up.


"Just a hauling operation" . . . bombs for U-boat pens.


"Tattletale white" . . . what a target for ack-ack.


Mission accomplished . . . streaking back to Britain.



The "milk route" over Germany is no clop-clop run. It's packed with thrills . . . with danger . . . and with death. You know it if you saw "The Memphis Belle," that superb documentary film made by the Air Forces Combat Camera Units to show what a bombing mission is really like.

You saw the English countryside drop away into the cold-gray North Sea. You saw the flat, German coast ringed with sand bars. The precision bombing run through puffs of flak. Clouds of smoke rising from bombed submarine pens. Twisting, diving ME's, coming in at "every hour on the clock." You saw the triumphant return of the squadron. You felt a deep thrill of pride at the feats of the Air Force . . . and a sense of gratitude too deep for real expression.

* * *

Ciné-Kodak flew with "The Memphis Belle"—as it flies with many another hard-hitting ship and crew. The bulk of the aerial footage shot on 16-mm. Kodachrome Film in "The Memphis Belle" was made with Magazine Ciné-Kodaks. Unusual efficiency of operation, high in the numbing cold of the stratosphere . . . abundantly proved on other flights . . . made Magazine Ciné-Kodak a logical choice. The greater part of the scenes shot on the ground were made with Ciné-Kodak Specials.

Ciné-Kodaks operate with unfailing dependability and accuracy under unbelievably tough conditions. They have proved that over Germany, at Tarawa, Midway, Salerno, on every fighting front. They are helping to make the most complete, most helpful record of a war ever attempted . . . as well as making invaluable training films.

* * *

If you own a Ciné-Kodak, be proud of it. Take care of it. Use it, in these days of limited film, to make movies of the home front to show your fighting man when he comes home . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Ciné-Kodak

EASTMAN'S FINER
HOME MOVIE CAMERA

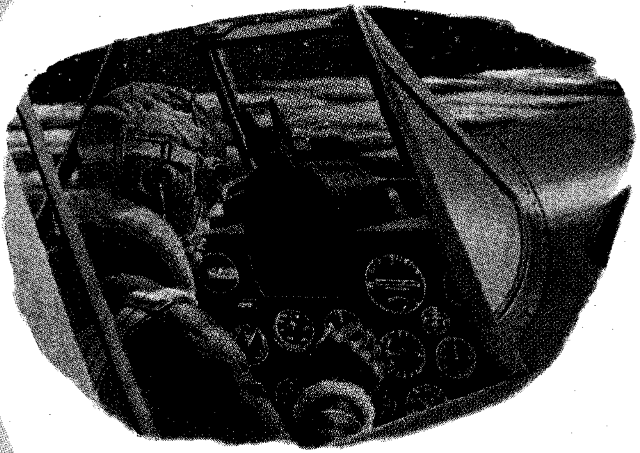
Scenes from "The Memphis Belle"—filmed on 16-mm. Kodachrome by the U. S. Army Air Forces.

Right—for the night mission

At four hundred miles an hour, in the high dome of the night, a fighter pilot can't risk distraction by glare from his many-faced instrument panel.

So Black Light lamps made by Sylvania reveal the fluorescent-treated instrument dials at any intensity the pilot wants. There is no glare, no tell-tale glow to be picked up by ack-ack batteries or enemy night fighters.

This development is one of Sylvania's many wartime assignments. Like all of them, it is being discharged in a way to earn a reputation for manufacture to one standard—the highest anywhere known.



Right—for the night driver

The postwar car is one of the many places where similar application of Black Light might well be used in the future.

Eliminating instrument-panel glow, without putting the driver in the dark about speed, gas supply and so on, it can mean even greater safety in night driving.

For the present, of course, such good things must remain in the realm of future possibilities. But you can count on this: when they come, they will be made to a single standard — and that the highest anywhere known. Sylvania Electric Products Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.

BUY WAR BONDS

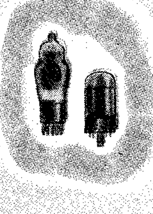
FOR THE DURATION

SYLVANIA

ONE STANDARD—THE HIGHEST ANYWHERE KNOWN

RADIO TUBES

Even before broadcasting graduated from earphones, Sylvania had specialized in production of the most vital radio component — the radio tube. And Sylvania has been first to standardize a line of radio tubes for both home and automobile sets—first to introduce single dry cell battery radio tubes to make radio more portable for both war and peace.



ELECTRONIC DEVICES

Just as news photos are "heard" around the world, the day will come when actual copies of documents and blueprints may be transmitted over wires and ether. The recorder tube made by Sylvania is the electron tube that makes such an aid possible not only to journalism but to commerce and industry.

FLUORESCENT LAMPS AND FIXTURES

Sylvania started a revolution in artificial lighting by aggressively developing and selling cool and glarefree fluorescent illumination. This came in time to help the miracle of American war production. After the war the most efficient and economical lighting known shall play a major role in relighting peacetime America.

LETTER FROM BUENOS AIRES

SEPTEMBER 1

IN Buenos Aires it is easy to forget that most of the world is at war. You get the feeling, if you are a visitor, that Argentina is less a neutral country than an isolated one, withdrawn emotionally as well as geographically into an anachronistic complacency. Occasionally, a stroller on the Avenida de Mayo will glance at the news boards in front of *La Prensa*, but most people don't even bother to do that. Limousines, driven by chauffeurs in livery, stand before the elegant shops on the Calle Florida and the Calle Santa Fé. In the meat stalls of the markets, fresh beef tenderloin sells for sixteen cents a pound in our money. Mercado del Plata, the central market, is full of delicacies—Chilean lobster, cheese fit for connoisseurs, cream so thick it seems whipped. Along the quiet residential side streets, fruit peddlers plod, pushing carts laden with bananas from Brazil and the fine pears and apples grown in the Río Negro Valley, to the south.

Life here is still feudal; no democratic hordes have yet invaded the resorts of aristocracy. The best hotels—the Plaza downtown, the Alvear Palace in the residential district—are suave and obsequious. The Alvear is very French, with gardens, gilt tea lounges, mirrored ballrooms, and beds set in alcoves. Its grill, in a setting of chartreuse curtains, wood panelling, and crystal chandeliers, makes much of chickens roasted on a spit behind plate glass. The Plaza is the rich-tourist hotel. A white-turbaned East Indian tends austerely to curried dishes in its grill. A meal is only two dollars, the food is excellent, and the waiters are polite and quick. The Jockey Club, aloof behind its pillars on the Calle Florida, has the best wine cellar in the country. Between twelve-thirty and three, the members stroll up the club's red-carpeted stairway for a gourmand's lunch—elderly men, aristocratic figures with their mustaches and black suits and the portly stomachs of good living, younger men with black pork-pie hats, gray suits, and roving brown eyes that never miss a lady's ankle. In the expensive fur shops, the salesgirls ask softly whom you know. If you admit intimacy with an important diplomat, you can stretch your payments over a year. Otherwise, you pay at once, and sneak out feeling threadbare at the elbows.

IT is nearing the end of winter in Buenos Aires, but the season is at its height. After dark, you will see the lights shining through the closed shutters of the big town houses. It rains often and the days are raw and cold. That is all the better reason for mink or nutria coats, beautifully fitted black dresses, and the chauffeurs and limousines. There are many places to go. At the Colón Theatre, Tuesdays and Fridays are gala, white-tie nights. Ordinarily, Melchior and Helen Traubel would have been here; this year, because of the tension between the two State Departments, there are only the far less brilliant local singers. Tea, at five or six o'clock, is customary at Harrods' (of London) department store or in Desty's sweet shop on the Calle Florida. There is the Cine Gran Rex, for the vermouth (six-fifteen) performance of "Lifeboat," with Tallulah Bankhead and Spanish titles, and at eight someone is usually giving a cocktail party at the Jockey Club. "Up in Arms," with Danny Kaye, and "Wuthering Heights" are also at the movie houses, each preceded by an American war newsreel from which most anti-Nazi sentiments have been clipped. The war has affected the theatre as well as the opera. Because there is a complete absence of first-rate legitimate entertainment, the *primicia* of a picture like "Mrs. Miniver" is often a fashionable charity event. "Gone with the Wind" was a tremendous hit. But the citizens of Buenos Aires, to whom any small town seems uncivilized, could not understand "Our Town," and they walked out on it.

Clothes fascinate the women of Buenos Aires. They are aware of the smallest flaw in tailoring and know from their intent study of the subject from which house every good dress or suit they encounter has come. "I saw that at Redone's," murmurs a fat señora to her daughter. "A well-cut back. Carbone must have done *that* one," a señorita remarks to her younger cousin at tea at the Confitería Ideal before they set off for the movies.

The men, who leave their offices at seven-thirty, often have an *aperitivo*

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A teaspoonful *in a cup*
Add hot water *it's ready*

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FULL FLAVORED COFFEE
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FULL FLAVORED, because in Nescafé all the aroma and flavor of freshly roasted coffee are "sealed in" by added carbohydrates, a distinctive process developed by Nestlé's. In Nescafé, *all* the fragrance, goodness and stimulation of fine coffee are preserved for you, roaster fresh, until released in your cup.

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Nescafé is economical, too, especially so as you make only the amount you want... you get all the advantages of Nescafé for about 1¢ per cup.

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AWARDED SUNBURY NESCAFÉ PLANT

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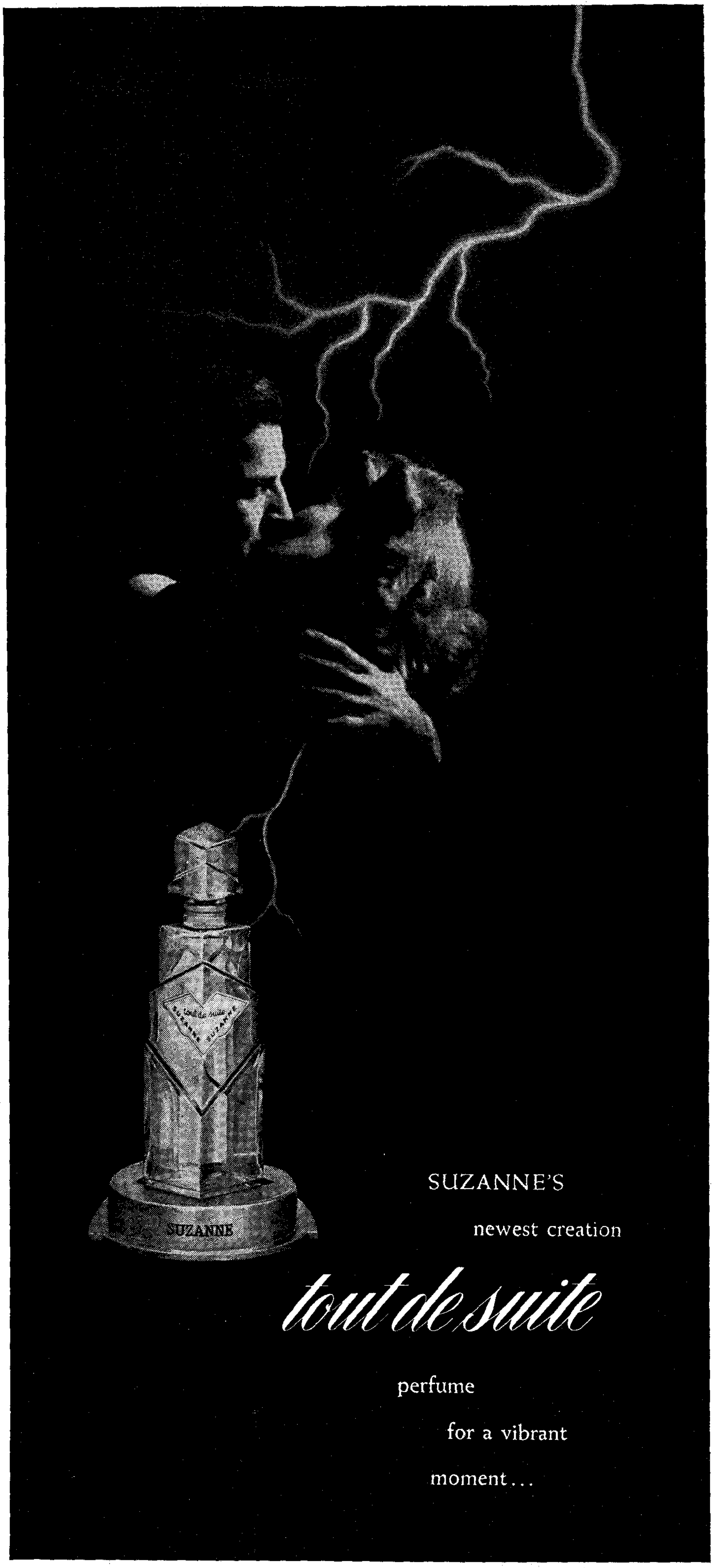
together before they go home at nine. Good Scotch is scarce, as it is everywhere, but it is still around, at forty cents a drink, and there is always vermouth-and-soda. The talk at the Plaza bar and all the places like it is always the same: of women, of local politics and individual intrigue, of good eating, of the social background of this or that *hombre* who has landed a big job in the *policía.* There may be a few offhand remarks about the war. Of late there has been a tendency to discuss the inability of North Americans to understand the Argentines. (Cordell Hull was booed by a crowd in the Plaza San Martin not long ago when Foreign Minister Peluffo mentioned him in a speech.) They complain about gasoline rationing, even though there is always an *hombre* ready to supply the necessary coupons if you are willing to pay twenty cents a gallon above the set price of twenty-five cents. In all the talk is evident the deep satisfaction of the Argentine with the fact that he has a surplus of the good things of life in a time of worldwide scarcity. Nothing is rationed except gasoline and tires. Coal, which was imported from England before the war, is expensive and hard to get. Dried corn cobs, which cost seven dollars a ton, serve as fuel in railway engines and power stations. Automobiles are no longer coming in from the States, but that is a small worry in a city where silk stockings and silk by the yard are still plentiful.

The clerks, the office workers, and the tradesmen are no less satisfied with their lot than the rich and aristocratic. They, too, have their filet mignon twice a day. They live in the nearer suburbs, and commute to work twice a day because it is pleasant to have luncheon and a siesta at home. Until recently, most of them rather liked the Yankees. Although they were convinced that the North Americans are gauche and uncultured, they approved of their good nature and humor. The recent impatience of the United States press with Argentina has changed this tolerance into suspicion. Señor Fulano, the Argentine counterpart of Joe Doakes, is intensely nationalistic.

THE *Porteños,* as residents of Buenos Aires are called, prefer calm and comfort to gaiety. A dignified Spanish decorum still regulates social life. In the night clubs, they dance a solemn tango or a self-conscious samba and sit quietly at their tables in between. They find it hard to believe that American jitterbugs really exist. To jazz, they dance what they call *el fox*, a conventional glide-and-slide step. The traditional custom of chaperonage has been relaxed to the extent that a young lady may visit an approved public place with a young man if they are accompanied by another couple. Divorcées are accepted only in the small and somewhat déclassé café-society set, which includes some of the more renowned European refugees and a few Argentine playboys. This group runs to spectacular clothes, gaudy reputations, and a noisy, adolescent naughtiness.

Buenos Aires' modern apartments and its small, one-story Spanish houses, dazzling white in the sun, sprawl for miles along the flat delta of the Plata. Except in the business section, sycamore and acacia trees meet overhead in most of the streets. Many of the fine houses on the Avenida Alvear, like the American Embassy, overlook Palermo Park, with its winding lake, its rose garden, its lawns and specimen trees, its woods and bridle paths. At one end of the park are the Jockey Club race track, the polo grounds, and a golf course. Even in the poorer districts, such as La Boca, in the old port, and Avellaneda, the squalor is not as terrible as it is in certain cities in the United States, for there is light and air in the patios of the houses.

The *Porteños* are jealously fond of their city, which, because of their admiration for France, they have tried to make into another Paris. Until the war ended travel to Europe, they had little interest in the rest of their country. A See Argentina First movement is beginning to shake them out of this apathy. There are posters in the Retiro and Constitución railway stations of the still picturesque gauchos of the far-northern province of Salta. Just beyond Salta, in the province of Jujuy, are the magnificent Andes, rearing up to the twelve-thousand-foot Altiplano of Bolivia. Also to the north, Tucumán and the tropical sugar country, with its Indians from the Brazilian jungle of Matto Grosso working in the cane fields, are just beginning to be advertised to tourists, and the war has persuaded some vacationists to turn to Bariloche and the southern lake country, a playground confidently described in the advertisements as more beautiful than the Swiss Alps. These places are not yet really popular, because an overnight trip by train in Argentina is still an exceedingly uncomfortable adventure. There are few paved roads, and those that exist are of little use to the average man, to whom an automobile has always been a too costly luxury. Most *Porteños* are



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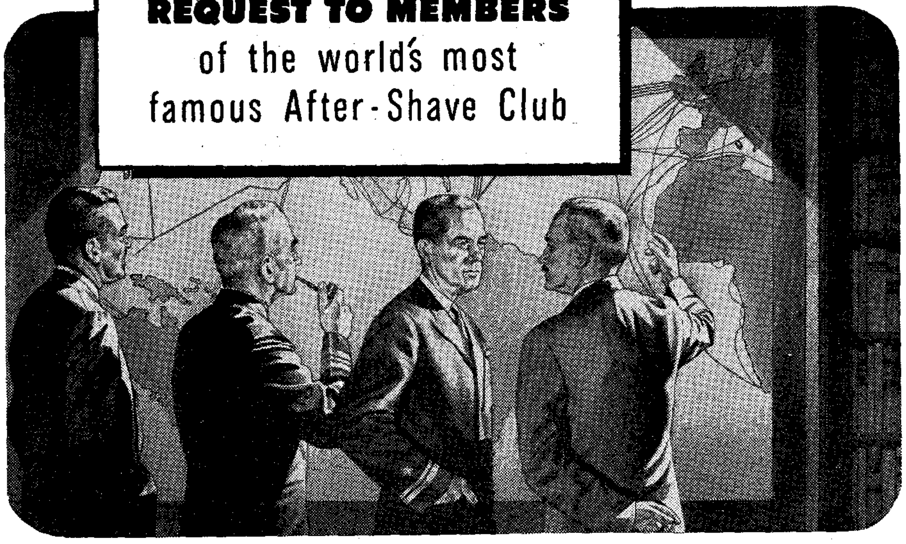


BECAUSE certain ingredients are needed for war production, the supply of Aqua Velva is limited. Long the world's most popular after-shave lotion, there is now less Aqua Velva to meet a growing demand.

Avoid waste. Just a little Aqua Velva after shaving leaves your face feeling refreshed. Clean, fresh scent. So use Aqua Velva sparingly. That way you'll enjoy it more regularly.

Williams
Aqua Velva
for After Shaving
The J. B. Williams Co.

A FEW OF THE MEMBERS

Lauritz Melchior
Paul Lukas
James Thurber
Ted Husing
Frances Grover Cleveland
Lucius Beebe

content merely to go to the races or the soccer, or *futbol*, on Saturdays. However, Mar del Plata, a seaside resort, six hours by train from Buenos Aires, still retains most of its customary upper-class patronage.

FOREIGNERS cluster in their own colonies, shut away from life as the Argentines live it. The aristocratic Argentines have never had much to do with foreigners, regarding them as opportunists and adventurers, and the war has increased this dislike. The English talk English and entertain one another at dinners of roast beef and Brussels sprouts. The Americans talk American, eat corned beef and cabbage at the American Club, and sigh for new golf balls, the ten-cent store, and canned baby foods. The German colony, one of the wealthiest, keeps to itself these days. The walls of some of the German houses have been smeared by "bombs" of black paint thrown at them by pro-Allied Argentines. All day long, English women sew at the Hurlingham Club for the Red Cross, and the American Women's Club has become a canteen for American sailors. The *Porteños*, who have no sons on the battlefronts, observe these activities with a comfortable detachment. It is very like the formal detachment with which their nation views all the rest of the world. —JEAN BOLEY

•

Miss Priscilla Shaff, bride-elect of Technicolor Sergeant Benjamin Franklin Parker, Jr., will be honoree at a shower and tea given by Mrs. Frank W. Stevens, of Sport Hill Road, Easton.—*Bridgeport (Conn.) Life.*

Remember the old black-and-white sergeants of yesteryear?

•

Gladiolus hybridizing is a fascinating pastime that is being indulged in by hundreds of fanciers. In fact, breeding is being carried on by gladiolus growers more intensively than by any other group of flower enthusiasts, unless it be the irisarians.—*Bulletin of the Horticultural Society of New York.*

And *you* know *that* bunch.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

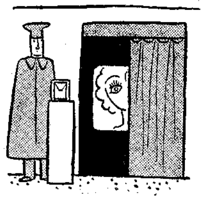
[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

AN ALEUTIAN BASE—(AP)—When the Seabees first moved in here the trade of the ship's service barber was a tonsorial nightmare. First, said Head Barber Ralph Dickey of Harrisburg, Pa., it was the mud.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Blood and Premiums

A PRETTY good murder melodrama has come to town, named "Double Indemnity." I have an idea that Paramount, which launched it, takes a certain artistic pride in the fact that the two leading characters, played by Fred MacMurray and Barbara Stanwyck, are heels who behave antisocially throughout and die violent deaths at the finish. This, you understand, is not the kind of thing fan clubs are accustomed to, and a producer who runs such a chance with the public's sweet tooth is no doubt entitled to bask at his desk in a glow of prestige while assistants wring his hand in shifts and say "Chief, you are game as a pebble."



Be that as it may, there is another point about "Double Indemnity" which strikes me as even more unusual. That is the nature of its treatment of the insurance industry and those predatory types among us who buy insurance. Taking up the message of the James Cain novel on which it was based, the picture, without so much as blinking, shows insurance as a deadly war between beneficiaries, felonious to a man, and the company, which fights tooth and nail in defense of its capital holdings. The true giant of the battle, and therefore of the film, is Edward G. Robinson, the company's claims inspector, a gentleman tortured by the thought that a client may get away with something but practically infallible in forestalling such a calamity. When Mr. Robinson, told that the police are giving up their investigation of the death of a policyholder, says scornfully, "Sure, it's not their money," he sounds the keynote of the struggle. He is very entertaining, I should add, and not a little convincing.

It appears that sentinels as keen as this can be duped only by someone on the inside, who knows all the angles—by choice, an insurance salesman. Personally, I have done business with three or four salesmen who were, like Mr. MacMurray in the picture, genial and fair-spoken and absolute mother lodes of human knowledge and special information. It now occurs to me that if I had wanted to commit a perfect crime, and I won't say I didn't, I should have consulted one of them on the spot. That is what Miss Stanwyck does with Mr. MacMurray. She is anxious to dispose of her husband, at a profit, and Mr. MacMurray puts his unique resources at her service with a readiness which weakens the picture somewhat, for, though Miss Stanwyck's beauty is great and the temptation to outwit one's employer may be equally so, the salesman's character, as written and acted, does not make his crime wholly credible. Apart from this fault, "Double Indemnity" is a smooth account of sordid minds at work, and compromises with sweetness and light only at well-spaced intervals. There are one or two especially good moments, as when Mr. Robinson, sharing Mr. Cain's relish for this sort of detail, intones as he would a hymn the statutory variations of suicide.

JEAN ARTHUR and Charles Coburn are probably as polished a pair of light comedians as the screen has recently been able to offer. Working together again, this time in "The Impatient Years," they give a fine exhibition of teamwork and footwork, avoiding each other's toes without for an instant relaxing the pace which is necessary to keep the blood circulating in pictures like this one. "The Impatient Years" is thin and its approach to its own special war problem—hasty marriages between romantic young women and service men going overseas—is superficial. There is no use in worrying about that as long as Miss Arthur and Mr. Coburn make it funny as well, which they do with the valuable assistance of Lee Bowman, the soldier husband whom Miss Arthur does not recognize when he comes home from battle.

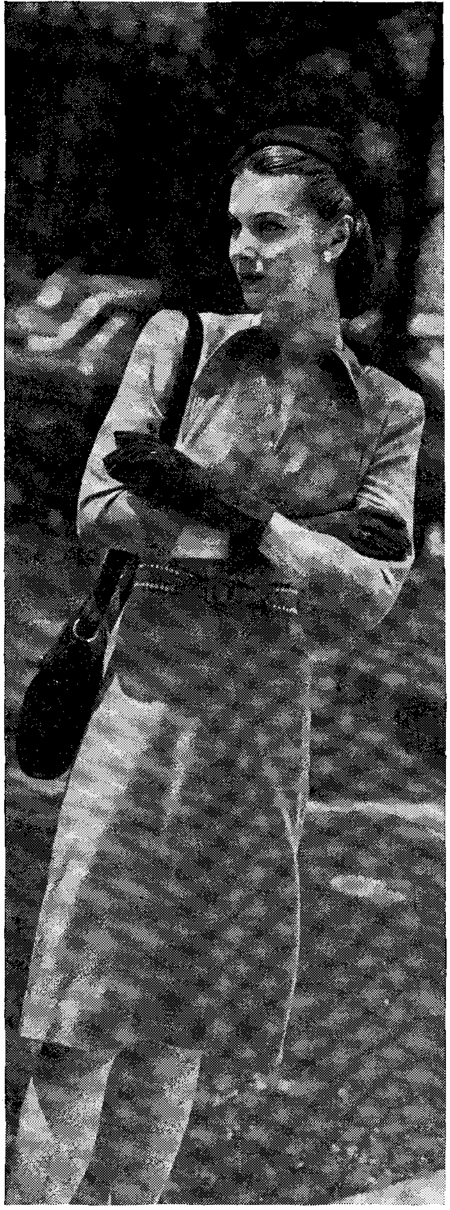
"YOUTH RUNS WILD," with the best of intentions, crowds so much juvenile and adult delinquency into one block of houses on one street that the only answer seems to be to rope the neighborhood off. . . . Lucille Ball and Dick Powell may be seen in a musical film called "Meet the People," but I don't know why they should be, or even if they want to be. —JOHN LARDNER

•

WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

[*Press release from the Hotel New Yorker*]

Few people know that Tony Pastor, whose orchestra is now featured in the famous Ice Terrace of the Hotel New Yorker, is descended directly from Leonardo da Vinci. . . .



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something for "goings-on-about town" or cool country days. A good all-wool crepe, simple and well tailored with the new "relief" revers accenting a deep V neckline. Studded self belt and three quarter sleeves. It looks well in all sizes, 10 to 20. Luscious colors: purple, tropic coral, grey, mist blue 14.95

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

BABY AT VASSAR

MY two-year-old daughter, Carola, has just completed a course at Vassar. She came out of it with honors, even though she was a week late matriculating. She had been kept in New York by circumstances beyond her control—scarlet-fever quarantine, to be exact. I was self-conscious about taking Carola to the campus, because I couldn't help feeling that she'd look out of place. Vassar people are accustomed to all that, however. The driver of the taxi we got at the Poughkeepsie station was not; he seemed surprised when I told him to take us out to the campus, and he kept peering back at Carola over one shoulder.

The Vassar Summer Institute for Family and Community Living, the special school set up to give the course, is directed by Dr. Mary S. Fisher. It was established, as the Institute of Euthenics, eighteen years ago. Dr. Fisher has been in charge for six years. In four weeks of lectures, discussions, and conferences every summer, she and her colleagues teach the principles of child development, homemaking, and community organization to a group of parents, teachers, psychologists, and other professional people. The Institute at the same time provides a well-balanced twenty-four-hour-a-day program for children between the ages of eighteen months and ten years. This year there were a hundred children and a hundred and thirty adults. In the main, the course is aimed at parents, or, in the words of the catalogue, at "homemakers." To the parents, the chief advantage of the Institute seems to be the training it affords the children, who live according to a carefully planned schedule and who for four blessed weeks are definitely *not* the responsibility of their mothers.

Dr. Fisher arranges her student groups with an eye to variety. In age we ranged from eighteen months to sixty-three years, and we came from all parts of the country. A third of the adults were "professional," a third homemakers, a third both. As might be expected, this was a lean year for men. We had four full-time fathers—that is, fathers who were doing the full course—and several who took two or three weeks of it. The applicants are chosen on the basis of their occupation, educational background, and where they come from. The usual policy of the authorities is to try to get a mixture of social workers, teachers, public-health workers, librarians, and so on. In addition, they accept several purely domestic homemakers—service wives, for the most part, these days. The reason for this is that Dr. Fisher is convinced that we Americans have made a grave mistake in our education. "We place so much emphasis on woman's freedom to work outside the home," she says, "that we have come to regard homemaking as an insufficient, menial task. It bears a stigma. Think of it—this foundation of all our culture, the background of the child, and we have trained our girls to avoid it! Even women who would normally enjoy the job of making a home try to get out of it. Through the Institute we are trying to invest that job with the dignity it deserves."

Because Dr. Fisher considers it important to develop democratic patterns of community living, the Institute always enrolls students of several races. Seven of us adults this summer were Negro women—six students and one assistant teacher—and there were four Negro children. There were also ten Chinese women, two of whom brought their small sons. Many times in our lectures the values of the Chinese culture were discussed, particularly the strong sense of security that Chinese family life gives to children.

Six of Vassar's buildings were turned over to the course. Parents and children lived in separate buildings. The parents and other adult students were given rooms in Jewett Hall. The smaller children and some of the older ones were put into Cushing; the oldest children were in Palmer. The kids' houses could be spotted instantly; they were surrounded by playgrounds equipped with swings, slides, jungle gyms, and other familiar childhood paraphernalia. The classes, lectures, and the library were at Blodgett. These houses, as any Vassar alumna can tell you, are all within a few minutes' walk of each other. The rooms in Vassar dormitories are small and rather bare. The ones assigned to the children, however, had furniture suitable to the children's size, and in the bathrooms boxes had been helpfully placed before the washstands and toilets, mirrors had been hung near the floor, and racks for face flannels and toothbrushes had been put where they could be reached by this new type of undergraduate.

IT was after six in the evening when Carola and I arrived, with our two suitcases. In Carola's was the regulation school wardrobe, marked plainly with name tapes, and, in addition, a pink plush monkey, a favorite Teddy bear, and a little pillow. Small children in new surroundings, like dogs, often need a familiar object or two near them when they go to sleep. The campus was deserted, except in front of Jewett, where I paused briefly for instructions. There I found a crowd of people sitting out under the trees or standing in

Garrett Price

Slash pine seedling

On this Tree...
hang great things for the South

ONE OF THE GREAT DRAMAS of this age is the continuous effort of scientific research to enlarge and extend the uses of our natural resources. An outstanding example of the success of such efforts is slash pine, an abundant natural resource of the South that has had only limited industrial uses until recently.

To the late Dr. Charles Herty, the South's large areas of slash pine had always presented an industrial challenge. After years of study and experimentation, he finally demonstrated that this slash pine could be a source of valuable high-grade wood pulp suitable for the production of rayon.

Rayonier Incorporated developed the commercial method which is now being used to produce such pulp. The American Viscose Corporation, largest producer of rayon in the United States, cooperated with Dr. Herty in his early experiments . . . and in recent months has obtained a substantial portion of its wood pulp from southern slash pine.

There promises to be a sizeable opportunity for southern agriculture in this new market for slash pine. It flourishes on land that is poor or even unproductive. It reseeds itself . . . requires very little care during the growing period . . . may be harvested in as little as ten years. Moreover, it can be of considerable aid in achieving crop diversification.

We are proud to have helped in the development of so promising an outlet for this natural southern crop.

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The Grand Old Drink of the South
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FREE Unusually interesting and colorfully illustrated 32-page booklet containing rare collection of stories about historic drinking vessels. Write for your copy.

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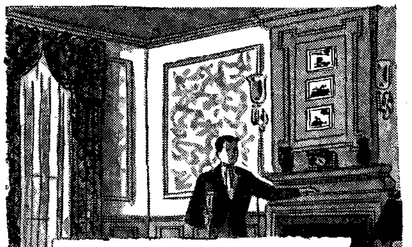

Maryland's exquisite bottled beer may be enjoyed in just about every hotel, club and restaurant named in this issue.

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NATIONAL PREMIUM BEER

line at the entrance to the dining hall. I saw a couple of Chinese girls in dirndls, and a tall, thin young Negro woman in a yellow suit, and a number of women wearing striped seersucker dresses, and some men who acted as if they had as much right to be there as anybody else. After I had found out what I wanted to know, Carola and I went on to Cushing, where the babies lived. Here everyone was being quiet and subdued. As we walked past the doors opening into the corridor, we caught glimpses of sleeping infants, one to a room. The children, I had learned, were divided into a half-dozen groups, according to age. Group I, the younger set, was composed of children up to two. Group II, which is Carola's, had children between two and three, and the other groups were made up of the older children. Groups I to IV were living in Cushing. In Group II's part of the building there was still some activity—an occasional childish yell and the thumping of running slippered feet. It was seven o'clock, bedtime for that group. The small fry of Group I had been in bed for half an hour.

In Carola's room were a bed with sideboards, a bureau that reached only to my middle, a set of shelves on which there were a few books and dolls, and an infinitesimal table with a chair to match. Word of our arrival spread around, and soon a slight, pretty young woman with a long bob came in to welcome us, preceded by one small boy and followed by another. "I'm Miss Toohey, Carola's special teacher," she announced. "We have a family of three children. These are the two others. Carola, this is Michael and this is Alfie. Alfie, here's Carola, who has just come. You helped get her room ready today, remember?" Alfie and Michael, dressed in pajamas and dressing gowns, walked up to Carola and inspected her silently. Carola stared back. "Bedtime now, boys," said Miss Toohey. "I go off duty now," she added to me, "and the night teacher comes on. That's Mrs. Preston tonight. Oh, here comes Mrs. Fisher. She'll take care of you."

The family, minus Carola, disappeared across the hall. I could hear Michael talking as he was put to bed. I turned to Dr. Fisher. Dr. Fisher, who is a Ph.D., is not only director of the Institute but a member of Vassar's faculty. She is an exceedingly good-looking woman of about forty, with carefully coiffed gray hair and pleasantly informal manners, and she gives the impression of being a "homemaker" rather than a professor. Nobody ever calls her Dr. Fisher. She and I sat down to talk things over. Along our corridor, Group II was being disposed of for the night in what seemed a remarkably quiet and painless routine. Carola sat on her chair, busy with one of her new books, waiting for supper and not at all worried about being away from home.

"They adapt so quickly," said Dr. Fisher, following my anxious gaze. "Is there anything we ought to know about her to start off with?"

"Well, she hasn't been sleeping well lately," I said, trying hard to think of everything in a hurry.

"There's a night teacher here all the time," she said.

"But she'll cry and wake up everyone. She won't stop. I don't know what will happen when I go. She always yells for me."

"It will be all right after a little while. Many of them do that, but they get over it surprisingly quickly in the group."

"There's only one other thing. She often pretends, lately, that she's a baby. I mean, of course she *is* one, but she plays that she's a little one, that she can't walk. And she talks baby talk. On purpose. She can talk perfectly plainly in the ordinary way. She's getting so that she pretends all the time, and it's annoying. People will think she's half-witted."

"I wouldn't scold her if I were you," said Dr. Fisher. "If she does talk so well normally, perhaps you're inclined to expect too much of her without meaning to. People are apt to do that when a child is precocious, and the child resents it and tries to get back to a dependent stage of existence. Just play along with her when she slips back into that phase. Remember, she's still awfully little."

Carola's supper arrived and she started eating it without my help, in a masterful manner. I noticed that she was using the salt cellar lavishly on her chopped fruit, but I decided to leave her alone.

"What do I do now?" I asked.

Dr. Fisher considered. "We usually ask the parent to stay with the child until he goes to sleep the first night," she said after a moment. "And I think"

—she seemed to be making a concession —"I think that tomorrow, since it's the first day and she's not settled in, it would be as well if you dropped in after breakfast, say about eight o'clock, for a little visit."

"You mean I wouldn't do that ordinarily?"

"Why, no," said Dr. Fisher. "The parents' hour is from two-thirty to three-thirty. After the nap."

"And what do we do in that hour?"

"Whatever you like," she said. "Most mothers just walk around outside with the children or let them ride their tricycles. It's up to you."

"And what do the children do the rest of the day?" I felt dazed.

"They spend it with the other children of their group family and in the different play spaces," she said. "Carola is Miss Toohey's special charge. You just met her. Miss Toohey and the two boys will be Carola's family."

I still didn't quite realize what it meant. One hour a day?

When Dr. Fisher had gone, I unpacked Carola's suitcase while she wandered across the corridor to Michael's room. I had to bring her back twice. "Why is that little boy asleep?" she asked. "It's not dark outside. I want my pajamas. No, I want my nightgown. No, I want pajamas. Mommy, I want pajamas. Mommy!" She began to cry. Her howls resounded through the quiet hall. Mrs. Preston, the head teacher, came in just as I threw the pajamas at Carola and she stopped crying.

"Now what do we do?" I asked. "It's beginning already. She's upset. Is Miss Toohey still around?"

"No, Miss Toohey's off duty," Mrs. Preston said. "I'm in charge now until morning. The day teachers and Mrs. Fisher don't sleep here. Don't worry. We'll manage Carola. Carola's going to sleep now, aren't you?"

Carola, watchful and suspicious, sat on the bed but refused to get into it. I sat down to wait, and so did Mrs. Preston, but Carola wasn't giving in. She was an old hand at this. She wouldn't lie down. An hour went by.

"You'll have to get something to eat yourself," said Mrs. Preston at last. "Better tell her good night. Tell her you'll be back in the morning. You're expected to come tomorrow after breakfast, aren't you? Tell her that."

"She'll cry," I said.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Preston amiably. "They usually cry."

Dutifully I informed Carola that I was leaving for the night and would see

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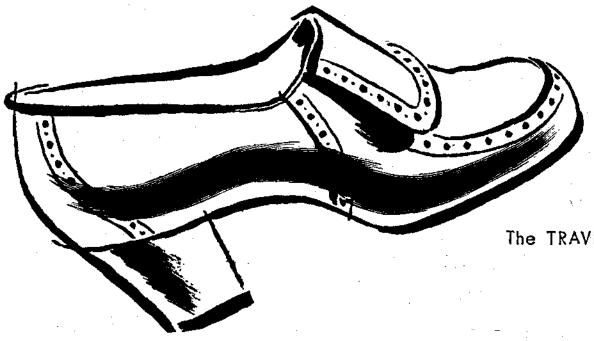

The TRAVELER

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her in the morning, gritted my teeth, and started to go. She screamed and threw her arms around my neck. Mrs. Preston detached Carola's arms from my neck and sat down, holding Carola in her lap. I fled. A friendly teacher was waiting for me just outside the building. "Mrs. Fisher thought you'd be interested in tonight's lecture at Jewett," she said. "It's about nutrition problems in China. Well, how's your child?"

Wordlessly I indicated the façade of Cushing, through the windows of which we still heard Carola's wailing. "Never mind," she said soothingly. "You'll see. It's much easier to settle down a child like that, who shows her feelings, than it is the other kind. She'll be all right. It's the brave ones with quivering lips who break your heart."

I steeled myself and went to the lecture. After it was over, still a stranger among the veteran parents who, free of conscience and not worrying a bit, strolled about the halls talking lightheartedly to each other, I stole back across the lawns of Vassar to Cushing. I lingered outside in the dark, hoping to waylay someone who would talk to me but not wanting to upset a schedule that involved a hundred children. Finally, a sympathetic assistant teacher, spying me, gave me a report from the front: Carola was not yet asleep but she was not crying. She was chatting amicably with Mrs. Preston. Mrs. Preston, it was generally agreed, knew her business. I meekly waited. Carola gave up the struggle against sleep, I was told, at ten, an hour which the teaching staff seemed to consider rather late but not fatal. Relieved, I went back to Jewett, to my own bed, in a small cubicle with chipping plaster walls.

At seven every morning a bell awakened the adult students and started a rush for the bathroom. We dressed hastily, made our beds, and hung up our clothes. At least, that was the theory. Nothing too awful happened to the student who neglected to make his bed. Maids did the cleaning. The days were all very much alike for us, and for the children, too. We adults ate cafeteria fashion, carrying our dishes and selecting our tables and companions. I seldom sat twice with the same group, and almost everyone seemed to have the same impulse to wander about and take a chance with new people. After meals, we took our dirty dishes to a kitchen window that opened into the dining hall. Classes for the adults started each morning at eight-thirty, with Dr. Fisher lecturing on Family Relationships. This was easily the most popular course of the semester. Dr. Fisher's course was a part of everyone's curriculum. The other courses were electives. We could take our choice of "programs of study," to quote the catalogue, "in child development, family relationships, development and use of community resources, radio and public speaking, household management, budgeting, and nutrition . . . as well as programs of advanced study in child guidance, testing, projective techniques, clinical interpretations of behavior, development of new school curricula, and training of assistants and volunteers for child care centres." Some eager young women tried to study everything. You could learn to cook and eat the results of the lesson for lunch. You could attend a course given by a lively, chic young woman named Miss Cox, who told you what colors you shouldn't wear, how to reform your coiffure, what kind of hat was most becoming, and which of the new wartime textiles could be safely washed. The serious, intellectual type went in more for Dr. Peter Blos's seminar in Developing and Integrating Child Guidance Facilities. Managing the Household in a War Economy was another popular seminar. One of the most interesting parts of the day for everybody was the period spent observing the children in their classes. This was not just to satisfy our curiosity; it was part of our program. We studied the methods of directing play and the kinds of play suitable for different ages, and we learned the valuable lesson of when to leave the children alone to play with one another.

The children's day was planned down to the last minute, and, by looking at the bulletin board in Jewett, you could find out what your child's group was doing at any time of the day. The arrangement of hours varied with the age groups. Carola's day was typical of any modern nursery school's: breakfast, toileting, organized play, fruit juice and crackers, play, lunch, nap, parents' hour, fruit juice, "rhythms," bath, supper, stories or reading, and bed. Each variety of play, such as the one which Carola called "swimming" and the teachers called "water play," was directed by a specialist, who took the group over temporarily from the family heads—Miss Toohey and the rest. The family heads stood by, however, and occasionally participated in the games. So did the parents and teachers who were watching.

Miss Hunt, who taught "rhythms," didn't mind spectators at her classes for older children, but she was protective toward the youngest group she taught, which was Carola's. She made certain stipulations about even the older children; for instance, parents were not supposed to observe classes which included their own offspring. I finally discovered the reason. We adult students were sitting on folding chairs at one end of the large music room of the Nursery School. Family by family, the children of Group IV straggled in, looking indifferently toward us, then looking eagerly toward the piano, where an assistant to Miss Hunt sat playing. One small girl suddenly spotted her mother among us. "Hello, Mummy," she called. A moment later Miss Hunt started the class. The children sat on the floor around her and sang—simple little "action" songs that entailed a certain amount of jumping about like rabbits and trotting like horses. "Jump like rabbits!" Miss Hunt called. "Now, sit up on your tails. Now, run away!" In a moment or two almost all the children were joining in enthusiastically. They knew most of the songs and they forgot that we were there, or didn't care. The little girl whose mother was with us stood at one side of the room, holding the hand of her family head and refusing to play. She said no more to her mother and she didn't look at us, but she wouldn't play rabbit. Once or twice, Miss Hunt offered her a chance to come in—casually, as if she didn't care whether the child did or not, but the little girl shrank back.

Evidently the smaller babies, like Carola, can't take the presence of their parents at all, or even the presence of other adults. They did their "rhythms" out of doors in a secluded spot, surrounded by bushes. It was really something to see what went on backstage while this class was in session. Mothers crept on hands and knees toward the bushes, or crouched, peering through the foliage, or lay flat on their stomachs in the grass, spying on the mysterious doings of the two-year-olds. When I took my turn at peeping, what I saw didn't seem so terrific, after all. Miss

A&F

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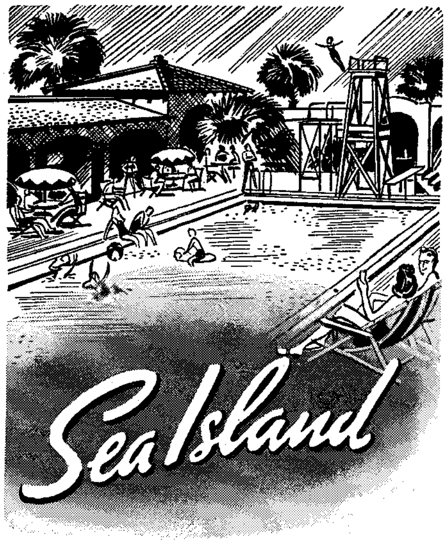

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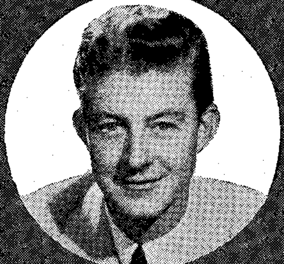

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Hunt and another girl were slowly swinging a pole horizontally at a level slightly higher than the babies' heads, keeping time with the music of an assistant at a piano. Two by two the children, hanging from the pole, swayed back and forth, then ducked their heads and trotted under it. Carola and a couple of others sat on the sidelines, looking like reserves at a football game. Carola allowed her turn to slip by twice, and then the pull of the team was too much for her; she took her place and darted under the pole. The children also sang songs. I heard Carola's voice upraised strong and unashamed. At home she sings only when I'm alone with her. I understood Miss Hunt's idea. Even though they believed themselves unobserved, some of the babies still hovered outside the magic circle and wouldn't play. The songs and games had to be changed much more frequently for the babies than they did for the older children, because the babies would lose interest more quickly. At least some of Carola's "rhythms" class made an impression on her. The other day, a week after the end of school, she insisted that I sing something called "The Caterpillar." She was pretty mad because I didn't know it.

After watching a few of the play groups, I decided that the secret of successful management in a nursery school is the same as that of a perfect hostess at a dinner party. Keep each guest happy in his self-love and you have a good party. For example, Alfie and Michael and Tommy all want to play on the seesaw. Michael and Tommy get there first, and Miss Toohey starts the seesaw going. Enter Alfie, wailing and stamping with rage.

"I wanna sit on the seesaw!" says Alfie. "I wanna sit on the seesaw!"

"Alfie," says Miss Toohey, "can you help me, please?" She stands at the middle of the board, making a great show of pushing the seesaw up and down. Alfie proudly marches up and helps, and a social crisis is averted.

Or Mrs. Preston is showing the three-year-olds how to build trains out of blocks. They divide up two by two. "Nobody's playing with meeee!" says Walt. "Could you show me how to do this, Walt?" asks Mrs. Preston. The pair of them make the most elaborate train of all, and soon Walt is quite willing to let Mrs. Preston go away and leave him to his glory.

INDUBITABLY, the high point of any day for parents and children came at two-thirty, the parents' hour. At two-twenty every afternoon, a bell rang as a signal, and the parents started eagerly over the lawns toward Cushing. The day after Carola and I had arrived at the Institute, I went up to the second floor of Cushing, as soon as I heard the bell, and over to the two-year-olds' play centre, a part of the corridor reserved for community toys, where, at various times, the infants put dolls in buggies and took them out again, ironed clothes with a small cold iron on a toy ironing board, and devoted themselves to other suitable pastimes. Now they were finished with their naps, and they were keyed up, waiting for their mothers. One by one we claimed our own. Carola ran to me, took my hand, and said, "Let's go outdoors."

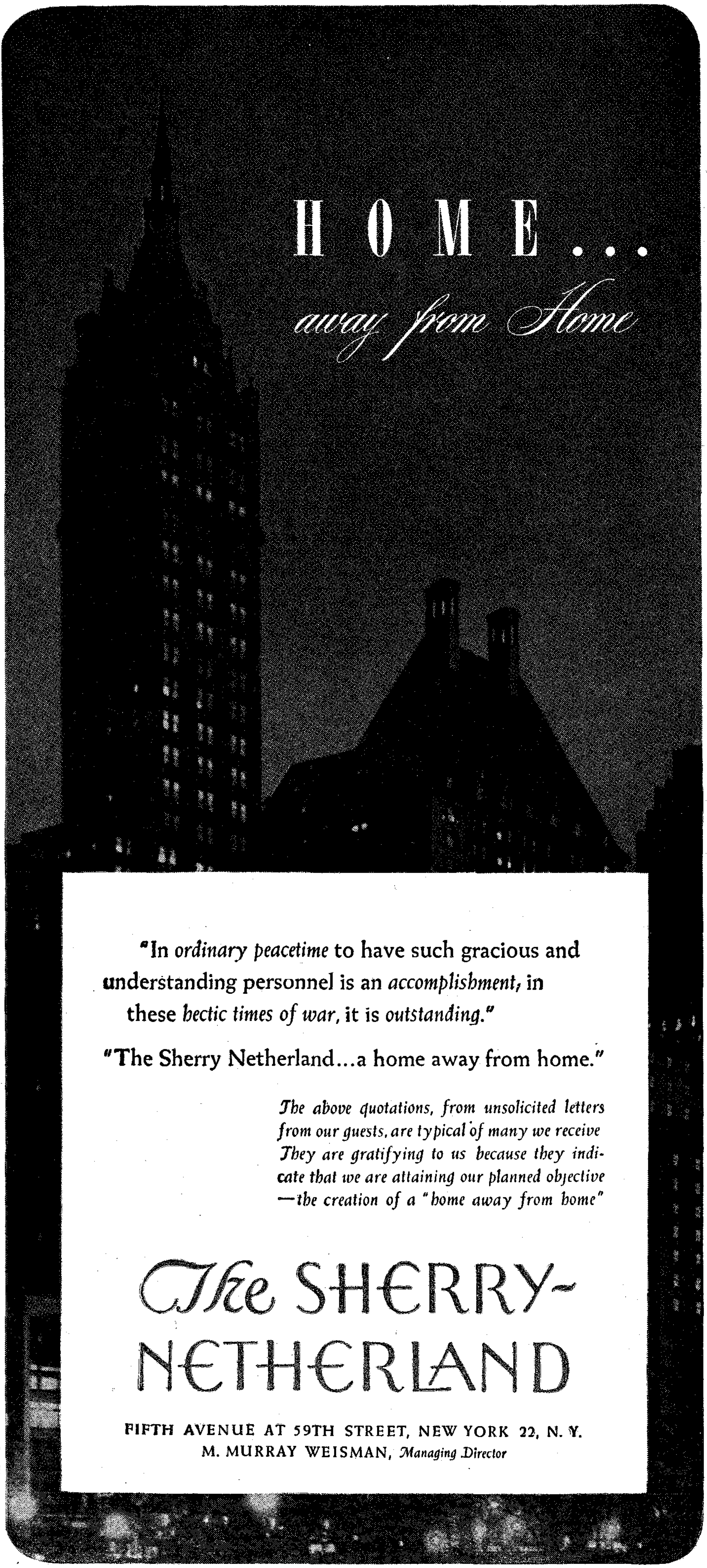
The next hour revealed scenes that would strike horror into the heart of almost any college professor. There were babies everywhere on the campus. Babies swarmed across the lawns, babies jumped from step to step of staircases, babies wept loud and unrestrained under the elms, babies played with the drinking fountain, babies tottered through the hallways and rooms of Jewett. "I want to see Mommy's house," Carola said, and so she did. On that day, she took her parents' hour rather sedately at first. She walked hand in hand with me beneath the trees and made conversation. Then all of a sudden she broke loose. Other children were running on the grass, and Carola, trained to obey the law in Central Park, suddenly got the idea. "Can I run?" she asked me. When I nodded, she raced madly up and down the turf for a long time, then she took off her clothes and started running again.

At three-thirty we parents were supposed to lead our children to the lawn outside Cushing, where the teachers were waiting to take them back. The blow was supposedly softened for the infants by the fact that fruit juice and crackers were to be served, but Carola resisted these blandishments for several days, setting up a lusty howl whenever I started to leave. Once again a teacher had to hold on to her while I made my escape. All over the lawn similar scenes were being enacted; crying children pathetically yelled "Mummy!" and their mothers—black, white, and yellow, from Georgia, South Dakota, and the Bronx—called back, as they hurried away, "See you tomorrow, darling!" There came the inevitable day when Carola didn't cry at all, when she merely nodded pleasantly at my farewell and turned toward the fruit juice and crackers. I wasn't sure I liked that, either.

FOR her own lectures, Dr. Fisher used anything and everything as a springboard. People often wrote out questions and sent them in to her, and these were a valuable source of ideas. Also, certain stock questions are always good for an hour's discussion, and she has a framework for the course which she undoubtedly does not have to vary much from year to year. One of the early lectures deals with the autonomic nervous system of the child. With the help of a chart, she points out the reasons for a child's involuntary behavior. "Considering this," she says, "you can realize why it won't help to scold a child already afraid. And again, look at this. Should anyone expect a child to have a satisfactory meal while he is still in this state? A child in what we call a tantrum cannot eat, or if he does, it won't do him much good." As the days went on, Dr. Fisher explored larger, fuzzier questions. One of her most successful lectures was the one on discipline and home education. A father had solemnly asked her, "How many times shall I kick my boy back?" She spoke of the defeats which adults suffer at the hands of their offspring because the parents, "mobilized by moral indignation," are apt to get stubborn and insist blindly upon winning the battle. Almost everyone in the audience was looking thoughtful and guilty by the end of the hour. As I went out of the room I found myself next to a Negro couple walking hand in hand. "That's what I'm always telling you," the husband said gently. "You wouldn't believe me, though."

For my money, Dr. Fisher's best lecture was the one in which she denounced the ideas grownups put into the heads of adolescents which make them afraid of adult responsibilities. "We tell many young people that they shouldn't marry," she said. "We tell them to avoid responsibilities until they're quite sure it's absolutely safe. You've heard that yourselves. How can anyone ever be sure that any course of conduct is absolutely safe? We tell them that children get in the way! Well, of course children get in the way, but where are you going?"

ONE day toward the end of term, I looked around at the women with whom I was eating lunch. "This time next week," I said, "we'll be wondering if the training will stick to our kids. We'll be back in the old grind."



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The above quotations, from unsolicited letters from our guests, are typical of many we receive. They are gratifying to us because they indicate that we are attaining our planned objective—the creation of a "home away from home"

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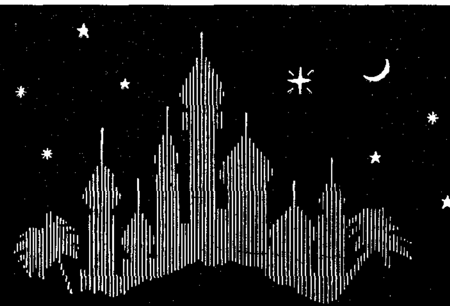

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MAKERS OF RENAISSANCE AND MYSTICUM — THE MYSTERY OF FLOWERS

A pretty girl from Louisiana, a service wife, laughed. "I confess I came up here just 'cause it said twenty-four-hour care for the children," she said. "I do hate to go back."

"I don't know," said a lady from Virginia. "That hour in the afternoon seems very short. And when the baby doesn't cry when I go, I get a sort of pang."

"The pang in my case quickly changes to relief," said a blond semi-homemaker crisply.

"I don't know how we ever got along without nursery schools," said three or four women.

There was certainly a noticeable difference in the parents' hour by the end of term. In the early days you heard sharp commands and motherly cautioning everywhere. At the end you didn't. The mothers sat back and chatted with one another, and the children played around and, most of the time, didn't do anything they shouldn't. On the last day, sitting outside the dining room in Cushing, I saw a pretty little scene. A teacher was coming downstairs with three charges to take them into lunch. One, Betty, was a small blond child who was always complaining about her playmates and crying. Today, Betty, coming down the stairs behind Ralphie, one of her group, kicked him in the back of the head. Ralphie turned around and objected vehemently. "We wait, Betty," said the teacher, "until the one in front of us is well ahead. Give him time to get down." Betty, not a very communal-minded soul, only scowled. A little lower on the stairs, she kicked Ralphie again in the head, and again he objected. Somewhat to my surprise, the teacher said nothing. The third time Betty kicked him, Ralphie turned on her. With the rather slow, inept violence of childhood, he grabbed her arm, pinched it, and then hit her. She screamed. His vengeance wreaked, Ralphie ran into the dining hall ahead of the party. Through it all the teacher stood calmly watching, not doing anything to restrain either child. Betty's yelps did not continue very long.

LATER that day I went over to Dr. Fisher's office to get Carola's report card, and we had the discussion of the child which each parent is granted at the end of the term. The report and Dr. Fisher's summary were based on a list of questions which are answered by the two teachers who know the child best; in Carola's case, they were Miss Toohey and

Mrs. Preston. There were nine questions:

What has the child enjoyed most this summer?
Which children has he sought most? Why?
Which children has he avoided? Why?
How does he comfort himself or get his balance back after meeting difficulties?
In what ways has he needed most help?
Where has he made steadiest gains?
How can he be helped most constructively?
What new behavior can be expected soon?
What do you wish you could have known about him at the beginning in order to be of most use to him?

Dr. Fisher observes each of the children herself during the term and has a few additional comments to make. This, in brief, was the sizing-up of Carola: she is capable and independent and does many things well, and I must be careful not to force her because of this; she has real vitality, so she's not as easy to manage as a passive, docile child; I must always arrange a definite program in advance if I want to avoid trouble, and I must follow it so that she'll understand what to expect; she still resists going to bed; she was very much on her guard against adults when she came to Vassar but is a little better now; as she grows older, I must expect that she will grow more resistant for a while.

"Don't lose hope when that happens," Dr. Fisher said to me, smiling. "Hang on. That resistance is merely temporary, a sign of being almost three. She is an intelligent child, she uses all the play equipment with enthusiasm, there wasn't any child she didn't get along with, she avoided none of them. That's all very good. Try to explain to her at bedtime that other people must do their own jobs, that they can't spend all their time on her. She isn't as demanding now of attention as she used to be, and that's good, too."

"So the added resistance—?"

"The added resistance," said Dr. Fisher, "is inevitable."

I went out to look for Carola, and as I went I thought about my own childhood, when we knew resistance by another word—naughtiness. I found her riding a tricycle. She gave no sign of greeting; she merely said, in a conversational tone, "I'm not a baby any more."

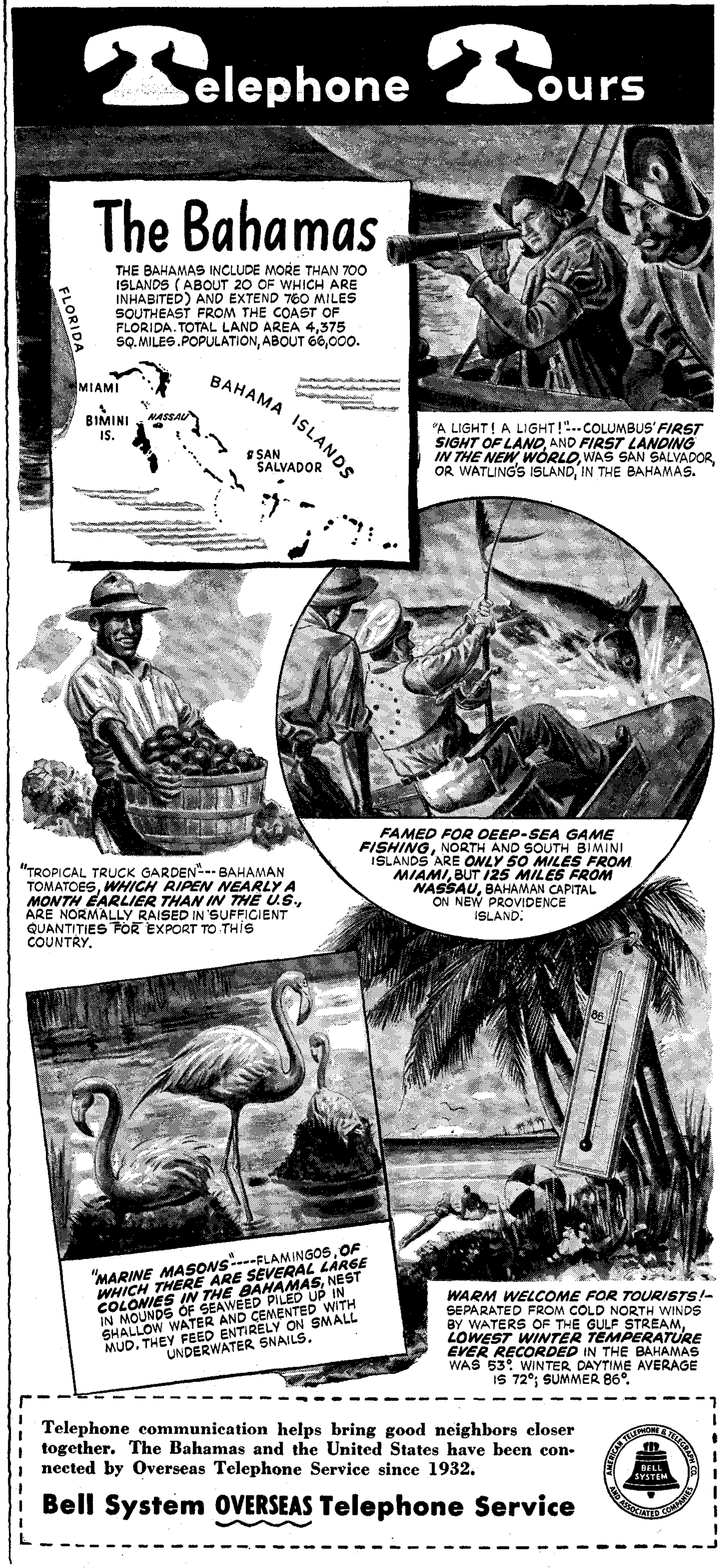
That too, I decided, was inevitable.

—EMILY HAHN

•

Q. What is aluminum?
A. Aluminum.
—*Lynchburg (Va.) Daily Advance.*

Next question.



Telephone Tours

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THE BAHAMAS INCLUDE MORE THAN 700 ISLANDS (ABOUT 20 OF WHICH ARE INHABITED) AND EXTEND 760 MILES SOUTHEAST FROM THE COAST OF FLORIDA. TOTAL LAND AREA 4,375 SQ. MILES. POPULATION, ABOUT 66,000.

"A LIGHT! A LIGHT!"—COLUMBUS' ***FIRST SIGHT OF LAND,*** AND ***FIRST LANDING IN THE NEW WORLD,*** WAS SAN SALVADOR, OR WATLING'S ISLAND, IN THE BAHAMAS.

FAMED FOR DEEP-SEA GAME FISHING, NORTH AND SOUTH BIMINI ISLANDS ARE ***ONLY 50 MILES FROM MIAMI,*** BUT ***125 MILES FROM NASSAU,*** BAHAMAN CAPITAL ON NEW PROVIDENCE ISLAND.

"TROPICAL TRUCK GARDEN"—BAHAMAN TOMATOES, ***WHICH RIPEN NEARLY A MONTH EARLIER THAN IN THE U.S.,*** ARE NORMALLY RAISED IN SUFFICIENT QUANTITIES FOR EXPORT TO THIS COUNTRY.

"MARINE MASONS"—FLAMINGOS, ***OF WHICH THERE ARE SEVERAL LARGE COLONIES IN THE BAHAMAS,*** NEST IN MOUNDS OF SEAWEED PILED UP IN SHALLOW WATER AND CEMENTED WITH MUD. THEY FEED ENTIRELY ON SMALL UNDERWATER SNAILS.

WARM WELCOME FOR TOURISTS!—SEPARATED FROM COLD NORTH WINDS BY WATERS OF THE GULF STREAM, ***LOWEST WINTER TEMPERATURE EVER RECORDED*** IN THE BAHAMAS WAS 53°. WINTER DAYTIME AVERAGE IS 72°; SUMMER 86°.

Telephone communication helps bring good neighbors closer together. The Bahamas and the United States have been connected by Overseas Telephone Service since 1932.

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AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES BELL SYSTEM

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MOTHS WILL NEVER EAT THIS SUIT
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Just a few minutes spraying with LARVEX—and Mrs. Neal has saved her husband's new suit from moth holes *for a whole year.*

WHY? Moths will actually starve to death before they will eat LARVEXED clothes, sofas or rugs!

This is the professional mothproofing method used by leading woolen mills, laundries and dry cleaners.

And, LARVEX is inexpensive—only 79¢ per pint, $1.19 per quart. Drycleaning won't impair its year-long protection. Use LARVEX—*be safe!*

LARVEX IS DIFFERENT

QUICK! A few minutes with LARVEX will mothproof a woman's coat for 12 months!

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SURE! See this spectacular display at your Larvex dealer's. A covered dish showing treated and untreated cloth with live moth worms. Proof right before your eyes that moth worms will not eat Larvexed fabrics!

At All Drug and Department Stores
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ONE SPRAYING MOTHPROOFS FOR A WHOLE YEAR..

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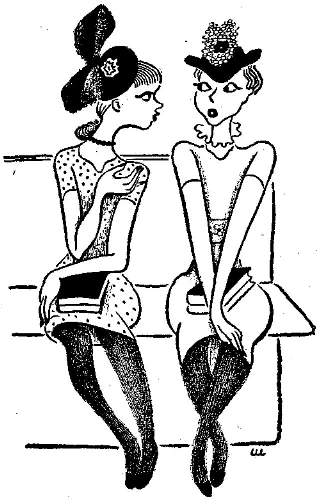
Registered Trade Mark

OUR COMBATANT CORRESPONDENTS

M. LE MAIRE

LIKE so many other little Norman villages, La Haye du Puits almost perished during the liberation. The Nazis had occupied the town for four years and they gave it up reluctantly. When I drove down the battered road from St. Sauveur le Vicomte with the advance forces of the American Third Army, the German mortars were still desultorily picking at the bones of the many shattered stone houses and shops that lined the Boulevard Victor Hugo, La Haye's only street. Fires were smoldering in some of the ruins. In the wreckage of several German half-tracks lay the bodies of the crewmen. The sick smell of battle was everywhere. The town seemed deserted, but as the colonel who was to become its Civil Affairs officer and I got out of our jeeps in front of the roofless building that had been the Gendarmerie, a few French men and women appeared from somewhere. They stood shyly about on the sidewalks, watching our troops moving up the street and on toward the front.

One of the five or six undamaged buildings was the Mairie, and the Civil Affairs colonel established his headquarters there. The shelling went on through the afternoon and all the next day. Then the war moved away from La Haye. The rest of the townspeople—thirty or forty of them—began to straggle back to their homes from the woods and fields where they had been hiding from the retreating Germans. An American engineer shook his head when he saw the shutters coming down from the smashed houses and the families moving quietly in and said that he didn't see how the town could ever be put together again. "What is there for them to come back to?" he said.



I happened to be in the office of the Civil Affairs officer the afternoon of the third day of our occupation. The colonel was disturbed. The mayor of La Haye could not be found and there was talk that the Germans had taken him away with them. The absence of the mayor, the colonel said, made things difficult for him. "The townspeople feel they must have a mayor at once," he said. "The trouble is they want me to appoint one. They absolutely insist on it. It's a great responsibility." I knew what he meant, and I knew that he had learned most of his French from Linguaphone recordings and that his vocabulary was small and inaccurate. "They're waiting for me now," he said. At his suggestion, I accompanied him into the meeting room of the Mairie, where all the townspeople were assembled in a solemn group. Most of the men were middle-aged. They waited expectantly while the colonel studied them, trying to see something in their faces that would tell him whom he should select.

No one spoke or moved. At last the colonel took a deep breath and pointed to an elderly man with heavy, capable hands and pale, calm eyes. For an instant the silence continued unbroken. Then someone shouted, "*C'est Monsieur Genêt!*," and everybody began to talk at once, very fast and with excited gestures. I was afraid to look at the colonel, for I had a feeling that the loud talking and the waving arms could mean only that he had picked a man of great unpopularity. When I took another look at M. Genêt, I began to feel better. He was standing quietly, a solid, determined-looking man, in his worn, dark jacket, holding his cap at his side. His eyes were on the colonel and his face was grave.

In a moment the noise had diminished enough for me to understand something of what the people were saying. I gathered that M. Genêt had served La Haye as a veterinarian for forty years. He had also acted on occasion as an obstetrician. Everyone appeared to be astonished at the colonel's choice but pleased. A number of people were inspired to reminisce at the top of their voices. One farmer was shouting a long story about how M. Genêt had cured a team of valuable Percherons of a mysterious ailment; there was hope for La Haye, he cried, if M. Genêt could handle a town as well as he handled horses. Someone else was reminding everybody how the yield of his milch cows had been amazingly increased by M. Genêt's recommendations. Another was saying that M. Genêt had discovered that chickens should not be penned with geese and that the separation of the flocks had put an end to a disease that had afflicted many marketable geese. There had never been another man like M. Genêt, I also learned, when it came to sitting up all night with sick calves and colts. "*Sapristi!*" one of the women exclaimed, and went on to say that it was M. Genêt who had delivered a son for the beautiful daughter of M. Ponet, the lawyer. The town pharmacist cried over and over again, "*Un choix formidable!*" The colonel looked embarrassed and helpless, probably having very little idea of what was happening, as the demonstration continued. Then M. Genêt stepped out of the crowd and walked over to us. He asked the colonel if the ceremony of his taking office could be delayed for half an hour. It was necessary first that he go home, a short distance from town. The colonel nodded, and M. Genêt departed.

THE colonel and I waited in his office, and the townspeople wandered out of the meeting room and stood on the street. It was a long wait. Several half hours passed. The colonel fidgeted and stared out an open window. I wondered if, after all, M. Genêt was as responsible a man as he had appeared to be. It was almost dusk when we saw him coming slowly across the square. He held himself stiffly erect. He had changed his clothes. Now he was wearing high black boots, a black cutaway, a large, elaborate tie, and a silk hat. When he came closer, I noticed that his coat was green with age and that the crown of his hat was spotted with bits of mortar. There was no demonstration from the crowd, but the people backed respectfully away from the steps of the Mairie.

"*Monsieur le Maire*," the pharmacist said in a low voice to one of the farmers. "*Monsieur le Maire.*"

M. le Maire heard him. He inclined his head in a restrained bow, then gravely mounted the steps of the Mairie.

—CAPT. GEORGE D. RITCHIE

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN AD MAN

[*Card found on a table of a Savannah night club*]

YOU ARE NOW CONTRIBUTING AN
EXTRA 20 PER CENT TO THE
WAR EFFORT

The New Federal Cabaret Tax will be added to your check after 8 p.m.; and on Saturday afternoons between 5 and 7 o'clock.

SLAP THE JAPS! HOUND THE NAZIS!
with a
Southern Manhattan Cocktail 53c
or a
Southern Old Fashioned 58c

For all you know you may be a Virgo!

IF SO, you're a pretty nice person to know.

According to the Zodiac, people born under Virgo* are practical, clear-headed, optimistic, and loyal. What's more, you like good music and literature and nice clothes.

Which means you know all about Arrow Shirts... the perfect fit and expert needlework; the neck-flattering Arrow Collar; the Sanforized label (shrinkage less than 1%).

And by the way, even if you *weren't* born under Virgo, you'll find Arrow the finest-fitting shirt you've worn since you were *this big!* $2.24 up. Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Don't blame your Arrow dealer if he is out of your favorite Arrow Shirt. Considering war restrictions, he's doing a swell job! Try him later. Arrows are worth waiting for!

Arrow Shirts

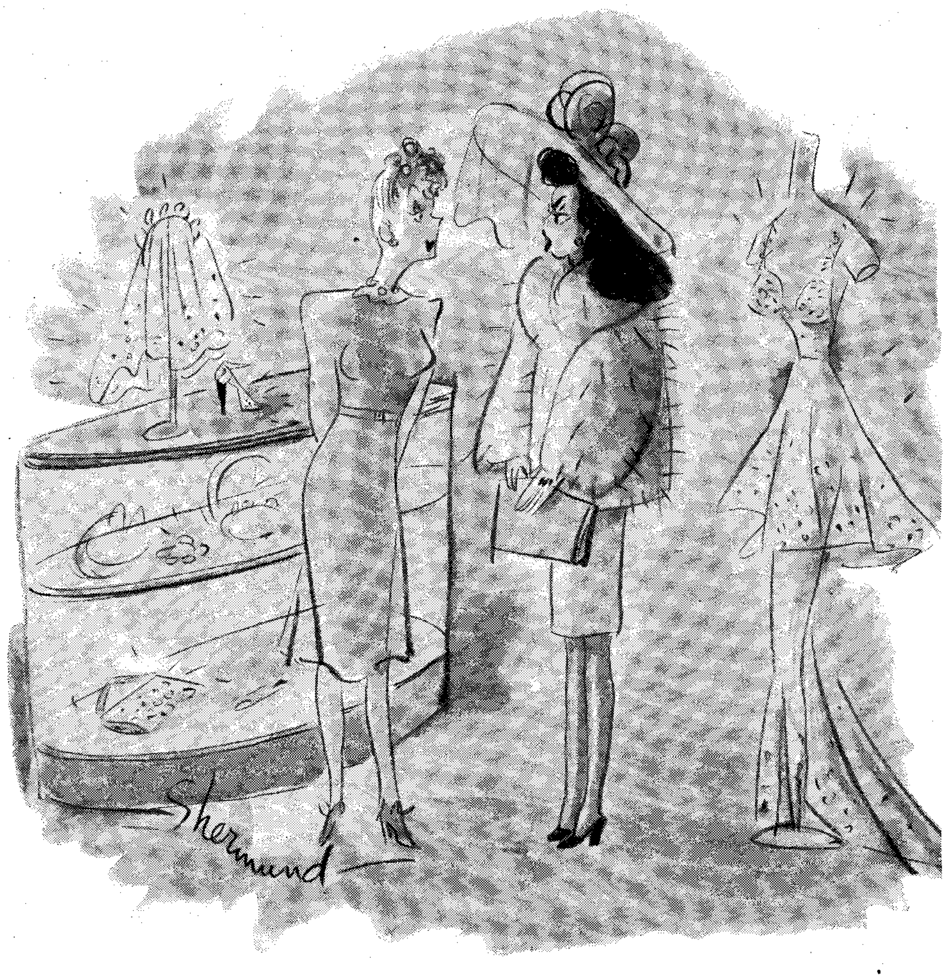
*Virgo period—Aug. 23 to Sept. 23. (A great time to buy War Bonds. Buy an extra one today!)

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

G. I. CHRISTMAS, AT HOME AND ABROAD

XMAS
GIFTS
FOR THE
MAN
IN
SERVICE

AFTER three years of war, most people are entirely familiar with the idea that Christmas presents for service men and women ought to show sense as well as heart. Still, for those who are sending things overseas, we might as well play safe and run through the fundamentals of selection and packing and shipping once more, just in case. The first date for mailing Christmas packages to go abroad is September 15th; the last is October 15th (not far off, eh?). The Post Office won't accept packages at 1 A.M. on the sixteenth, even for the Marines. For packages going to camps in this country, you have up to a fortnight or so before the great day, but don't wait that long. The overseas Christmas package should be about the size of a shoe box and it mustn't weigh more than five pounds. Fifteen inches in length, thirty-six inches in girth are the maximum dimensions. Don't use a real shoe box, though, because it won't be nearly sturdy enough. Dennison, among others, has boxes that are regulation in size, cost ten cents, and have the necessary durability. Brown waterproof paper, at ten cents a sheet, and cotton twine, at fifteen cents a ball, can also be bought there. The Woolworth stores, too, have all the essentials for foolproof packing. The censor, as you probably know, has to have his look at everything, so don't seal your packages with Scotch tape; use twine, which can be retied. And for the sake of your package as well as the censor's fingers, sheathe the ends of such gifts as knives and scissors with corks. Stuff your package full; little things tucked away in corners are always fine surprises. There is no girl who doesn't need an extra lipstick, for instance. Put your name and address and your warrior's twice on the package and on a slip inside as well. And mark it "Christmas Package," so that it will get there on time. Things like matches, lighter fluids, and other inflammables are out (you wouldn't want to set a ship on fire), and so are liquors and perishable foods. Aside from that, what you send depends solely on space and weight restrictions. One more point: the things we go on about in the columns that follow are just as good for the home-front soldier as for the overseas one, and only the regulations for ordinary parcel-post packages apply. There!

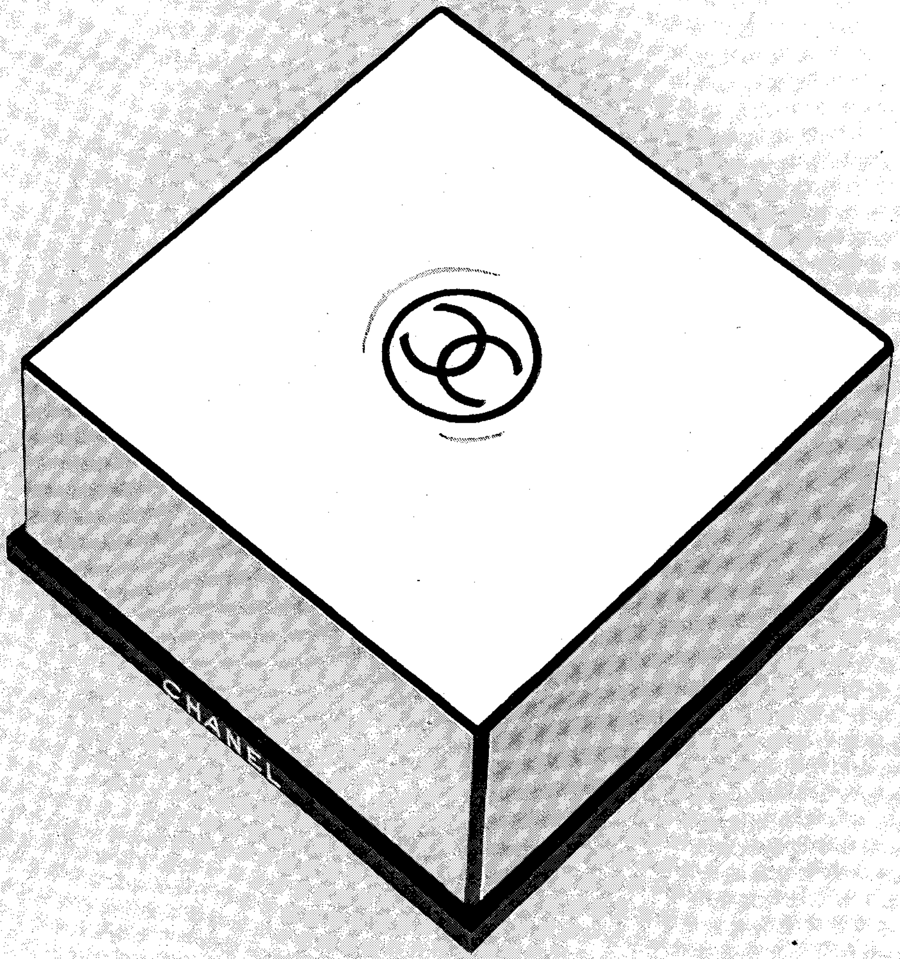


"Stop 'Madaming' me!"

Food that keeps well makes a wonderful gift for men and women who are weary of the monotony of Army food. They get all the nourishment they need, but they are eager for tinned luxuries and other tidbits. Hard candy—Jordan almonds, sourballs, and such—is surefire. So is fruitcake. Places like Hammacher Schlemmer, Altman, Macy, Bloomingdale, Alice Marks (6 East 52nd), Gristede's Bon Voyage Shop (12 Vanderbilt Avenue), and Guildery Gifts (163 East 33rd), and de-luxe delicatessens like Vendôme and Maison Glass and Enoch (872 Madison Avenue, at 71st), all have excellent selections, plus the knowledge of what will pass inspection. The Women's Exchange will pack and ship a gorgeous fruitcake in a candied grapefruit shell; $2.50 up.

Lighters still rank high in the list of wants. Saks-Fifth Avenue, Bonwit Teller, Altman, and even Dunhill have the Dunhill fluidless, flameless lighter that airmen keep asking for; $5 in sterling. Black, Starr & Gorham have a Thorens windshield lighter that really works on pipes; $6 in chromium plate. Altman has a lighter in silver at $7.50 and in enamel at $2; Alice Marks has a purse or pocket one covered with pig or alligator at $15.75. Bergdorf has a chromium lighter for $4.75 and a silver flameless one for $5. Ronson will still repair your out-of-order Ronson lighters; Christmas would be a nice time to get them back into circulation.

Watches are important, too. Every shop has shock- and waterproof watches of stainless steel in masculine or feminine versions, none of them really inexpensive. In the big-money class, Tiffany offers, for men, a rectangular heavy gold watch curved to fit the wrist ($157.50) and, for girls, one with a round, clear face that tells the day and date as well as the time ($95). More matter-of-fact affairs are Tiffany's service model with a leather strap, at $50, and the fat, square, steel timepiece that is a treasure for girls at $36. At Jensen, the Juvenia self-winders in stainless steel are $56 and $60; his de-luxe gold watch for men is not only shock- and waterproof but anti-magnetic and has a radi-



A VERY FINE FACE POWDER

WITH THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL

Hostess' Delight

★ Here's the pretty service that makes a handful of cakes and tea (or canapes and cocktail) behave—cup and maple leaf plate of beautifully glazed pottery in four charming pastel shades: Seafoam, Chartreuse, Coral, Grey. Plate (about 9" diam.) has circular insert to keep cup from sliding. . . . . . . 4 sets. **$4.00**

For tipplers, replace cup with cocktail or highball glass.

(add 50¢ for postage beyond 150 miles)

Hammacher Schlemmer
145 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

DON'T DELAY
ORDER
CHRISTMAS BOXES
of good things to eat for
Your **MEN and WOMEN** in
OVERSEAS SERVICE

SMALL BOX ILLUSTRATED.................$ 5.50
LARGE BOX ILLUSTRATED................ 10.50
OTHER BOXES FROM......................... 4.50

MAILING DATES
SEPT. 15-OCT. 15

Alice H. Marks
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NOW 300 MORE SEATS
The King of the Sea and his Royal Family of Fish
FAMOUS SEA FOOD HOUSE
On 3rd Ave. Bet. 53rd-54th Sts.
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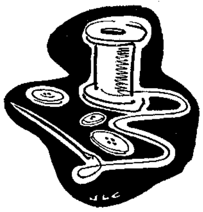
OCEAN-FRESH SEA FOOD PREPARED TO ORDER

um dial and sweep hand; $155. You'd better study military regulations before sinking your gift money in jewelry. Even General MacArthur couldn't get away with that tie clasp if he didn't have those four stars to go with it. Identification bracelets in silver or gold are O. K. The curb-chain ones are for both men and women; Tiffany's is $65. For girls, Tiffany also has one of alternate long and short gold links, with an oval plate, at around $42. Edmond Frisch has stainless-steel Gubelin water- and shockproof watches, with luminous dials and sweep second hands; $36 and up. Ross Pennell has a gold identification disc, which opens to show as many as four tiny photographs imprinted on the gold. It costs $75 for girls, $142 for men (that old double standard at work again). Silver dog-tag chains are almost everywhere, at from $3.75 up. Cartier and Black, Starr & Gorham offer belt buckles in gold that are absolutely regulation, which they damn well should be, because they run into money.



No cracker-barrel whittler is fonder of his knife than the man in uniform. Abercrombie boasts of a Swiss Army knife with large and small cutting blades, a can opener, screw driver, bottle opener, and leather punch. It's $5.45. Hoffritz, the Fifth Avenue Cutlery Shop, and Lewis & Conger also have excellent versions of this useful knife. Hammacher Schlemmer put their example of it in a leather case; $9.50. For serious business, Lewis & Conger also have knives designed by John Ek, instructor in hand-to-hand combat for the Army, Navy, and Marines, at from $6.95 to $12.95, and Abercrombie has an eight-inch, double-edged blade, in a leather case, at $22.50. Luxenberg likewise has felt the commando influence in knives, and has produced a sinister-looking affair designed by Santelli, the Olympic fencing coach; $14.85 in a leather sheath. For men who carry a lot of brass and braid, Tiffany has a slim gold knife with one blade, a nail file, and a built-in pencil. It's beautiful, and $40. At the other extreme, Abercrombie, for one, shows a round steel knife the size of a silver dollar, with one blade and a bottle opener; $2.50.

MEN and women in uniform hate gimcracks, love anything utilitarian (done up, however, as handsomely as you can), and loathe anything cumbersome. Remember that things get lost, or go to pieces in difficult climates, so don't be afraid of sending something that delighted your fighting man or girl one or two Christmases ago. Wallets need replacing every so often. Bloomingdale has two, in morocco-grained goat, with more tricks than Keating, and all of them good. The one for men has a removable billfold with a concealed compartment for important papers; $5. A similar one for girls is $3.50. Wallets with change purses built in, and windows for passes, identification cards, and snapshots make useful gifts. Mark Cross has one of pig with eight windows for passes and an identification-picture window; $10. Abercrombie still can supply its perspiration-proof tan leather affair, with a change purse, address book, snapshot window, and other compartments. It will fit easily into a blouse or hip pocket; $6.50. Hammacher Schlemmer have one with a concealed slit through which folding money may be removed without tipping nosy people off to how many other bills are inside. It may sound melodramatic, but it's a good idea just the same; $5.95. Jensen has very thin billfolds in calf in any color you want, at $3, and extravagant ones for dressy officers, in Bering goat, alligator, or ostrich, with gold-bound sides and corners, at $37.50 up.

Most pocket leather items now contain frames for snapshots. Cigarette cases, holding a full pack, as well as a picture in the flap, cost about $3.50 all over town. At Hammacher Schlemmer, to name one place, is a leather case having a steel mirror and space for a couple of snapshots; $2, and very flat. Jensen has a flat leather folder with room for *twelve* snapshots of passport size; $4. Bonwit and other shops have little leather folders to hold a photograph and V-mail letters; $3.95. Lots of men hate leather writing portfolios, but girls in uniform, particularly nurses, seem to be mad for them. Bergdorf's, in tooled leather with a morocco lining, has the usual pockets, plus address book and a place for snapshots; $10. At Bonwit, among others, there is a new and handsome portfolio in soft leather; $16. Jensen's pet is in navy or tan twill; $10. Dunhill's is in sturdy cowhide with a window for an eight-by-eleven picture; $17.50. Nowadays everybody craves that one-time cliché, the address book. One called Mondex, put out by Dempsey & Carroll, 556 Madison (55th), is very thin; $3.75. Black, Starr have morocco-bound ones; $2.50. Lord &

Taylor's red pin-seal affair is $3. Lewis & Conger have a neat alphabetized leather address case, compact as anything and no bigger than the average mouse; $1.50.

Among the kits, oiled rayon and other water-resistant materials have replaced the classic oiled-silk linings. Few sewing kits have good scissors, but even without them, sewing kits are essential. Mark Cross has a leather case for polishing both shoes and buttons, complete with button board and button polish; $9.50. Brooks offers a drawstring bag full of sewing and toilet gear, including a steel mirror, razor blades, and shoelaces; $8.75. A nice idea at Alice Marks is a tiny leather folder (fifty cents) with black or brown polish tablets and a polishing cloth. You just swipe a tablet over your shoes and burnish them with the cloth. What Brooks calls an officers' sewing kit is of twill, and equally good for enlisted men. It holds two kinds of thread, buttons in a leather envelope, scissors, safety pins, thimble, and needles—no nonsense—for $3.25. Bonwit's, of leather, folds like a flat tobacco pouch; $5. Abercrombie has a very tiny leather roll case for $2.50. Oh, you can get good sewing kits all over. For toilet kits, the safest thing is to have only elementary fittings—comb, mirror, emery board, and the like—and leave plenty of room for the man to toss in his razor and other gear. Lord & Taylor have a particularly compact leather one at $7.95. Brooks's, at $9, is a roll-up twill affair, with boxes to hold wet things like toothbrushes. Abercrombie's, a model found good in the other war, is also in twill. There's a steel mirror at the top (it's meant to hang up), some pockets below, and a small flap at the bottom that makes a shelf; $5.25. The apron type of kit, with lots of pockets and a way of rolling up into compact form, is everywhere at about $2, unfitted, in khaki poplin. Black, Starr have a long, squashy leather toilet case to take the place of the British sponge bag for holding both wet and dry things; $10.75.

MEN on duty in combat zones don't have time or pack space for fancy game kits (dice or a deck of cards slipped into the Christmas box are always welcome, though), but men on permanent stations, at sea, or in hospitals welcome them. A number of this year's kits have folding playing boards that open to a respectable size. Many have six games, including gin and backgammon, and are small enough to be tucked away

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ONLY IN MARLBORO Cigarettes can an extra penny or two make **such a difference in the day's enjoyment!** *Superb* tobaccos... magnificently blended. *Why not* **TRY** *Marlboros?*

Plain Ends . . . Ivory Tips . . . Beauty Tips (red)

Cigarette of successful men and lovely women

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CIGARETTES
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.
Give a Fighter a future
WAR BONDS
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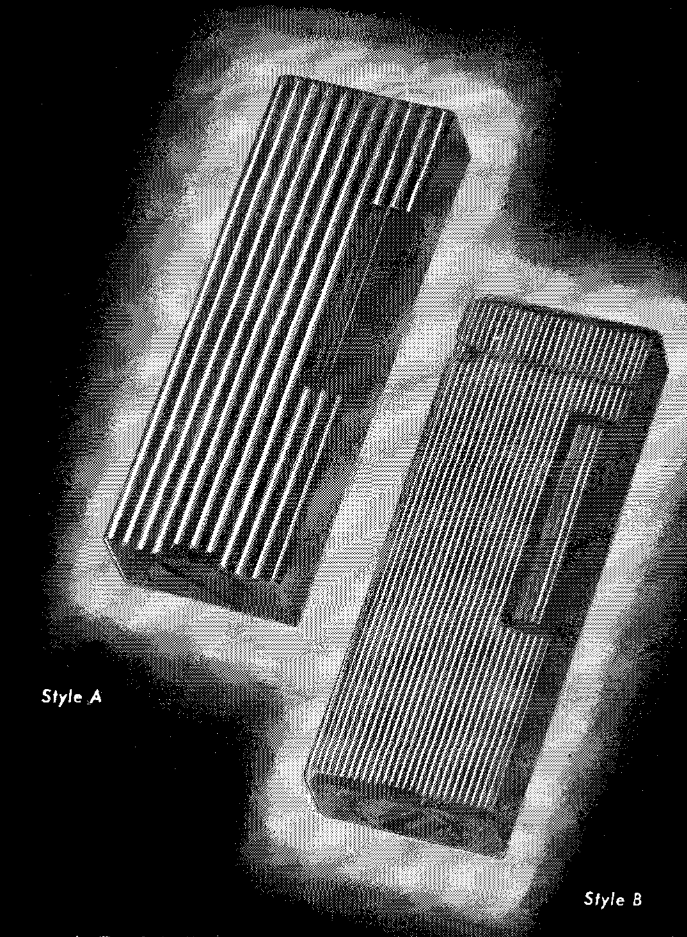
Matchless!



A Dunhill "Rollalite" Lighter—a superb lifetime gift. Streamline designed. Sure-fire action. Encased in 14 karat solid gold. Corrugated design (Style A) man's model, $160.00; lady's model, $150.00. In engine turned design (Style B) man's model, $135.00; lady's model, $125.00. All prices plus Federal tax.

You'll always find the unusual at

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Fifth Ave. at 50th St., New York
Telephone: CIrcle 7-5133

in a fairly limited space. Dunhill's, at $12 and $14, in leather cases, are nice. Abercrombie has a large, professional-looking dice cup which contains two decks of cards, plus five poker and five plain dice; $5. Bonwit's chess-and-checkers set opens into a ten-inch board; $7.50. Bergdorf has a gin-and-cribbage combination and a miniature backgammon, chess, and checkers board; both are $5.95. And don't forget the compact Book-Shelf games, at a dollar apiece; you can even get roulette.

Luggage is naturally in demand. Practical considerations, involving weight and materials that can take a beating, are paramount. The most man-about-the-world general has no use for a heavy case. The deservedly popular canvas carryalls of the wardrobe type appear in many variations. Abercrombie has one it calls the B-4, in brown or blue canvas, with a spare zipper, in case the original one goes wacky. It has a dust cover for uniforms, three hangers, and outside pockets. Ridabock, 420 Madison Avenue (48th), has a knockabout canvas pack with three hangers; $16.50. Everywhere, of course, you'll find versions of the small canvas carryall for the essentials of the bearer of a weekend pass. Abercrombie has an eighteen-inch one in tan or blue with a zipper, at $3.60; Dunhill's is $10.50 and twenty-one-inch, reinforced with leather and lined with duck, and not difficult to tote even when it is crammed full. Arthur Gilmore is still making his canvas zipper roll in a short, chunky size for girls ($5) and sixteen- and eighteen-inch lengths for men ($6 and $7). Brooks has a canvas kit bag reinforced with leather and wide enough at the bottom for shirts. Empty, it stuffs into a square canvas case which can double as a stowaway for loose ends; $11. The most conservative old-line service men, regulation to a fault in the fold of a tie and the color of a bootlace, recognize no regimentation in luggage. If a girl wants to carry a suitcase from Arthur Gilmore in a sturdy fabric that approaches the bright red of his best leather cases, no M.P. will stop her. The eighteen-inch size is $25. Mark Cross has a bright-red plaid satchel called the Nelly Bly; $15.50 in the eighteen-inch size. The cosmetic girls have been giving week-end-pass travellers a thought, too. Marie Earle has come up with a bright plaid bag with cosmetics strapped to the sides and overnight space within, for $10.50, and another, in leather, with a removable tray of cosmetics, at $35. Altman's pet Wheary suitcase comes in pepper-

and-salt or tan-and-white canvas with a rawhide trim, at $24.30—sturdy, but not at all heavy. Lord & Taylor's twenty-one-inch case is in a natty brown or blue duck or in an even nattier checked fabric; $17.25.

IF you are giving a man or woman in the services something to wear, there's no harm in going to a place that has been selling to military people for generations and has all the regulations at its finger tips. There is S. Appel, specialist in Navy and Coast Guard uniforms for many years, at 18 Fulton Street. There are Brooks, Rogers Peet, Ridabock, Abercrombie, Luxenberg, Wanamaker, Warnock (at 15 East 46th), and, since the services became coëducational, Saks-Fifth Avenue and Macy, who are all thoroughly competent to tell you what the service men and women really want. Appel has splendid raincoats for Navy officers in wool whipcord for $42.50. You can get there a removable blue flannel lining for an additional $9.50. Ridabock has the new Army trench coat, made of poplin, with a hood and a detachable wool lining, and possessing the swagger that made men of the last war cling to their trench coats until the garments fell apart. Abercrombie's is of cotton gabardine, with a removable wool lining that can double as a bathrobe; $68. Wac officers like the trim green elastique dress overcoat, originally worn by Army nurses, at Saks for $55. The new British battle dress is now regulation for our enlisted men as well as our officers, and places like Luxenberg and Warnock make it up to order.

Shirts are always well received. Brooks has a white English oxford in the neckband type for $5.90; Tripler has a fine-weave white poplin for the Navy. Saks and Macy have winter reserve-blue long-sleeved broadcloth shirts for Waves and white ones for Wave officers; $3.50. Saks thinks that an all-wool green gabardine shirt is a good present for young officers who don't want to part with $12 of their own money. Tripler swears by an Army shirt in khaki airplane cloth, which takes without a tremor the rough-and-ready laundering that shirts get in Europe or the South Pacific, or right here in town, for that matter; $3.50. Mufflers, such as the two-yard white rayon Navy Aviation scarf at Abercrombie, for $3.50, and the imported cashmere scarves at Knize for the Army or Navy, at $7.75, would please any man stationed in a cold country. S. Appel has old-fashioned, close-fitting seaman's blue jersies and blue wool coat sweaters for men on northern stations; these are all $6.75. Gloves are more welcome than ever. Summer uniforms for Wac officers demand light gloves and the Army permits yellow. Mark Cross has hand-sewn chamois pull-ons for $5 and hand-sewn short yellow cotton gloves for $2.95.

Women on tropical stations must have cotton lingerie, such as Lord & Taylor's slips, with eyelet embroidery, which are unusually sleek on the figure; $3.95. For girls in cold climates, Macy has two-piece pajama suits, knit like balbriggan and cut like ski pants; $3. Rayon jersey is a safe choice, since even the most casual slap of an iron makes it look all right. Such shops as Lord & Taylor, Best, Bonwit Teller, and Altman have good slips and nightgowns at from $3 to $13, as well as the frilly negligees the girls like to wear off duty and the warm bathrobes that they find absolutely necessary.

Navy nurses, poor things, must wear black cotton or rayon stockings. Saks has them for $1.01 and $1.15 respectively, and neutral beige rayons for Wacs, also at $1.15. Gotham Gold Stripe has a black spun-rayon 42-gauge for $1.13 that has good looks, sturdy reinforcement, and a better job of full-fashioning than most, as well as a swell 51-gauge in neutral beige for all other branches of the service. Bonwit has cotton stockings especially meant for girls overseas, called Vision in Cotton; they come in two really sheer weights at $1.25 and $1.65. Incidentally, Gourielli's Foot-Stick ($1) and De Markoff's Foot Balm ($1) are wonderful for tired feet of either sex.

As for cosmetics, the girls want all the frivolous stuff that they loved in peacetime—lipsticks, light colognes, small manicure kits (Revlon puts out beauties at prices from a dollar up), and compact makeup kits like Marie Earle's roll-up case and Elizabeth Arden's rep case with lipstick, cream rouge,

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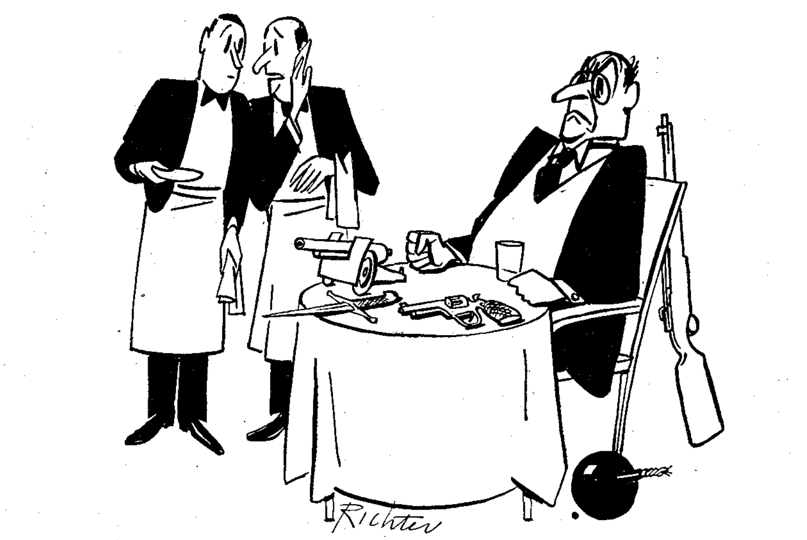
and nail polish in Montezuma Red. Body sachets, that can be rubbed on the skin and ship more safely than liquids, are a good idea. Coty has jars of it, in all the Coty scents, for a dollar. Germaine Monteil's bouquet sachet is $3 and $5. Then, of course, there are Bendel's sachets—Checkmate, Freezia, and Bendelilas (a difficult way of saying it's lilac). Helena Rubinstein has a solid, creamy body rub in her Heaven Sent odor; $1.50. Yardley's Bond Street is a very good toilet water; $1.50 and $2.50. Antoine's Bain de Soleil is an excellent sun-tan cream in a tube, especially handy for shipping; $1.25. These are just casual suggestions in a field jammed full of enticing, sweet-smelling scents and creams. Before you buy any of this stuff, remember that no more than two ounces of any fluid can be sent overseas.

MISCELLANY: Good sun glasses, with rims that won't go limp in the sun, can be found at any decent optician. . . . Men use razor blades, you know. Mark Cross's are $2.50 for fifty. Lewis & Conger have Cant Rust blades at $2 for twenty-four, *and* a razor that shakes itself sharp through some built-in honing process and stays sharp for six months, they say. It's $18. Blade Master, found everywhere for $2.25, is a good device for sharpening safety-razor blades. . . . Brooks, Abercrombie, Lewis & Conger, and others have a bristleless clothes brush that men and girls in the Navy will love, for it picks up lint like crazy; $1.75. . . . S. Appel is doing great business with paper collars, no less, for Navy men. They are good for two wearings; twenty for a dollar. . . . Arthur Gilmore makes plain, unlined pigskin envelopes for men with a lot of paper-work; $11 for a sixteen-inch size. . . . Gourielli has a giant shaving stick, good for six months; $2. . . . Abercrombie's mosquito head net, fitting over a helmet and tying under the arms, will make a boy or girl on a tropical station very happy; $1.75.

MEN in hospitals will welcome most of the things we have talked about. And—you may not have thought of this—they are daffy about magic. Sleight-of-hand paraphernalia delights both men who are bedridden and those able to get around. You can easily assemble a bag of tricks yourself. It should have red and blue poker decks with four extra aces and duplicates of any two other cards for each deck, a set of coins (our own and French or English of matching size and metal for vanishing-



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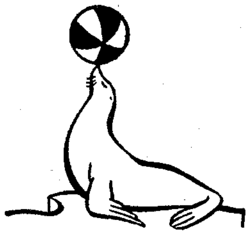

THE APPLAUSE THAT REFRESHES

We admit we're perked up by your hearty applause for the regular appearance of Carstairs White Seal whiskey again everywhere. We thank you. We further admit we sort of think we *deserve* your enthusiasm—because we DID maintain pre-war quality in the Perfectly Balanced Blend even when the whiskey shortage was at its shortest. But now everybody can get Carstairs White Seal without hunting—and *we* can get rid of that hunted look!

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coin or change-of-currency tricks), a pad and pencil for message-reading tricks, and a set of dice. Three good books to teach them tricks are "For Magicians Only," by Robert Parrish ($2), "Art of Illusion," by John Mulholland ($2), and June Mussey's "Magic" ($1).

We also remind you that, within limits, plain, ordinary toys for infants delight grownups too and can bring a real touch of home to a hospital Christmas tree.

THE rules covering packages for prisoners of war are rigid. Each man is allowed to receive just one eleven-pound package every two months, from his next-of-kin, so the collaboration of his friends and family is necessary. Toilet articles, soap, regulation O.D. sweaters, insignia of rank for officers, garrison caps, underwear, socks, warm gloves, and luxuries like a weatherproof windbreaker with wool interlining ($10 or so at Ridabock, Altman, and so on), and certain foods are best. The Y.M.C.A. takes care of recreation equipment.

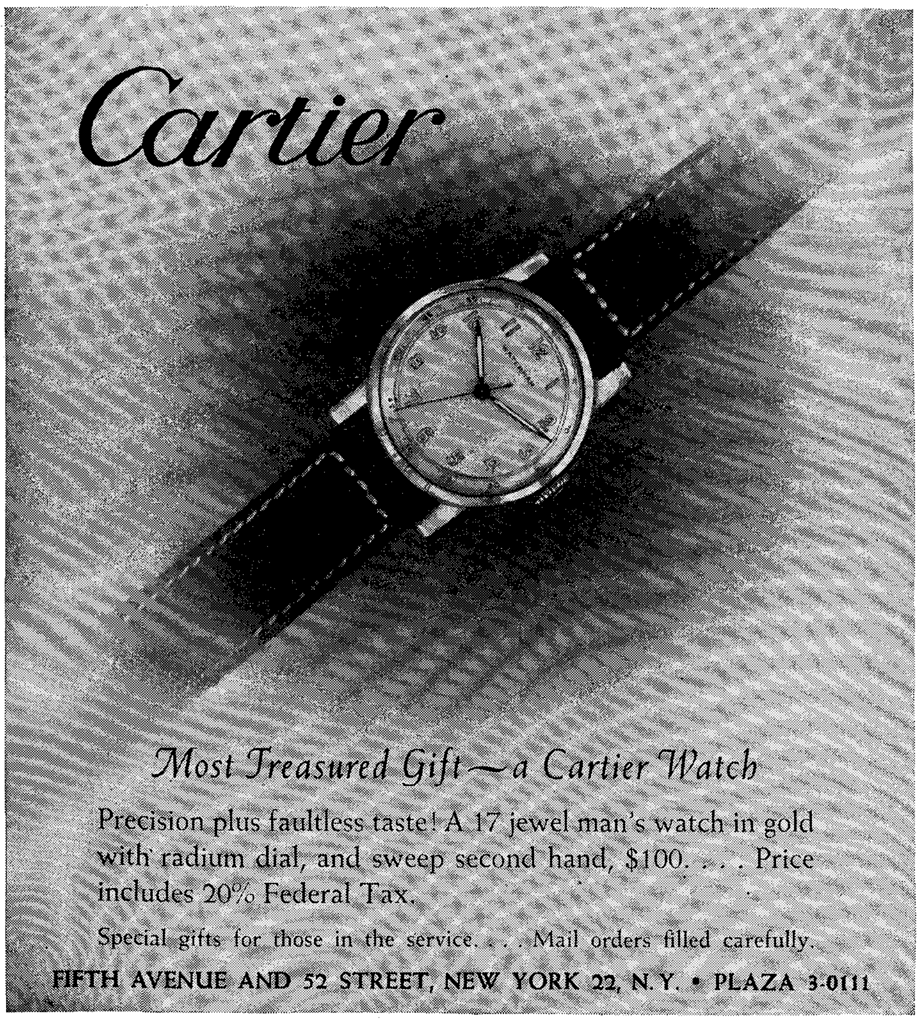
Glassed or tinned foods are forbidden, but processed cheeses ship perfectly and are recommended. So are cakes of chocolate, pressed dates and figs, and hard candies. For cramming every inch of space, tea bags can be tucked away in the smallest corners. The Red Cross will provide the prisoners in Germany with Christmas dinner. Each prisoner is allowed to receive five pounds of books a month; they must not be second-hand and must be sent by publishers or dealers. No controversial or political books are permitted. Good bookshops have lists of the ones pretty sure to get through; the University of Chicago has compiled a list of ninety-one titles which you can buy for a nickel from the Public Relations Department of the Chicago Public Library, or you can walk over to Fifth Avenue and consult Scribner's or Brentano's own lists. Final warning: nothing bearing V-for-Victory signs and such.

Next year, we like to think, Christmas may not be so early or so many miles away. Next year, perhaps, everyone's Christmas will be back home again.

•

> Helicopter developer Igor Sikorsky argues that if this type craft stalls, it will not crash, but instead will serve slowly to earth supported by
> —*Cleveland Press.*

Watch it, Sikorsky, this is no mere stall!



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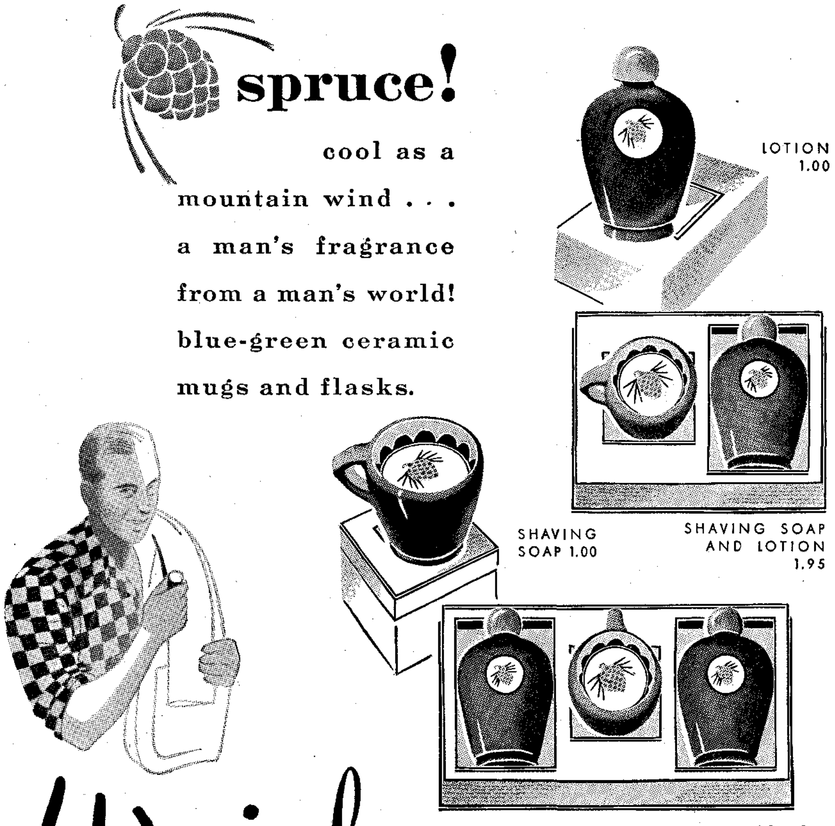

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It *is* difficult to keep apartments comfortable these in-between-season days. That's why the new system of "personalized" heating controls, developed by Minneapolis-Honeywell, will be such a boon to apartment dwellers; gives every family just the degree of heat they want—when they want it—automatically.

Building owners, operators, architects and engineers, please note! To conserve fuel, the government has released materials for Honeywell control systems for apartments, hotels and other large commercial buildings. For additional information write to **MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL,** Minneapolis 8, Minnesota, or 221 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.—Advt.

OF ALL THINGS

MILITARY experts doubt that the Reich can muster enough good troops to defend the Siegfried Line. Few of the soldiers who were sent away on long trips, it appears, were provided with return tickets.

•

Our two parties can't seem to agree on what the paramount issue of the campaign is. The Democrats say it is Hitler and the Republicans say it is Hillman.

•

Germany is losing the Balkans with even greater speed than she won them. Oh well, easy come, easy go.

•

There has been no explanation of why Hitler did not make that speech we were told to expect. It is generally believed, however, that the Führer's mouth has been too full of rug lately.

•

The Republicans have done a lot of wishful thinking about the meeting of Roosevelt and Churchill in Quebec. It was their earnest hope that the President would leave politics behind him, to say nothing of his dog, Fala.

•

Louis Bromfield predicts that three or four million Democrats will vote for Dewey. Only a year ago, this Ohio seer was prophesying that America would not have enough food to last through the winter.

•

The Treasury Department has made it simple and easy for people to cash their War Bonds. It urges us, however, not to take advantage of this splendid opportunity.

•

Statistics show that when a woman war worker loses her job because of production cutbacks, she is apt to go straight home and not even try to get another one. War, it seems, has no fury like a woman scorned.

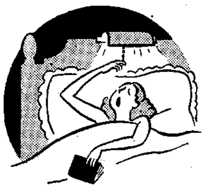
•

The America First Party has nominated Gerald Smith for President. His running mate, in the unavoidable absence of Governor Bricker, will be one Harry Romer, another Ohioan.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

BOOKS

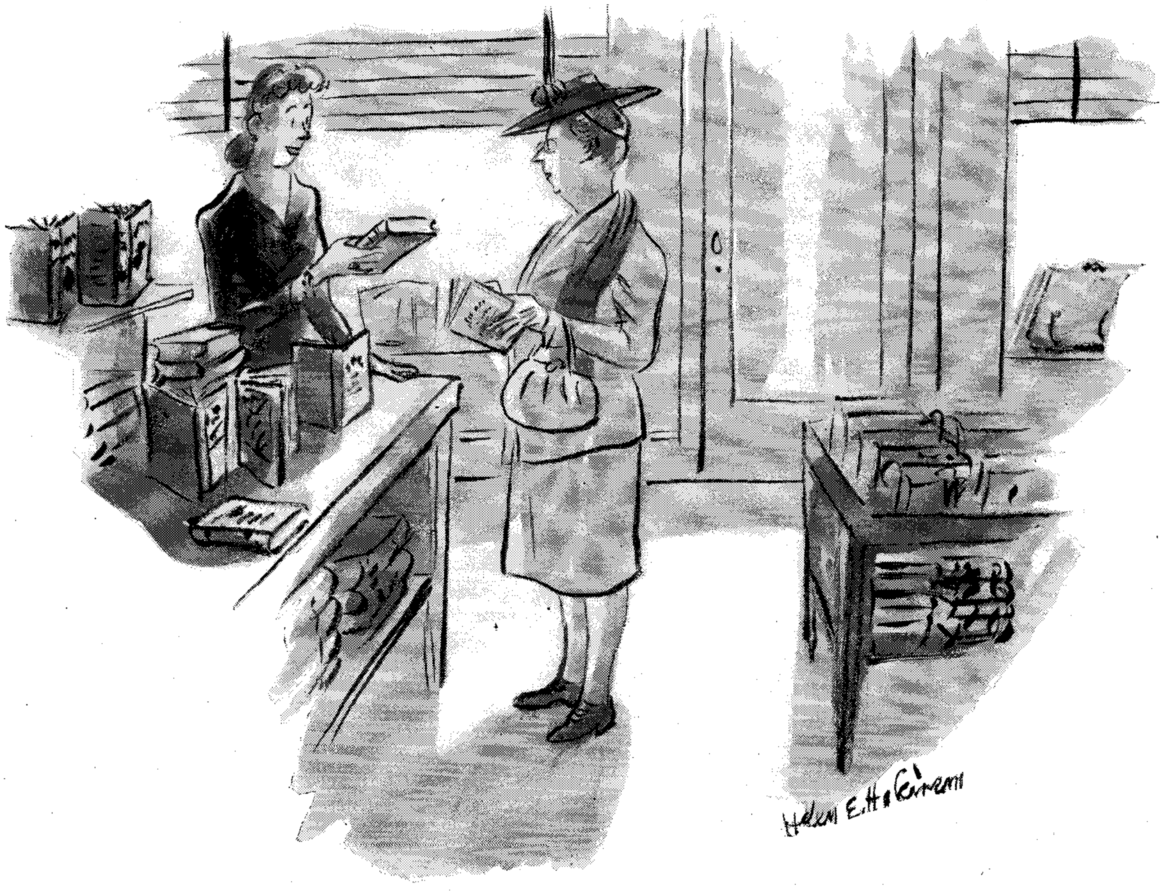
Zoölogists and Anthropologists



I HAVE neglected two interesting recent books which this department ought to notice: "On Living in a Revolution" (Harper), by Julian Huxley, and "Mankind So Far" (Doubleday, Doran), by William Howells. The first of these, by the well-known zoölogist, the elder brother of Aldous Huxley, is a miscellaneous collection of essays which range from "Darwinism Today" and "War as a Biological Phenomenon" to studies of the T.V.A. and "Reconstruction and Peace," and gives a very clear picture of the point of view of a liberal man of science on the biological and social world. In an imaginary conversation between himself and his grandfather, T. H. Huxley, Mr. Huxley takes stock of the idea of progress which commanded so much confidence in the nineteenth century, and asserts that "the most important outcome of biology for general thought" since his grandfather's day "has been the demonstration that there *is* such a thing as progress in biological evolution. . . . It is some comfort to feel that there is some standard, some direction in things, quite independent of ourselves. Against that background, this fearful war can be seen in better proportion and better perspective, and our efforts and sufferings appear as part of a process which extends far beyond the immediate necessity of winning."

Such books by men who study the animals and who study man as an animal have been, in fact, among the most satisfactory that it was possible to read during these recent years, when it has seemed as if the human tradition itself has been rocking beneath us like a boat which we feared might never right itself. Mr. Howells' "Mankind So Far" is an excellent popular exposition of what is known and what is conjectured about the development of man. Skipping the earliest phases of life, Mr. Howells begins with the vertebrates and shows us the development of the mammals, the appearance of the anthropoids, and the emergence of some type or types of ape into the state we call human. He tells the story of the various discoveries of the remains of prehistoric man and reviews the conclusions that have been based on them, and he goes on to discuss the mysteries of the origins and distribution of the different races of man. The book is one of the best of its kind I have read in any field of science. It is well written and on just the right scale, and it appeals to the imagination while sticking scrupulously to the actual findings. I never got hold of anything so good thirty years or so ago when, as a student, I was first looking for light on these matters. The patient documentation of Darwin discourages the ordinary reader, and the prehistoric chapters of Wells's "Outline of History," though better than the rest of that work, are not solid or factual enough. I remember walking one day through the prehistoric section in the Natural History Museum, so splendidly equipped, so dramatically presented, and so intelligently arranged and explained, and feeling, in the presence of this record of the unfolding of the forms of life focussed here by man's creative vision, an excitement and exaltation such as I got from literature and music. If I had had this book of Mr. Howells, I should, however, have been better off, because it would have shown me the researches and the theories that lay behind the pieced-out chronicle. "Mankind So Far," as a matter of fact, is one of the volumes in a "Science Series" published by the Natural History Museum, and young people with an appetite for knowledge ought really to be encouraged to read it in conjunction with visits to the museum, one of the cultural institutions of which the City of New York has most right to be proud.

"THE order of the Primates," says Mr. Howells, "is gradually becoming more democratic. The attention of its most supercilious member is being drawn more and more to its other constituents by the efforts of Professor Hooton of Harvard, Professor



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Yerkes of Yale, and Gargantua the Great of Ringling Brothers." Yes: the status of the anthropoids has changed. T. H. Huxley, in the nineteenth century, had already taken account of the fact that the great apes were much closer to men than they were to any species of monkey. Like us, they have shed their tails, and, like us, they walk erect. But the age that linked men with the apes also tended to make a sharp distinction between the human race and the animals. The century of top hats, trimmed beards, straight trousers, and rolled umbrellas, with its background of locomotives and factories, snubbed the apes like country relations. Their doings did not seem compatible with the capitalized abstractions of Imperialism and Progress in terms of which human beings were still able to think of their own activities. But in our age of mass stultification, wholesale destruction of human works, and mechanized civilian massacre, the anthropologist, as Mr. Howells says, is no longer at all snobbish about anthropoids. Schools of thought like the American Humanists or the doctrine of Aldous Huxley that continue to draw a definite line between human and animal kind, or between a part of our nature which is supposed to be human and a part which is supposed to be animal, seem as quaint as the medical analysis which accounted for the human passions by ascribing them to the action of four "humors." As humanity has been shedding its religions and discrediting its political myths, as it has been demonstrating its closeness to the brute and making its pretensions to divine origin ridiculous, the higher apes have been coming to seem to us "civilized." They use tools; they talk to one another and they more or less understand what we say; they have a family and tribal life not so much different from primitive human beings. They seem to penetrate situations with what we describe as "insight;" they seem to do what we call "reason;" and the most sympathetic observers of the anthropoids even believe that they have been able to discover in them the beginnings of the moral sense and the aesthetic sense.

I am not exploiting an ironic paradox when I say that some of the recent books on apes have been among the most reassuring as well as among the most fascinating reports that have come lately out of any department of thought; and, since these books were not noticed here when they first appeared, I want now to call attention to them in connection with Mr. Howells, who refers us to them in the passage above.

Mr. Robert M. Yerkes is the author of "Chimpanzees: A Laboratory Colony" (Yale University Press, 1943), which is the most valuable of these recent works. Mr. Yerkes is the founder and former director of the Primate Laboratory in Florida, which was established in 1925 in connection with the Yale Institute of Psychology and which is now operated by Yale and Harvard jointly. The apes in old-fashioned zoos were prisoners who lived in squalor and who deteriorated in captivity like humans; the anthropoids in the Yerkes laboratory are cared for and instructed and made friends with almost as if they were human children, and the result is that they display abilities hardly suspected a century ago. Mr. Yerkes has, I suppose, done more original research on apes than anybody else in this country and is one of the world authorities on the subject. Mr. Earnest Hooton, the chairman of the anthropology department at Harvard, is the author of "Man's Poor Relations" (Doubleday, Doran, 1942), a more general popular work, which deals not only with all the anthropoids but also with many species of monkeys. It is comprehensive, extremely readable, and illustrated with wonderful photographs. And there are also two curious and interesting books by women who have specialized in raising apes: "My Friends, the Apes," by Belle J. Benchley (Little, Brown, 1942), and "Animals Are My Hobby," by Gertrude Davies Lintz (McBride, 1942). Mrs. Benchley is the director of the San Diego Zoo and her story is mainly a journal of her observation of the specimens there; Mrs. Lintz is a fancier of anthropoids who raises gorillas and chimpanzees at home. She brought up Gargantua (who was originally named Buddy but who turned out to be a female). Her book is quite a remarkable document on the relations between human beings and apes by one of those exceptional people who have a genius for understanding animals. She is particularly good on gorillas, which, it seems, are quiet, gentle, and affectionate, take good care of their families, and do not fight among themselves. She writes about them almost as if they were people and suggests that, when the peace is made, they should be protected by international treaty, just as she believes that it may someday be possible to train chimpanzees as mechanics.

The moral of all these books, which makes them important at this time, is that man is himself an animal not so very far in advance of the anthropoids and that his problem is—liquidating his myths—to recognize this fundamental fact and to try to mold a better breed for the accomplishment of his purpose on this earth. Contrary to what you might expect, it is at the same time a relief and a stimulus to read the reports of these writers on anthropoids. The apes turn out to be brighter than we realized they were and closer to our own social habits, but, instead of having the effect of degrading human beings, this realization enables us to relegate to a more rudimentary level a good deal of human activity—sexual, economic, and political—that may have seemed to us to have been a part of what we describe as "civilization," and to understand the relative crudity—relative in relation to the last century's godlike idea of itself—of the materials with which we have to build.

"If," Mr. Yerkes concludes his prologue, "as servant of science the chimpanzee should help to make clearer and more attractive to mankind [by exhibiting its susceptibility to training] ways for the achievement of greater social-mindedness, dependability, and cooperativeness, how immeasurable our debt to it! The really important things for us at present are recognition and active acceptance of the principles of modifiability, controllability, and consequent improvability, of human nature."

—Edmund Wilson

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Lionhearted, by Charles Reznikoff (Jewish Publication Society of America). A dramatic story of twelfth-century England, depicting the persecution which befell the Jews at that time and place and focussing on the trials and travels of a young medical student. The title applies to the victims, not to the reigning king, commonly known by that name, whose lenient attitude toward the outrages against the Jews by his subjects and underlings allowed these activities to spread and at length culminate in the massacre of York. A historical novel of earnest intention and at least adequate accomplishment, and, what is no small virtue these days, not a quarter of a million words long and stuffed with tedious detail.

The Bachelor, by Stella Gibbons (Dodd, Mead). The story of an exotic refugee from one of those

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mythical Balkan countries (Bairamia, this time) and the emotional effect she has on the rather effete English household for which she goes to work. The household includes chiefly a humorless spinster and her brother, who falls in love with the refugee and, of course, throws the family into a tailspin. The book is well written, but the ingredients have been mixed before with more dramatic and more comic results.

The Best American Short Stories, 1944, edited by Martha Foley (Houghton Mifflin). The esteemed short-story annual which was founded by the late Edward J. O'Brien and which is now in the able hands of Martha Foley. Miss Foley, in her introduction, laments the recent inclination of many of our most distinguished writers toward commercialized fiction, and points out that editors have had to depend on a group of new writers for really vigorous and original stories. The thirty authors she has assembled sustain the anthology's traditional quality. Several of the stories first appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

People on Our Side, by Edgar Snow (Random House). The record of a journey through seventeen countries made by the author as a correspondent for the *Saturday Evening Post.* Being wiser than a lot of his colleagues, Mr. Snow has not tried to compile a mere logbook. The author is one of the better war correspondents, who takes his job more seriously than he takes himself, and he devotes most of his attention to the three countries in which he spent most of his time—India, China, and Russia. In addition, he has a background of personal experience in the countries he is writing about that gives his narrative a certain knowledgeableness and clarity not common to war books, and his reflective passages, especially those on China, make very good sense. Worth looking into, even by those who think they have read all the correspondent literature they can stand. Illustrated.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home, by Dixon Wecter (Houghton Mifflin). A study of how the American soldier, returning from the wars in which he has fought, has tried to adjust himself to the ways of peace. Mr. Wecter bases his investigation upon the record of our three great earlier wars—the Revolution, the

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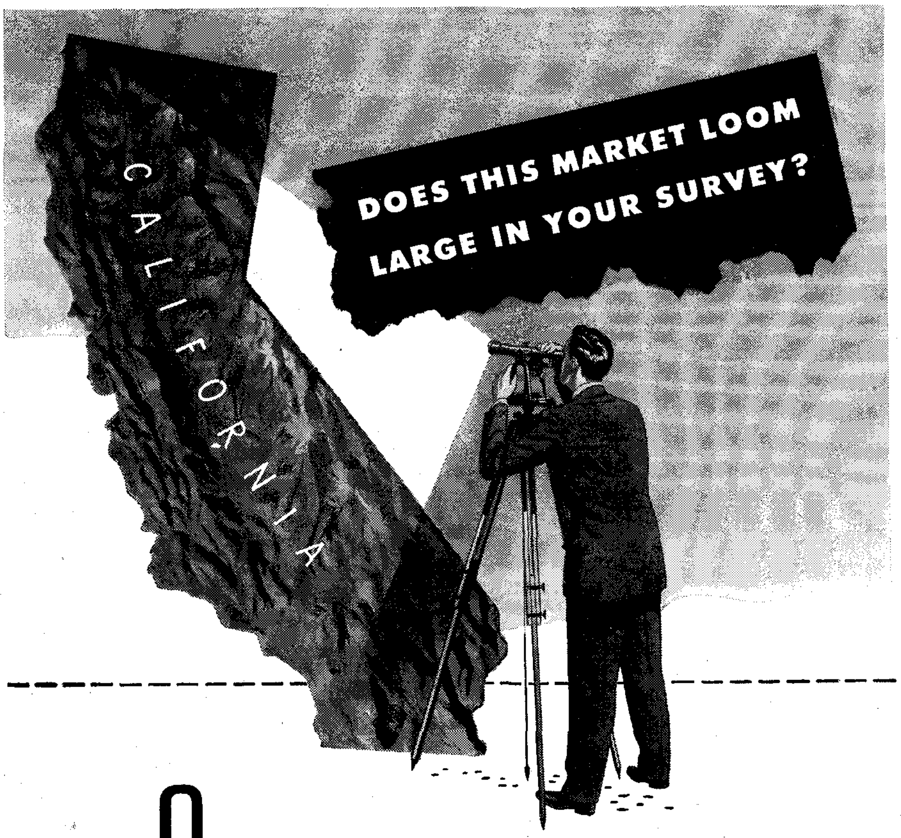
Civil War, and the first World War—and draws most of his material from documents, principally letters and diaries, left by the men who soldiered in those conflicts. The author detects enough of a pattern in what he has examined to warrant his prediction that the design will probably be repeated after the end of this war. He is not too gloomy about the future, but he is undoubtedly correct in thinking that the task of returning eleven million service men to civilian life will require all the human understanding and social intelligence we have. Not that Mr. Wecter has written a sociological treatise and nothing else; there is some fascinating stuff in his book, which, like his earlier "Saga of American Society," is an example of how social history ought to be written.

Anatole France, by Jacob Axelrad (Harper). An attempt to provide the master with the definitive biography he deserves. Mr. Axelrad seems to have plowed through every scrap of material about France and has interviewed many of the people who knew him. The information he acquired tells us all we need know of the facts of France's life, and even though they are presented in a semi-fictional manner, it is good that they have finally been brought together. Whenever Mr. Axelrad tries to write critically of France's works, however, he misses badly, and there are times, as in his description of France's efforts to get elected to the French Academy, when he appears to pull his punches. He also manages now and then to strike off a far from lucid sentence. An earnest job but a pedestrian one. Illustrated.

Citizen Toussaint, by Ralph Korngold (Little, Brown). A biography of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the Negro revolutionist who rose from slavery to become the ruler of Haiti during the Napoleonic era. Mr. Korngold writes admiringly of his subject, who has been called "one of the most remarkable men in an age rich in remarkable men," but his book falls considerably short of being the perfect biography of Toussaint. There are too many passages of veiled apology where no apology is needed, too many attempts to make Toussaint's European adversaries seem stupider than they actually were, and all too many places where the author has merely assembled his material without organizing it. Most of the books about Toussaint are so unsatisfactory,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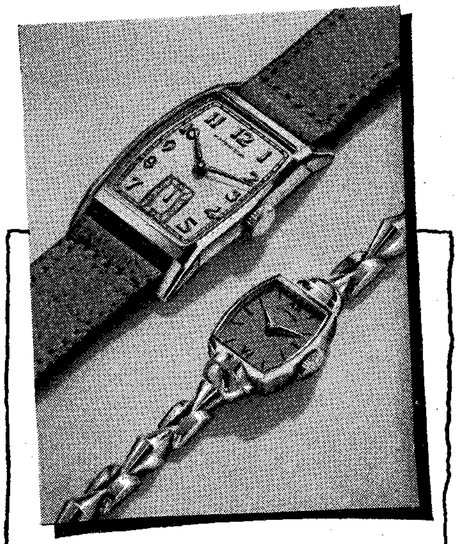

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however, that this one is worth the attention of anyone not yet acquainted with the story of one of the great defenders of human liberty.

STEAMBOATS COME TRUE, by James Thomas Flexner (Viking). The story of the steamboat, interwoven with the stories of the men who finally managed to make it work. Mr. Flexner devotes the larger part of his book to the three most important men—Fitch, Fulton, and Rumsey, of whom he does short biographies. In addition, he has compiled what amounts to a short but definitive history of the early days of steamboating. Excellent research, capable writing, and splendid illustrations.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

GIVE 'EM THE AX, by A. A. Fair (Morrow). Donald Lam, back from the Navy and the Pacific, joins his partner, Bertha Cool, in some very tricky private detection on behalf of a young woman who wants to discredit the wife of her former fiancé. As is usual with this firm of detectives, a lot of legal monkey business ensues, Lam gets chased around San Francisco by the police, and the characters are constantly doublecrossing one another. All of this, of course, is exactly what Mr. Fair's readers demand; others may find it bewildering.

DON'T LOOK BEHIND YOU!, by Samuel Rogers (Harper). Daphne Gray, the nice young fiancée of a psychology professor in a small college, keeps hearing things rustle in the woods whenever she goes there for a walk. Since there is a homicidal maniac loose in town, Daphne is apprehensive. She becomes more so when her fiancé wants her to help round up this murderer, apparently a member of their circle of friends, all of whom chat constantly about famous sex crimes. You'll get quite a number of shudders before you reach the solution of this well-written first mystery, but the identity of the guilty party isn't apt to baffle you for long.

THE GREAT FOG, AND OTHER WEIRD TALES, by H. F. Heard (Vanguard). Yet another collection aimed at satisfying the current demand for something to produce a good, solid case of the horrors. The title piece, which has been greatly admired by connoisseurs of weird stories, will probably please almost everybody else too. Some of the other tales require a reasonably profound knowledge of archeology, demonology, bacteriology, and the like to be fully enjoyed, and therefore aren't exactly ideal for casual midnight reading. Recommended for the fairly special audience which is still talking about the author's "Taste for Honey."

TOO BUSY TO DIE, by H. W. Roden (Morrow). The second murder case for John Knight, a rather self-consciously tough public-relations man. Knight is handed two thousand dollars by an old man named Rodkins, who wants to get his name in the papers to startle some relatives in Poncha, Oklahoma. Shortly afterward, Rodkins' throat is cut, and Knight, along with his assistant, Sid Ames, ducks in and out of a lot of hot water before he figures out why. For those who insist on having something happening every minute.

THE CASE OF THE PERFUMED MOUSE, by Theodora Du Bois (Doubleday, Doran). The guests at Mrs. Pierre Granville's Connecticut place are frequently bitten by white rats, which seem to have the run of the house. This is especially unfortunate because Mrs. Granville, an attractive idealist, has invited only hypersensitive persons recovering from tragedy to stay at her home, which she calls the Ivory Tower. When the exterminator fails to remedy matters, the young and capable McNeills, who are no newcomers to followers of Miss Du Bois, are called in and clear up not only the rats but a death or two among the bitten guests. Well and briskly written, but overburdened at times with clues.

SINNERS NEVER DIE, by A. E. Martin (Simon & Schuster). Harry Ford, an old man in an Australian hospital, reminisces about a crime of the nineties in a small town of which he was the postmaster. Since Ford put in a good deal of time steaming open the mail, his part in the mystery surrounding an apparently straightforward suicide turns out to be a large one. A good, wry character study and fine local color, too.

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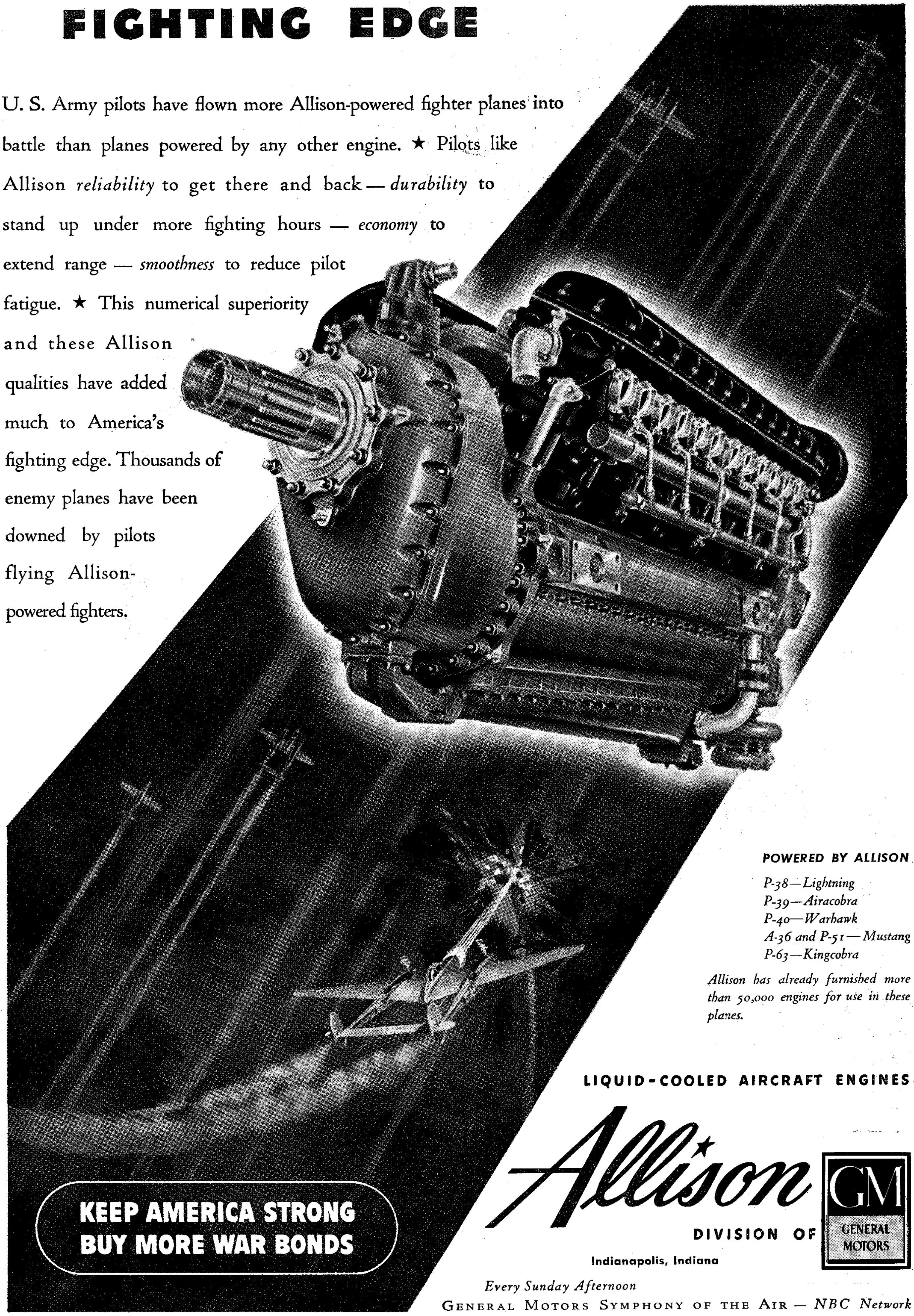

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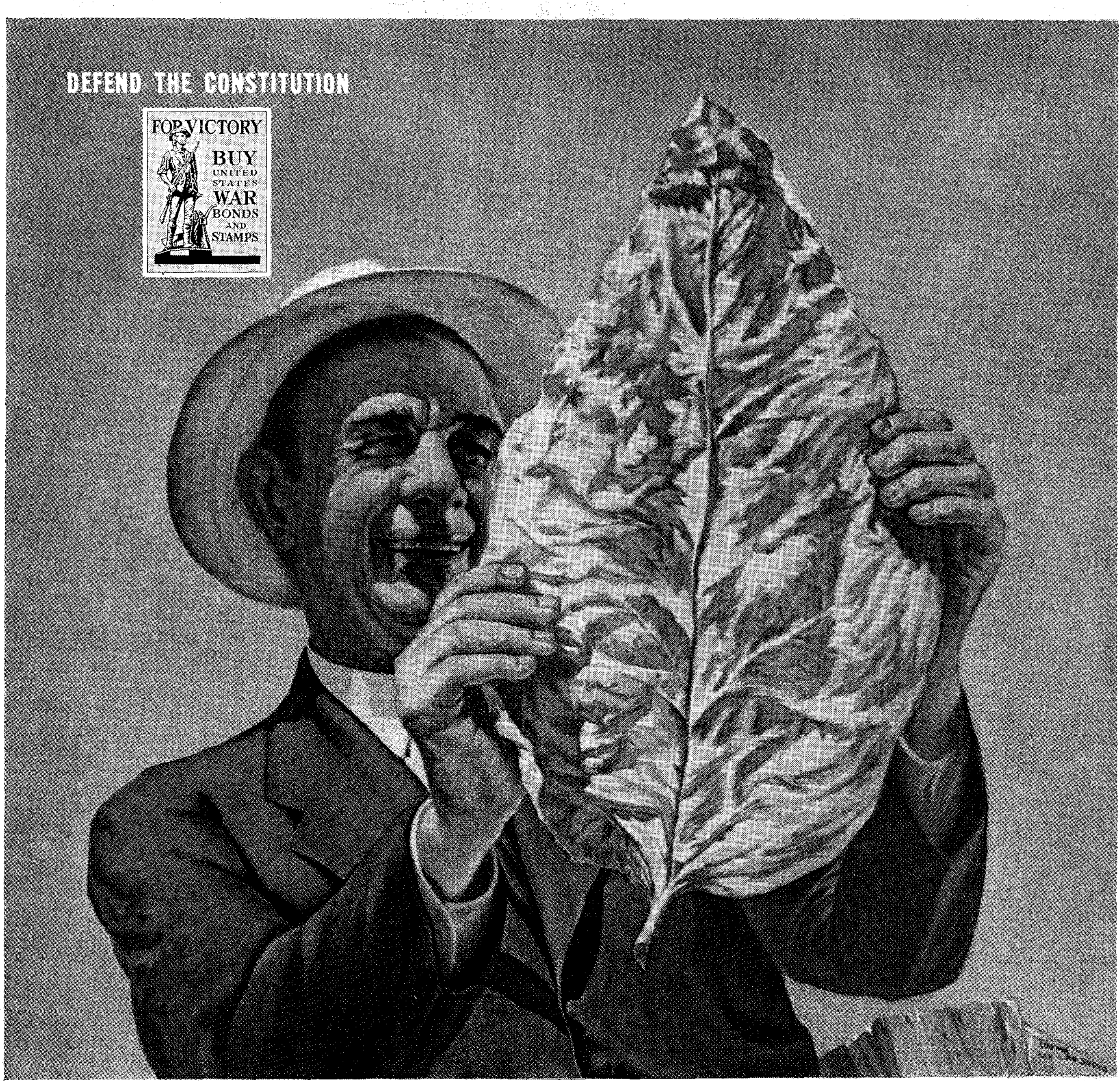
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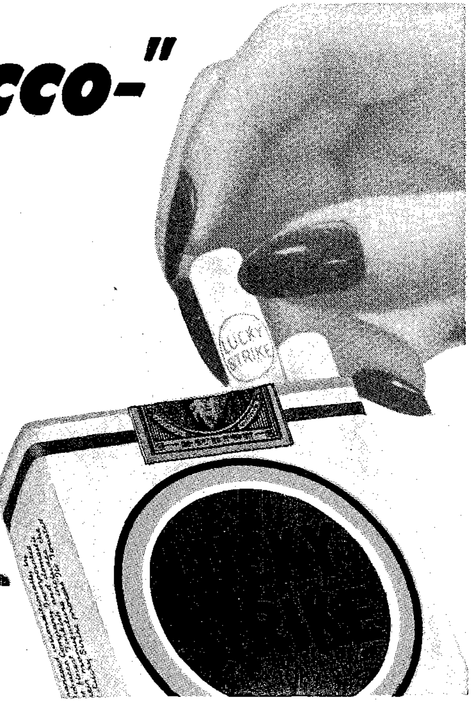
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